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Our Little Kings and Queens
At Home and At School

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OUR
LITTLE KINGS AND QUEENS
At Home and at School

BY

LIDA BROOKS MILLER

POEMS, STORIES AND SONGS

....NEW....

FOR HOME AMUSEMENTS

AND SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENTS

The Kindergarten System Complete

ILLUSTRATED

CHICAGO–PHILADELPHIA
LOUIS BENHAM & CO
1891

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TO

THE DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS

THROUGHOUT THE LAND

THIS VOLUME IS

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

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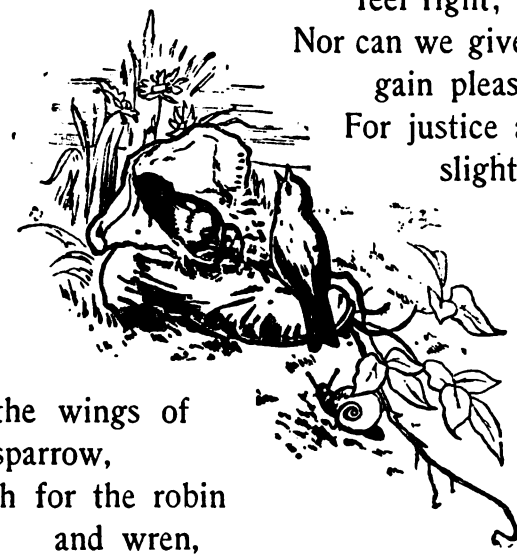
We get back our mete as we
measure—
We cannot do wrong and
feel right;
Nor can we give pain and
gain pleasure,
For justice avenges each
slight.



The air for the wings of
the sparrow,
The bush for the robin
and wren,
But always the path that
is narrow
And straight for the children
of men.

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PREFACE.

Many times, Dear Public, we have come to you with books for children containing poetry, games, stories and songs. Each time you have given us a royal welcome, and judging from your patronage in the past, we have "come again" with what we consider our greatest "success" in the Juvenile world. One of the new features in the book is the KINDERGARTEN and its RELATIONS TO THE HOME AND SCHOOL.

"The Kindergarten" is a book designed for active boys, laughing girls, earnest mothers, and weary teachers. It is FULL of good thoughts and cheering words.

Grateful acknowledgment and thanks are due Milton Bradley Co., Springfield, Mass., for the use of their illustrations, many of which are taken from "Paradise Childhood," a Kindergarten book, replete with good things.

Thanks are also due and tendered all others for their kindness in allowing selections to be drawn from their works. The moral tone of the selections will commend themselves to all who desire to place ONLY THE BEST before young people.

Believing your appreciation will again compensate our labors, we are,

Most sincerely,

THE PUBLISHERS.

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TEACH YOUR BOYS.

Teach them to respect their elders and themselves.

Teach them that a true lady may be found in calico as frequently as in velvet.

Teach them that to wear patched clothes is no disgrace, but to wear a black eye is.

Teach them that one good honest trade, well-mastered, is worth a dozen beggarly "professions."

Teach them that, as they expect to be men some day, they cannot too soon learn to protect the weak ones.

Teach them that a common-school education with common sense, is better than a college education without it.

Teach them by your own example that smoking in moderation, though the least of vices to which men are heirs, is disgusting to others and hurtful to themselves.

Teach them that by indulging their appetites in the worse forms of dissipation, they are not fitting themselves to become the husbands of pure girls.

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MOTHERS AND TEACHERS.

To thoroughly understand the developing process of our little ones, we must not only have a heart free from guile, but place ourselves in perfect sympathy with innocent childhood. We must study his being, his wants, his aspirations and his character. We must plan his work, his studies and, if possible, his destiny.

How few realize this truth! How few remember—

"A pebble in the streamlet scant
Has turned the course of many a river;
A dewdrop on the infant plant,
Has warped the giant oak forever."

Do we not wish while reading the fair faces of our innocent little ones, that their future might be as free from the shadows of sin as now from the shadows of age?

Could we but realize the effect of good influences upon them in guiding their lives, I believe we would be careful and let our hearts respond to the noble words of Froebel, "Come, let us live with our children."

In training them do we not lay too much stress on surface work? The little beings need something more than a liniment to rub on the outside, they need an internal tonic that will strengthen and harmoniously develop heart, mind and body.

Parents and teachers, let us examine carefully our own lives and hearts and ask ourselves whether the faults of our children are not the reflection of our own inconsistencies—whether their disobedience and selfishness is not largely due to our ignorance of child-nature. What care and skill the gardener exercises in cultivating flowers that bloom only for a day, month or season! Are human plants of less value? Does not he who tills human soil and cultivates plants that bloom throughout the ages of eternity, need infinitely

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greater wisdom? Before the gardener can aid in the growth and development of a plant and bring it to the greatest perfection of which it is susceptible, before he can help it to attain the highest condition of fruitfulness or beauty, he must understand its structure, organization and character. Every successful florist well understands that the outward conditions and influences that cause one plant or flower to develop and bloom, dwarfs, stunts and even crushes others of a different class.

Knowing this, shall we not begin at once a thorough study of child-nature? Shall we not work systematically until the little characters are able to rise upward as time flies onward? Shall we not let our own hearts be the furrowing hand of time, and our daily lives a skillful artist's brush? Shall we not so live, so think and so act, that we may with motive high, pure and noble, cast seed whose harvest will give us immortality more desired than all the splendors of the earth.

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THE WORK OF THE HANDS
CLEARS THE THOUGHT OF THE HEAD

"HOW WE DO LOVE TO WORK."

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CHILDHOOD'S LAUGH.

You may talk of the beautiful songsters that sing
Thro' the soft hours of summer, and the bright days of spring;
But there's nothing so sweet to my hearing, by half,
As nature's own music in childhood's light laugh.

I sometimes have felt in the gloomiest mood,
And over my sorrows would bother and brood,

And just as I thought to give way to despair
A ripple of laughter broke forth on the air.

The laugh is contagious—the sweet little elf—
And, before I quite know it, am laughing myself;
This, the golden elixir of gladness, we quaff,
For there's nothing so merry as childhood's light laugh.

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"HOW DOES IT SUIT ME?"

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YOU MAY LEAD A HORSE.

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A WORD TO MOTHERS.

Would you know the baby's skies?
Baby's skies are mother's eyes.
Mother's eyes and smile together,
Make the baby's pleasant weather.
Mother, keep your eyes from tears,
Keep your heart from foolish fears;
Keep your lips from dull complaining,
Lest the baby think 'tis raining.

BABY-LAND AND LULLABIES.

CRADLE SONG.

(ABRIDGED.)

What is the little one thinking about?
Very wonderful things no doubt;
    Unwritten history!
    Unfathomed mystery!
Yet he laughs and cries, and eats, and drinks,
And chuckles, and crows, and nods, and winks,

As if his head were as full of kinks
And curious riddles as any sphinx!
Warped by colic, and wet by tears,
Punctured by pins, and tortured by fears,
Our little nephew will lose two years;

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And he'll never know
Where the summers go;
He need not laugh, for he'll find it so.
What does he think of his mother's eyes?
What does he think of his mother's hair?

What does he think when her quick embrace
Presses his hand, and buries his face
Deep where the heart-throbs sink and swell,
With a tenderness she can never tell,
Though she murmur the words
Of all the birds—
Words she has learned to murmur well?

Now he thinks he'll go to sleep!
I can see the shadow creep
Over his eyes in soft eclipse,
Over his brow and over his lips,
Out to his little finger-tips!
Softly sinking, down he goes
Down he goes! down he goes!
See! he's hushed in sweet repose.

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

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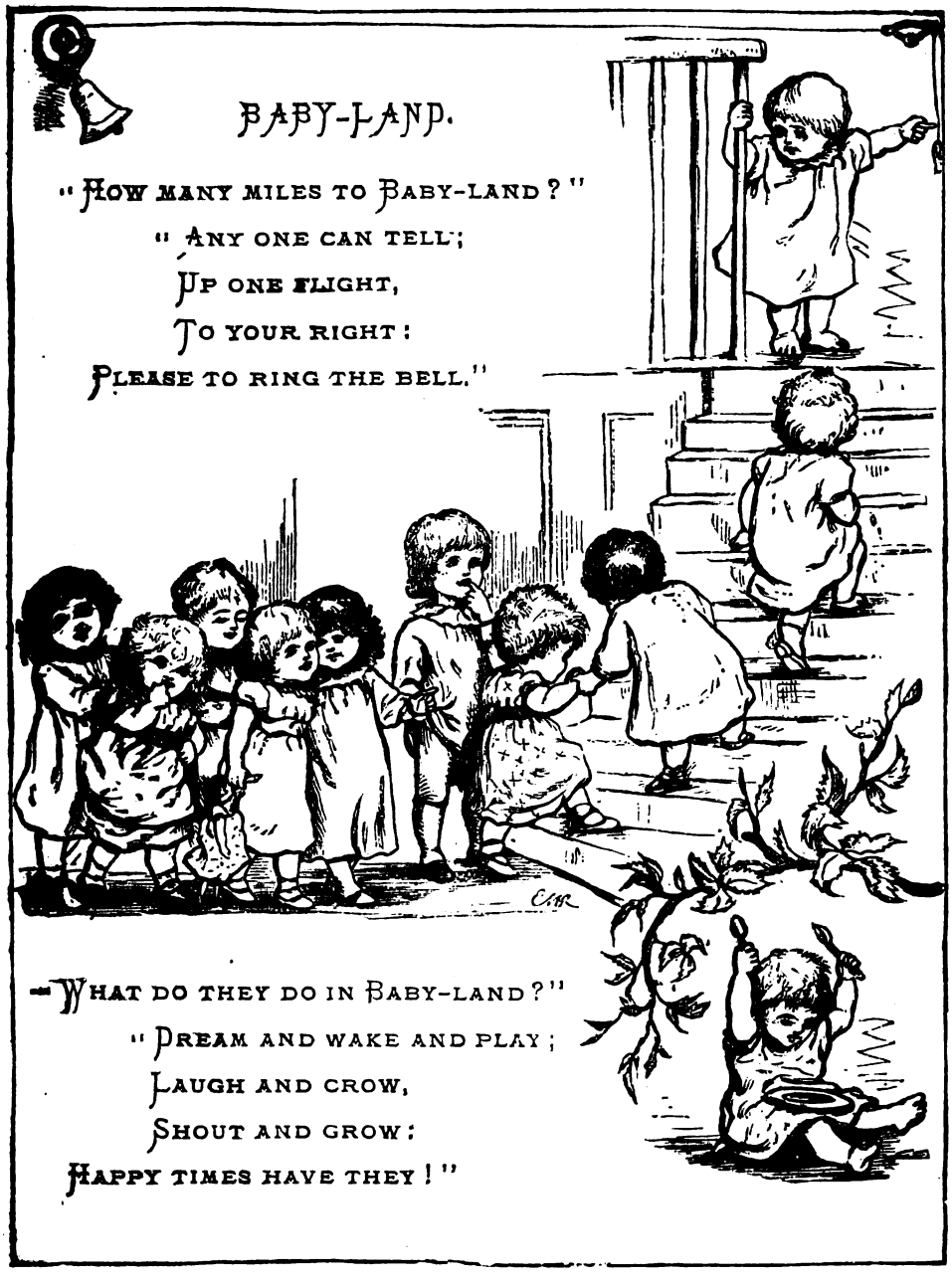

BABY-LAND.

"How many miles to Baby-land?"
"Any one can tell;
Up one flight,
To your right:
Please to ring the bell."

"What do they do in Baby-land?"
"Dream and wake and play;
Laugh and crow,
Shout and grow:
Happy times have they!"

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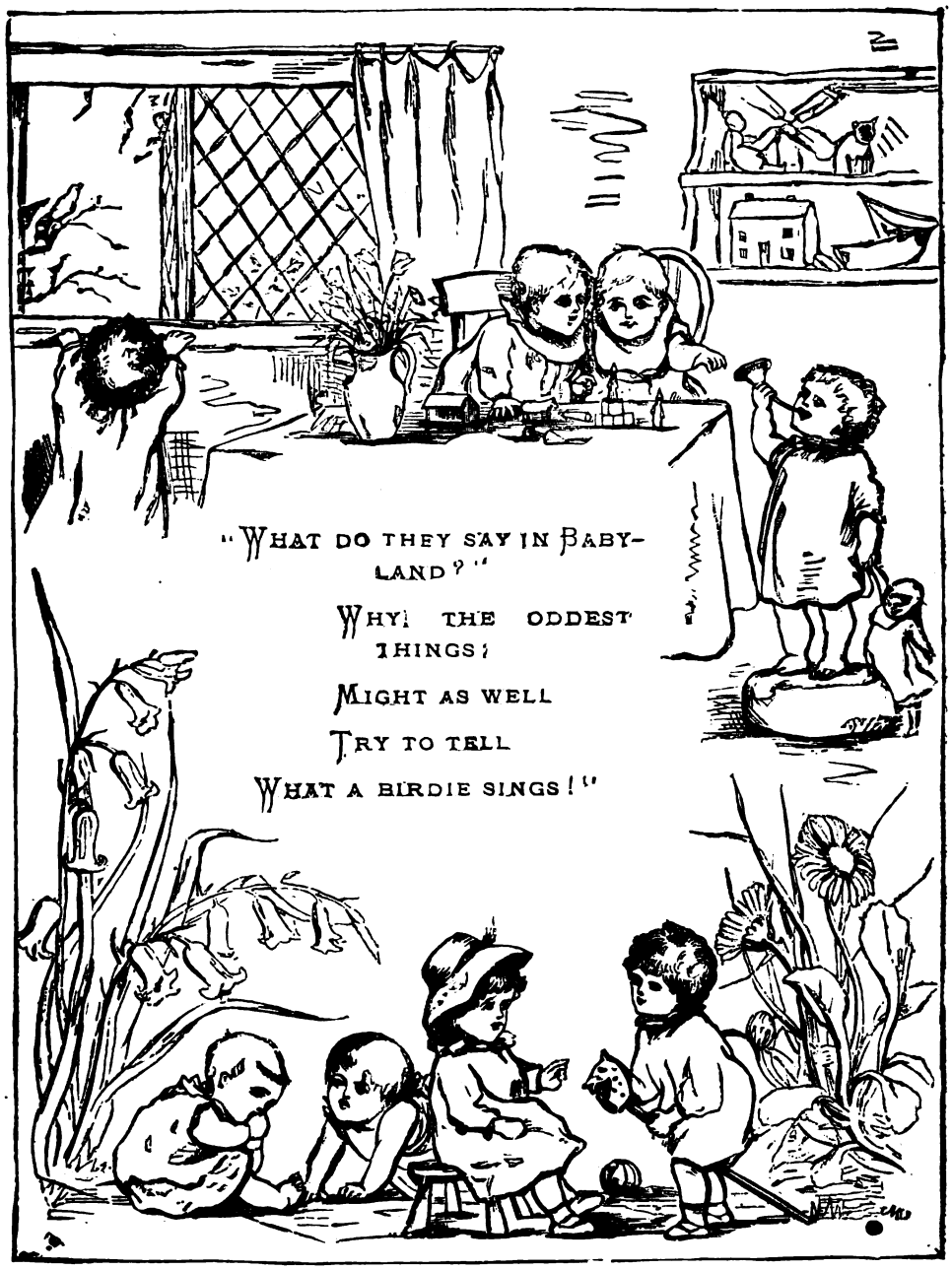

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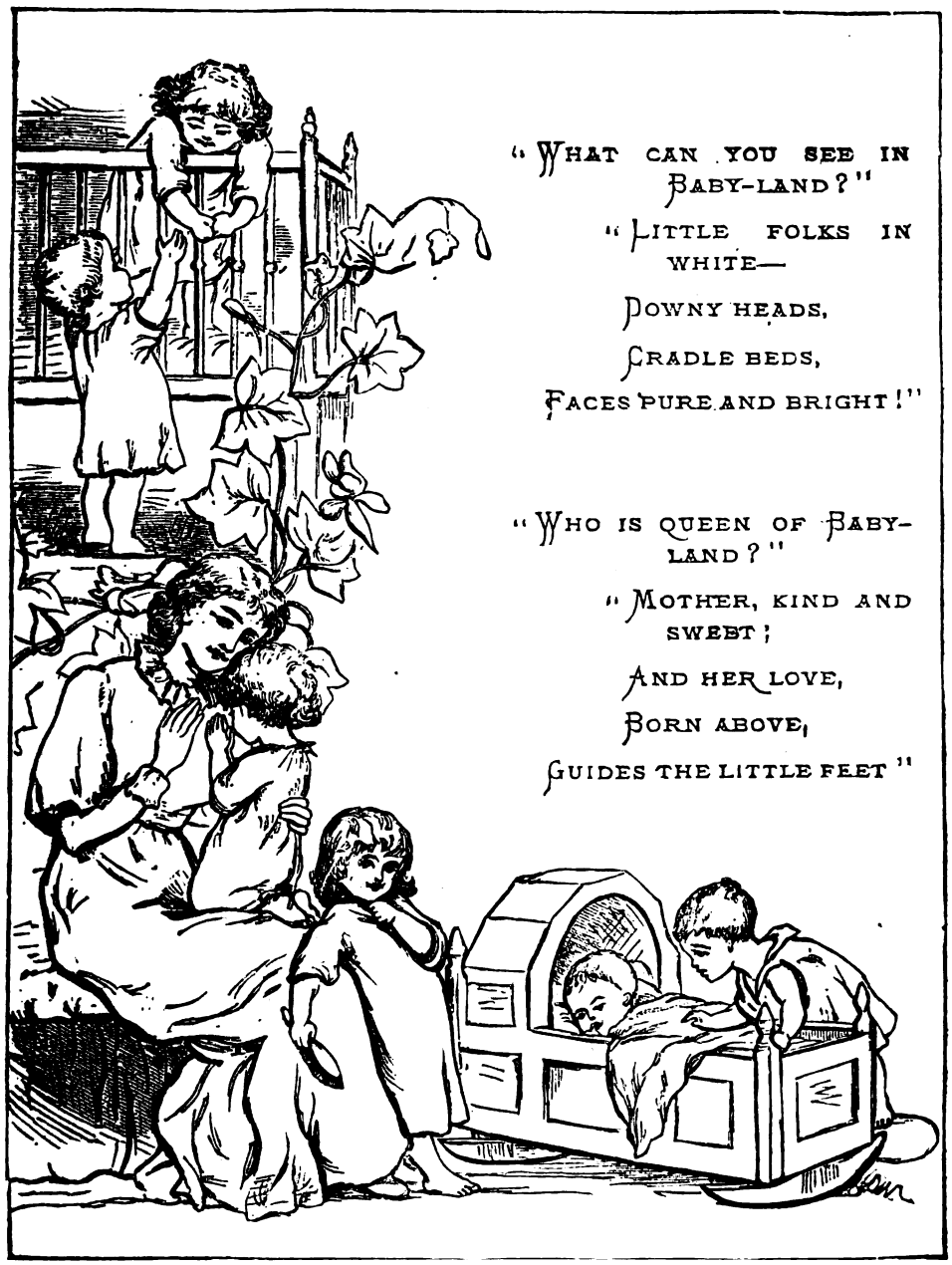

"WHAT CAN YOU SEE IN BABY-LAND?"

"LITTLE FOLKS IN WHITE—

DOWNY HEADS,

CRADLE BEDS,

FACES PURE AND BRIGHT!"

"WHO IS QUEEN OF BABY-LAND?"

"MOTHER, KIND AND SWEET;

AND HER LOVE,

BORN ABOVE,

GUIDES THE LITTLE FEET"

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STEP BY STEP.

NE step and then another,
And the longest walk is ended,
One stitch and then another,
And the largest rent is mended;
One brick upon another,
And the highest wall is made;
One flake upon another,
And the deepest snow is laid.

So the little coral workers,
By their slow and constant motion,
Have built those pretty islands
In the distant dark blue ocean;
And the noblest undertakings
Man's wisdom hath conceived,
By oft-repeated effort
Have been patiently achieved.

EVENING PRAYER FOR A YOUNG CHILD.

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take;
And this I beg for Jesus' sake.

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NO BABY IN THE HOUSE.

No baby in the house I know,
'Tis far too nice and clean.
No toys, by careless fingers strewn,
Upon the floors are seen.
No finger-marks are on the panes,
No scratches on the chairs;
No wooden men set up in rows,
Or marshalled off in pairs.
No little stockings to be
darned,
All ragged at the toes;

No pile of mending to be done,
Made up of baby-clothes;
No little troubles to be soothed;
No little hands to fold;
No grimy fingers to be washed;
No stories to be told;
No tender kisses to be given;
No nicknames—"Dove," and "Mouse;"
No merry frolics after tea—
No baby in the house!

CLARA G. DOLLIVER.

THE FIVE PIGS.

1. This pig went to market;
2. This pig staid at home;
3. This pig had a bit of meat;
4. And this pig had none;
5. This pig said, Wee, wee, wee!
   I can't find my way home.

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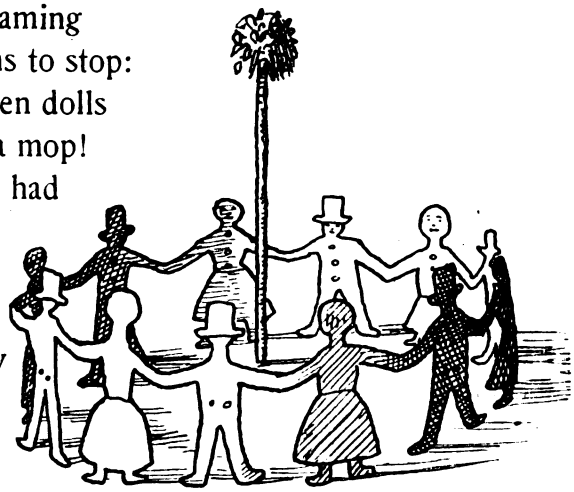
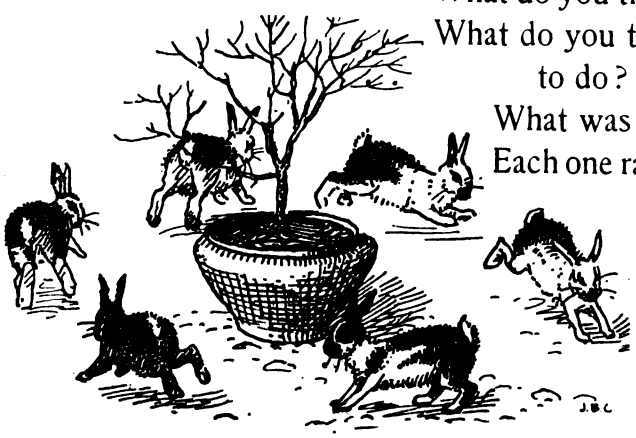
A STRANGE DREAM.

Sing a song of dreaming
That never seems to stop:
Just a dozen wooden dolls
Dancing round a mop!
When the dream had
gone at last
No dollies were in
sight!
Wasn't that a funny
thing
To happen in
the night?



THEIR STRANGE RACE.

Six little rabbits ran in a ring,
As though they were running a race!
What do you think was the goal in view?
What do you think they were trying
to do?
What was the end of the chase?
Each one ran after its neighbor's tail,
And each one somehow
managed to fail!
Did ever you hear of so
foolish a thing
Of six little rabbits who
ran in a ring?



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BABY Baby happy and gay,
Playing with dolly all the day,
Nothing to do but eat and grow,
Laugh and chuckle, chuckle and crow.

Dimpled cheeks that are all aglow,
Plump little limbs as pure as snow,
Kissed and fondled petted and teased,
Everyone's glad when baby's pleased.

Ah there you are in robes so white
Angels to watch you through the night,
When asleep in your little bed,
They are fluttering oer your head.

Pretty Baby, I love to see
You nestling there on
Mothers knee,
Like a floweret partly
blown,
Sweet
innocence upon
his throne.

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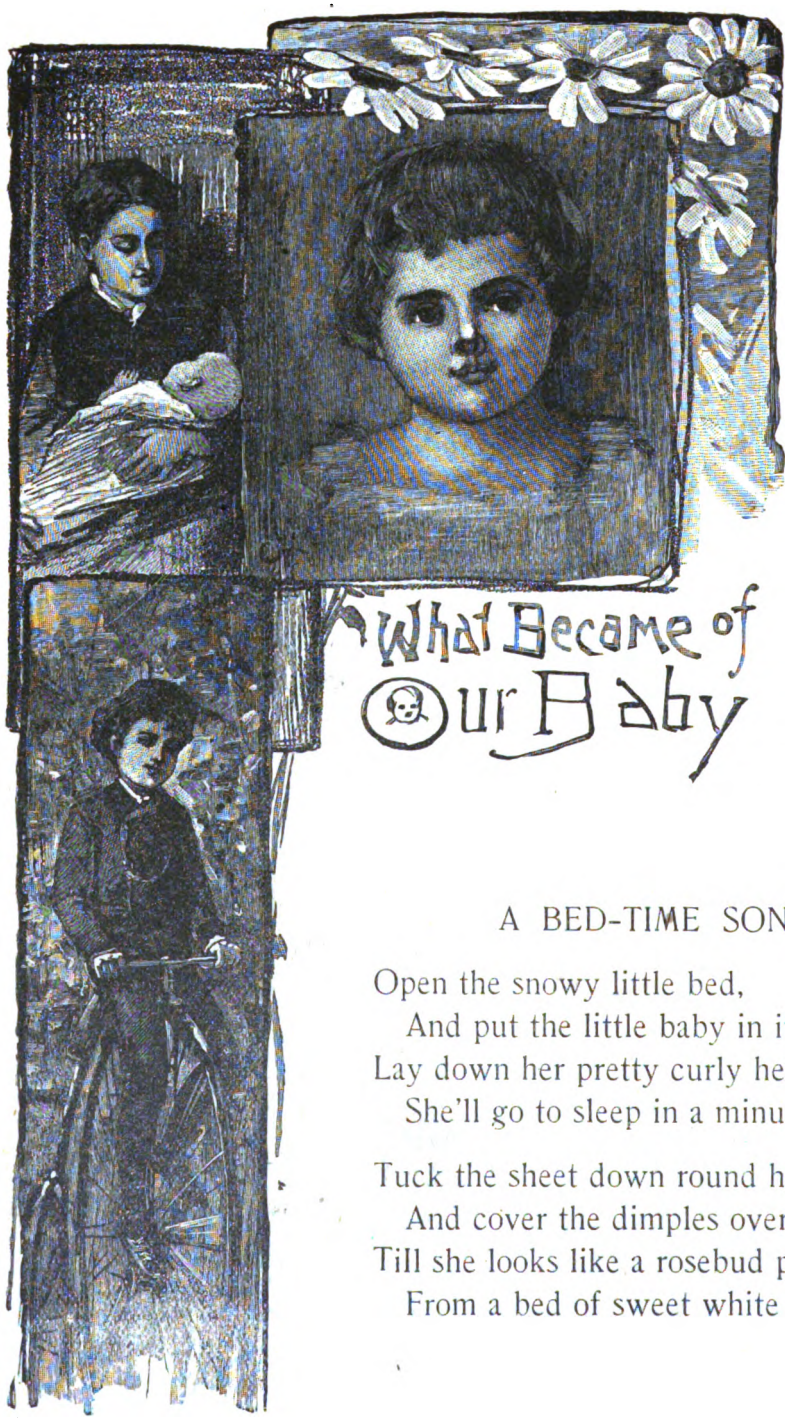

A BED-TIME SONG.

Open the snowy little bed,
  And put the little baby in it;
Lay down her pretty curly head,
  She'll go to sleep in a minute.

Tuck the sheet down round her neck,
  And cover the dimples over,
Till she looks like a rosebud peeping out,
  From a bed of sweet white clover.

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BABY EVA'S PRAYER.

Darling baby Eva,
  Kneeling by my chair,
In the autumn twilight,
  Lisping out her prayer.

Small hands clasped together,
  Bowed the golden head,
Blue eyes closed, lips parted,
  "Our Father" faintly said.

Then as the head bowed lower
  Upon my darling's breast,
Came, "Eva seepy, mamma,
  And Dod knows all the rest."

I took my sleeping child,
  With all a mother's love,
And laid her down to rest—
  Then knelt to God above.

And while the evening shadows
  Were falling silently,
I asked for her a blessing
  There, on my bended knee.

One half my yearning thoughts
  My words have ne'er expressed;
But still I feel, with her,
  That God knows all the rest.

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TWO MORE LITTLE FEET.

Another little wave
  Upon the sea of life;
Another soul to save
  Amid its toil and strife.

Two more little feet
  To walk the dusty road;
To choose where two paths
    meet—
The narrow and the broad.

Two more little hands
  To work for good or ill;
Two more little eyes,
  Another little will.

Another heart to love,
  Receiving love again;
And so the baby came,
  A thing of joy and pain.

LUCY EVELINA ACKERMAN.

MY PLAYFELLOW.

A dear little doll that loves me well:
  What better?
A dear little doll that never can tell
  A letter!
She cannot say the A, B, C,
  I set her;
But I know she loves my face to see:
  That's better!

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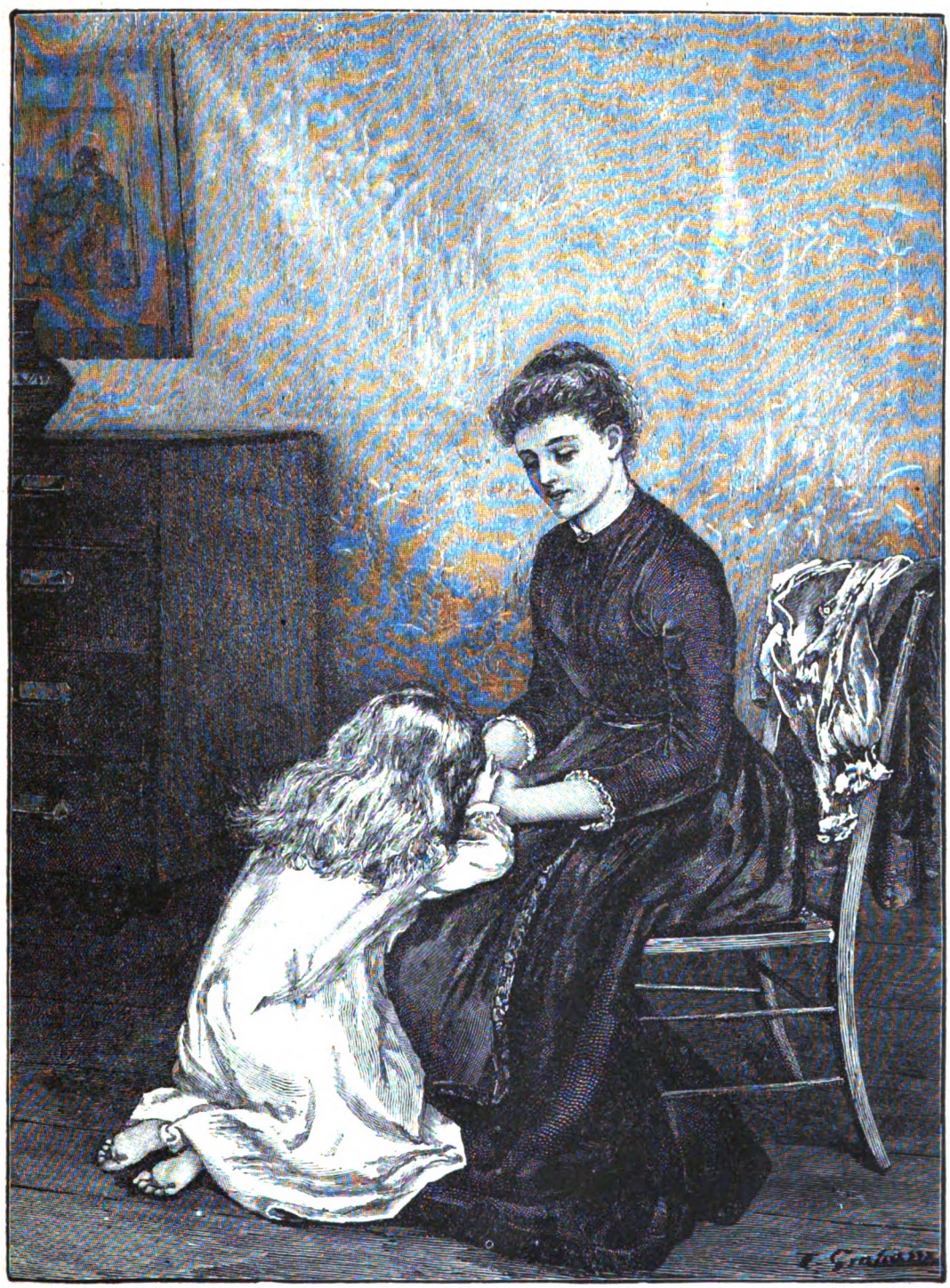

THE TWO SISTERS.

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TEN TRUE FRIENDS.

(LITTLE FINGERS.)

Ten true friends you have,
  Who, five in a row,
Upon each side of you
  Go where you go.

Suppose you are sleepy,
  They help you to bed;
Suppose you are hungry,
  They see that you are fed.

They wake up your dolly
  And put on your clothes,
And trundle her carriage
  Wherever she goes.

THE YOUNG DRIVER.

A FARMER'S BOY.

His horse is fed
  On gingerbread,
And its stable is under the trundle bed;
  And he has a cart
  That has been a part
Of a button-box—and the reins are thread.

But his heart's as bold
  As his hair is gold,
And he handles the lines with a "coach-
  man's hold;"
  "Good-bye!" he cries,
  And his sparkling eyes
Are as bright as the stars when the night is cold.

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Of course you know
That the horse can't go,
But it isn't worth while to tell him so,
For he'd only say,
"Horse running away!
I can't stop horsey; whoa, horsey! whoa!"

The ears have fled
From the horse's head,
And the most of the horse's hair is shed;
But his legs are left
Though he's tail bereft,
And he stands very quietly while he's fed.

What's this? a race?
And at such a pace!
Why, the driver is getting red
in the face!
"Get up, I say!"
And he whips away—
He says there's a pack of
"woofs" in chase.

AN EXCITING RACE.

May the wolves, my dear,
Be never more near
Than they are on the floor of
the nursery here,
And your eyes as bright,
And your grasp as tight
As now—on the reins of a proud career.

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HERE SITS THE LORD MAYOR.

Here sits the Lord Mayor . .	Forehead.
Here sit his two men	Eyes.
Here sits the cock	Right cheek.
Here sits the hen	Left cheek.
Here sit the little chickens . .	Tip of nose.
Here they run in	Mouth.
Chin-chopper, chin-chopper, chin-chopper, chin!	Chuck the chin.

TEN LITTLE TOES.

Baby is clad in his nightgown white
Pussy-cat purrs a soft good-night,
And somebody tells, for somebody knows
The terrible tale of ten little toes.

RIGHT FOOT.

This big toe took a small boy Sam
Into the cupboard after the jam;
This little toe said, "O no! no!"
This little toe was anxious to go;
This little toe said, "'Tisn't quite right;"
This little tiny toe curled out of sight.

LEFT FOOT.

This big toe got suddenly stubbed;
This little toe got ruefully rubbed;
This little frightened toe cried out, "Bears!"
This little timid toe, "Run up stairs!"
Down came a jar with a loud slam! slam!
This little tiny toe got all the jam!

CLARA G. DOLLIVER.

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PLAY-TIME.

The boys were in the garden,
Digging little wells;
The girls were at the seaside,
Hunting pretty shells.

The boys were in the schoolroom,
Sitting all in rows;
The girls were in the ballroom,
Standing on their toes.

The boys were in the wild woods,
Picking sweet red berries;
The girls were 'neath the fruit-trees,
Shaking down the cherries.

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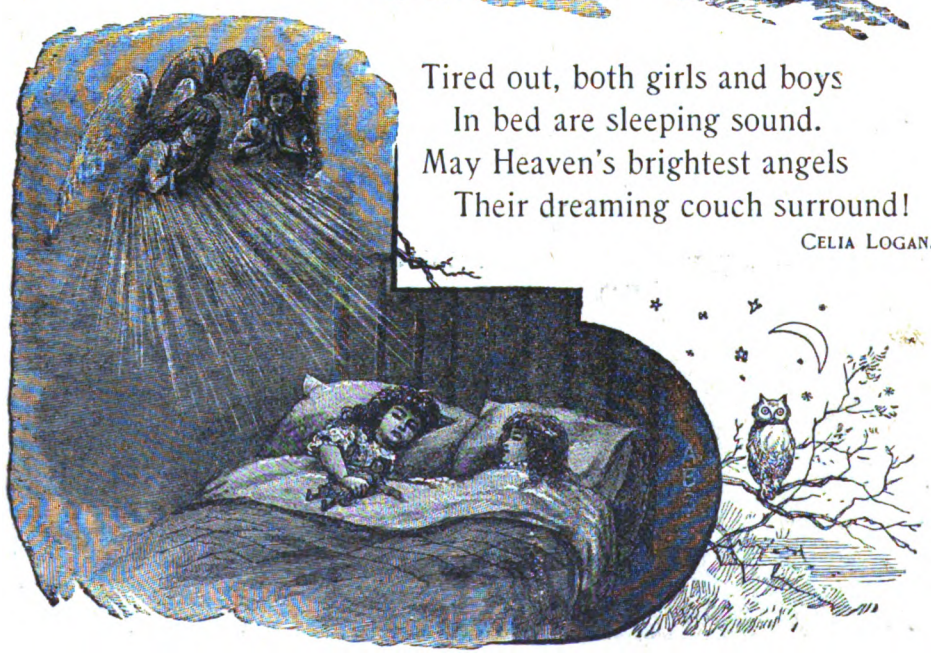
The girls were in the old swing,
Getting many a fall;
The boys were running swiftly
After bouncing ball.



Tired out, both girls and boys
In bed are sleeping sound.
May Heaven's brightest angels
Their dreaming couch surround!

CELIA LOGAN.

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WEIGHING THE BABY.

(ABRIDGED.)

"How many pounds does the baby weigh—
Baby who came a month ago?
How many pounds from the crowning curl
To the rosy point of the restless toe?"

Grandfather ties the 'kerchief's knot,
Tenderly guides the swinging weight,
And carefully over his glasses peers
To read the record, "Only eight."

Softly the echo goes around;
The father laughs at the tiny girl,
The fair young mother sings the words,
While grandmother smooths the golden curl.

And stooping above the precious thing,
Nestles a kiss within a prayer,
Murmuring softly, "Little one,
Grandfather did not weigh you fair."

Nobody weighed the baby's smile,
Or the love that came with the little one;
Nobody weighed the threads of care
From which a woman's life is spun.

Nobody weighed the baby's soul,
For here on earth no weight may be
That could avail; God only knows
Its value in eternity.

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O mother, laugh your merry note;
  Be gay and glad, but don't forget,
From baby eyes looks out a soul
  That claims a home in Eden yet.

ETHEL LYNN BEEP

OUT FOR A WALK.

One little girlie,
  Out for a walk,
Two little babies
  Learning to talk;

Three little doggies
  Chasing a rat;
Four little kittens
  Teasing a cat.

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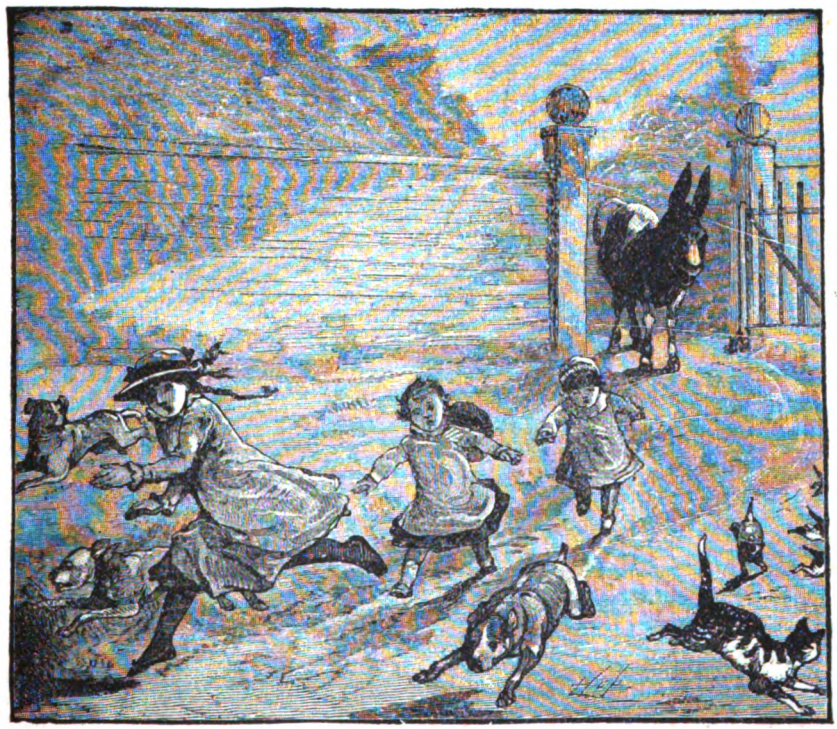
There, by the gate,
In the bright summer weather,
Pups, babes, and kitty-cats
All met together.
Out came a donkey
With a loud bray—
Pups, babes, and kitty-cats
All ran away!



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THE SEED.

Little and black, shining and round;
Bury it deep under the ground,
Cover it up and go away,
And come again another day.
Little black thing, without any power;
God will change it into a flower!

TWO.

Two little girls are better than one,
Two little boys can double the fun,
Two little birds can build a fine nest,
Two little arms can love mother best.
Two little ponies must go to a span;
Two little pockets has my little man,
Two little eyes to open and close,
Two little ears and one little nose,
Two little elbows, dimpled and sweet,
Two little shoes on two little feet,
Two little lips and one little chin,
Two little cheeks with a rose shut in;
Two little shoulders, chubby and strong,
Two little legs running all day long.
Two little prayers does my darling say,
Twice does he kneel by my side each day—
Two little folded hands, soft and brown,
Two little eyelids cast meekly down—
And two little angels guard him in bed,
"One at the foot, and one at the head."

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Aunties Visit to Baby Town

DANCING! Prancing!
Up and down!
Here we are at Baby Town.
What a racket! What a noise!
Laughing girls and shouting boys.
I don't think I will go in
While they're making such a din;
Yes, I'll venture just a minute;
One step more, and I am in it!

ALL at once how still they are—
Then: "Here's Auntie! Hip! Hurrah!
Oh, we are so glad you're come!
Willie's got a brand new drum;
Katie has a lovely doll;
And dear Nell a screeching Poll!

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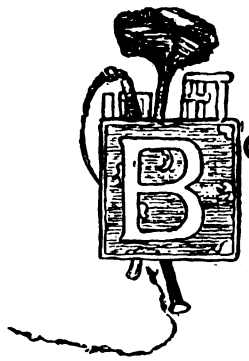
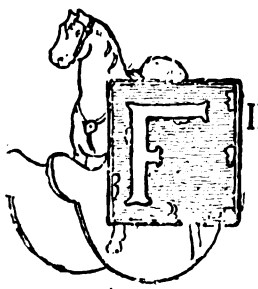


BOB has got a rocking horse—
So he bought a whip, of course;
Charlie has a box of bricks,
Harry too, some conjuring tricks;
And dear Baby has a rattle;
Did you know that she could prattle?
Oh, she is the sweetest dear! Auntie, draw your chair quite near."
Little hands hold me so fast, I'm obliged to say at last,
"Yes, my darling little one, I will stay and share your fun;"
For I cannot get away from the spell of mirth and play;
And I'm fairly settled down
In the midst of Baby Town.



FIRST on horseback I must ride,
Bold Bob standing by my side;
In the yacht I try to get,
Just to please my little pet.
Then I can with Dolly play,
And pretend she's Baby "May."
I can make Poor Polly screech,
And the use of bricks can teach.
And on Willie's painted drum, now I beat a fine tum-tum.
I can shake the pretty rattle, and can hear dear Baby prattle.
I can join in games of play till obliged to go away,
All the better for the noise
Of the darling girls and boys.

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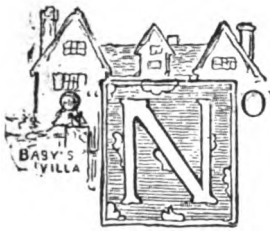

NOW, good-bye, for I must
go—
Soon I'll come again,
you know."
Small hands pat me, sweet lips kiss,
Pure and true delight is this;
Never, never more I'll frown
When I'm near to "Baby Town!"

S. B. B.

NOBODY KNOWS.

Dear little Lillian! where has she gone?
Up in the attic, or out in the lawn?
There, in the cornfield, she's watching
the crows;
What she is thinking of nobody knows.

Now in the garden and now in the park,
Singing and chattering from morning
till dark;
Stopping to talk to the flowers as she
goes,
What she is telling them nobody knows.

Dear little Lillian, busy and bright,
Happy and smiling from morning till
night,
Fair as a lily, and sweet as a rose;
How we all love her, nobody knows.

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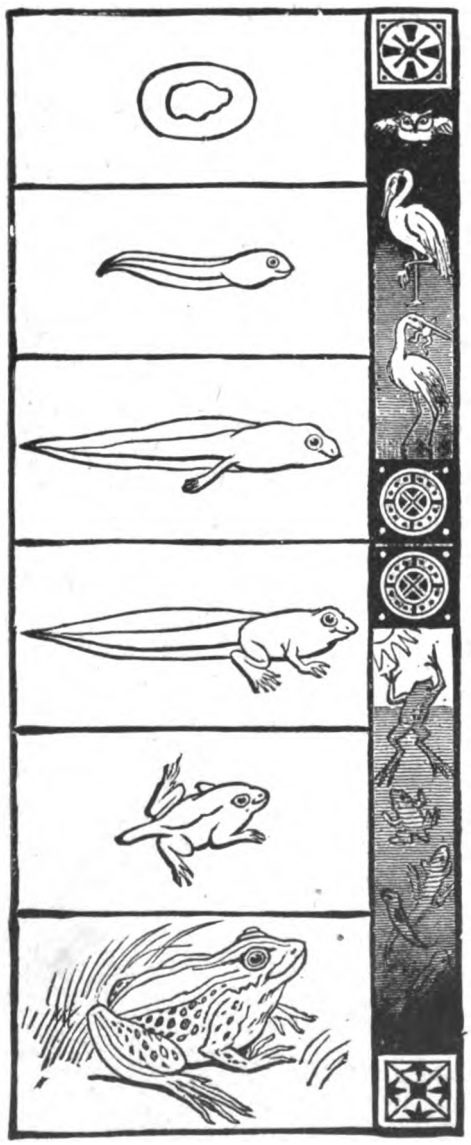
ALL ABOUT A FROG.



This is an egg;
Watch it, I beg.

Out of this egg—
(No arm or leg)—

Comes this strange thing.
The legs now spring,

Both front and rear.
Now this is queer,

The tail plays flop,
And goes off pop!

And soon it hops about the bog,
A happy, timid little frog.

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JOEY AND THE APPLES.

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DRESSING MARY ANN.

1.

She came to me one Christmas Day,
In paper, with a card to say:

2.

"From Santa Claus and Uncle John"—
And not a stitch the child had on.

3.

"I'll dress you; never mind!" said I,
"And brush your hair; now, don't you cry."

4.

First I made her little hose,
And shaped them nicely at the toes.

5.

Then I bought a pair of shoes—
A lovely "dolly's number twos."

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6.

Next I made a petticoat;
And put a chain around her throat.

7.

Then, when she shivered, I made haste,
And cut her out an underwaist.

8.

Next I made a pretty dress,
It took me 'most a week, I guess.

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9.

And then I named her Mary Ann,
And gave the dear a paper fan.

10.

Next I made a velvet sacque
That fitted nicely in the back.

11.

Then I trimmed a lovely hat—
Oh, how sweet she looked in that.

12.

And dear, my sakes, that wasn't all!
I bought her next a parasol!

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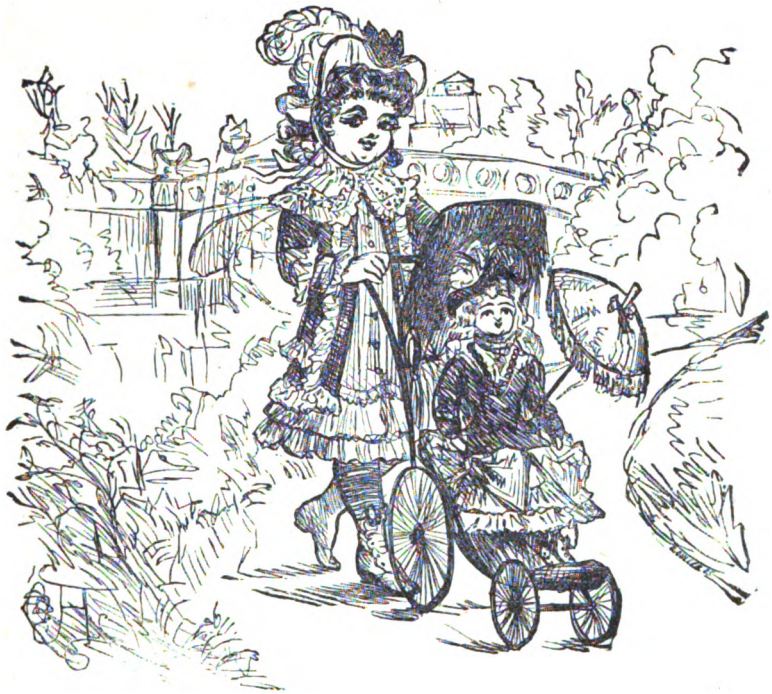
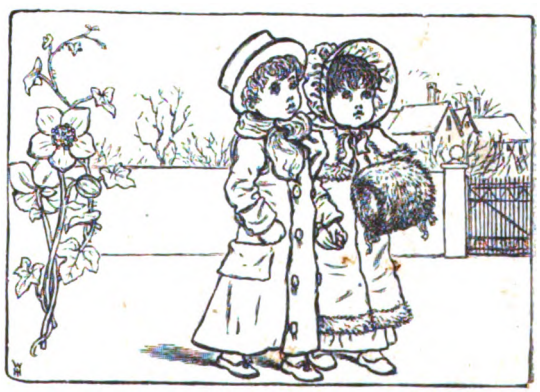


She looked so grand when she was dressed
You really never would have guessed
How very plain she seemed to be,
The day when first she came to me.

MARY MAPES DODGE.

A THOUGHTFUL LAD.

I cautiously approached him,
For I saw that he was coy,
And asked if he could tell me
A word that rhymed with "Boy."
At first he shook his head in [doubt
And slyly bit his curl,
Then brightening up he smiled at me,
And gaily answered, "Girl."



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BABY'S DAY.

The reason I call it "Baby's Day" is funny enough to tell;
The first thing she did was give "syrup of squill" to Dolly to make her well;

And then when I told her how wrong it was, she said, with a quivering sigh,
"I'm sorry I made her so sticky, mamma, but I couldn't let Dolly die."

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Then comforted wholly, she went away, and was just as still as a mouse,
And I thought to be sure I should find her at once in the nursery playing "house;"
But, lo! on the way as I started to look, a queer little piece I found,
Just like a center of snowy lawn that the scissors had scalloped round.

I cried "O, baby! what have you done? You have been to somebody's drawer,
And taken from out of the handkerchief pile the most beautiful one that you saw!"
And then the dear little head went down pathetic as it could be,
While she sobbed, "There was nothing for me to cut, and I thought I'd take two or three!"

It was only a little later on, that the water began to splash,
And I jumped and found she was rubbing away on her sister's holiday sash;
But, catching a look of utter dismay, as she lifted her innocent eyes,
She whispered, "Don't worry, I'll wash it all clean, and hang it up till it dries."

But the funny mishaps of that wonderful day I could not begin to relate;
The boxes of buttons and pins she spilled, like a cherub pursued by fate!
And still, all the while, the dear little dove was fluttering 'round her nest,
And the only thing I really could do was to smooth out her wings on my breast.

But the day drifted on till it came to an end, and the great moon rose in sight,
And the dear soft lids o'er the dear soft eyes dropped tenderly their good-night.
And I thought, as I looked on her lying asleep, I was glad (for once in a way),
That my beautiful child was human enough for a mischievous "Baby Day."

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CARLO, JANE AND ME.

When-ev-er Pa-pa takes a walk,
He always calls us three;
He says he couldn't go without
Old Car-lo, Jane and me.

We laugh and talk, and bark and play,
And papa swings his cane;
Once he for-got and killed some flow-ers,
That stood up in our lane.

And sometimes Car-lo runs and jumps,
And Jane stands by a tree;
Oh dear! what fun my pa-pa has,
With Car-lo, Jane and me.

And just for mischief Car-lo barks
At ev-e-ry one we pass;
And makes the shadow of his tail
Keep wag-gin' on the grass.

When Jane can't walk, I car-ry her,
And Car-lo car-ries me;
Then pa-pa al-ways walks be-side,
And shouts out "Haw!" and "Gee!"

I wish he'd come; poor Jane is tired
With wait-ing here so long;

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Car-lo don't mind—no more do I,
  But Jane was never strong.

Car-lo is made of cur-ly hair,
  And I am made of me;
But Jane is made of wood and things,
  As doll-ies have to be.

Oh, here is pa-pa! Now, we'll start;
  He's sure to take us three;
You see he couldn't go without
  Old Car-lo, Jane and me.

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MY LITTLE SISTER.

I have a little sister,
  She's only two years old,
But she's a little darling,
  And worth her weight in gold.

She often runs to kiss me,
  When I'm at work or play,
Twining her arms about me
  In such a pretty way.

And then she'll say so sweetly
  In innocence and joy,
"Tell me a story, sister dear,
  About the little boy."

Sometimes when I am knitting,
  She'll pull my needles out,
And then she'll skip and dance around
  With such a merry shout.

It makes me laugh to see her,
  Though I'm not very glad
To have her take my needles out,
  And make my work so bad.

But then, if I would have her
  To see what she has done,
I must be very gentle
  While telling her the wrong.

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SHE IS WORTH HER WEIGHT IN GOLD.

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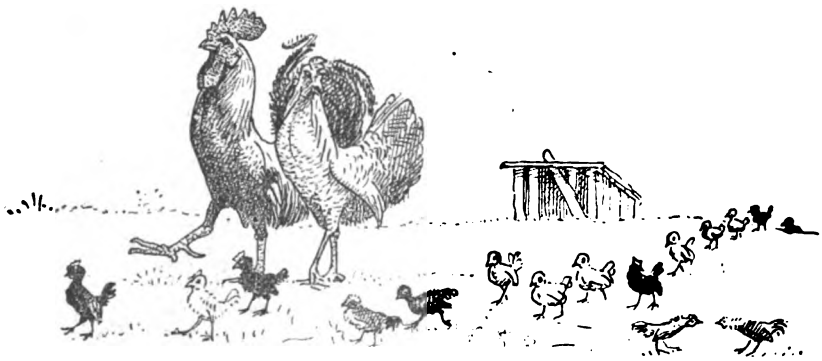
A HAPPY FAMILY.

I went to the yard, and I saw the old hen
Go clucking about with her chickens ten;
She clucked and she scratched, and she bustled away,
And what do you think I heard the hen say?
I heard her say, "The sun never did shine
On anything like to these chickens of mine.



A HAPPY FAMILY.

You may hunt the full moon and the stars, if you please,
But you never will find ten such chickens as these.
My dear, downy darlings, my sweet little things,
Come, nestle now closely under my wings."
So the hen said,
And the chickens all sped
As fast as they could to their nice feather bed!
And there let them sleep, in their feathers so warm,
While my little chick lies here on my arm.

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LULU'S COMPLAINT.

I'se a poor 'ittle sorrowful baby,
  For Bidget is 'way down stairs;
My titten has scatched my fin'er,
  And Dolly won't say her p'ayers.

I hain't seen my bootiful mamma
  Since ever so long ado;
An' I ain't her tunninest baby
  No londer, for Bidget says so.

Mamma's dot anoder new baby;
  Dod dived it—He did—yes'erday;
And it kies, it kies—oh, so defful!
  I wis' He would tate it away.

I don't want no "sweet 'ittle sister;"
  I want my dood mamma, I do;
I want her to tiss me, and tiss me,
  An' tall me her p'ecious Lulu.

I dess my dear papa will bin' me
  A 'ittle dood titten some day;
Here's nurse wid mamma's new baby;
  I wis' she would tate it away.

Oh, oh, what tunnin' red fin'ers!
  It sees me 'ite out of its eyes;
I dess we will teep it, and dive it
  Some can'y whenever it kies.

I dess I will dive it my dolly
  To play wid 'mos' every day;
And I dess, I dess—say, Bidget,
  Ask Dod not to tate it away.

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PLAYING "HORSIE."

O what fun on a summer's day,
Three little folks and a doggie at play!
Jack, and Jennie, and baby Jim,
And little bob-tailed, shaggy-haired Tim.

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Down the lane, and away they go,
Jack is the racing horse, you know;
Jennie's the wagon, stout and strong,
And Jim's the driver, with whip so long.

Kind little sister with brothers two,
Ready always her share to do,
In the merry playtime, helping along
With love and sunshine the days so long;

Whoa, now, horsie, so fast you go,
You'll soon be running away, I know;
And oh, if your wagon you should upset,
What a terrible fright your driver will get.

JINGLES AND JOYS.

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WOULDN'T SAY PLEASE.

There was once a little girl who would never say please,
I believe if you even went down on your knees.
But, her arms on the table, would sit at her ease,
And call out to her mother in words such as these:
"I want some potatoes!" "Give me some peas!"
"Hand me the butter!" "Cut me some cheese!"
So the fairies, this very rude daughter to tease,
Once blew her away in a powerful breeze,
Over the mountains, and over the seas,
To a valley where never a dinner she sees,
But down with the ants, the wasps, and the bees,
In the woods she must live until she learns to say please.

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THE ALPHABET.

ABCDEFG
HIJKLMN
OPQRSTU
VWXYZ&

---

abcdefghi
jklmnopqr
stuvwxyz

---

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

NOTE.—Encourage the child to copy these until they become fixed in his mind.

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LEARNING THE LETTERS.

I wish I knew my letters well,
So I might learn to read and spell;
I'd find them on my pretty card,
If they were not so very hard.

Now S is crooked—don't you see?
And G is making mouths at me;
And O is something like a ball,
It hasn't any end at all.

And all the rest are—my! so queer!
They look like crooked sticks—oh, dear!
Ma counted six, and twenty more;
What do they have so many for?

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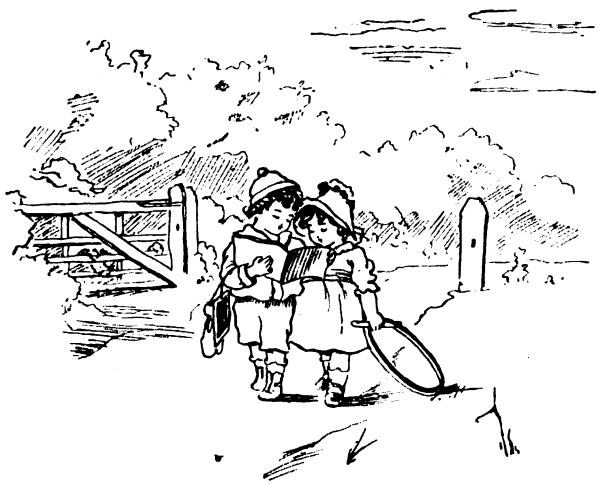
THE NURSERY.



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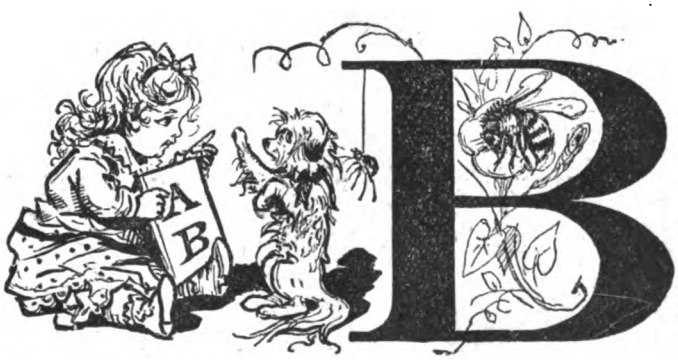
Dick and the owl
must study "A;"
But the mice and
bugs, they can
play.

"See," says Dotty,
"here's A and B;"
"Well," says Fido,
"what's that to
me?"



Dotty and the Pea-
cock both are
vain,
Each with a long
and trailing train.

Now Dick is mend
ing mamma's tub,
Hear him hammer,
rub-a-dub-dub.

Digitized by Google

Dot is sweeping her mamma's room;
The big fly, too, has found a broom.

Dot says to Fido, "Let's catch a fish!"
Big trout cries, "Here's what you wish!"

"I'll swing," says Dot, "to the sky so blue,"
"Ho!" says grasshopper, "I can too."

"The hay," says Dick, "in the barn must go."
"Yes," says grasshopper, "see me mow."

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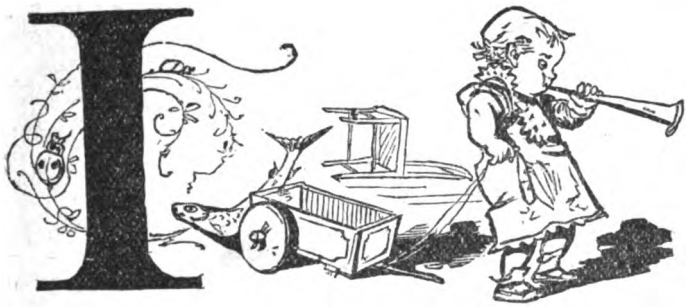


"Trout! trout!
Here's fine fresh
trout!"
"Are you sure?"
says the trout,
jumping out.

"Ah!" says the cat,
"what splendid luck!
When he gets it done
I'll eat that duck!"

"When Miss Dotty
has her garden
made
I'll go," says the
toad, "and enjoy
the shade."

Newsboy Dick is
earning money,
The bee is reading
the price of
honey.

Digitized by Google

"Whoa!" says Dicky,
"you stand still,
While I build my
church, spire and
sill."

"Just a drop," says
Dot, "for the in-
valid;"
"And I'll take the
rest!" says chick-
a-bid.

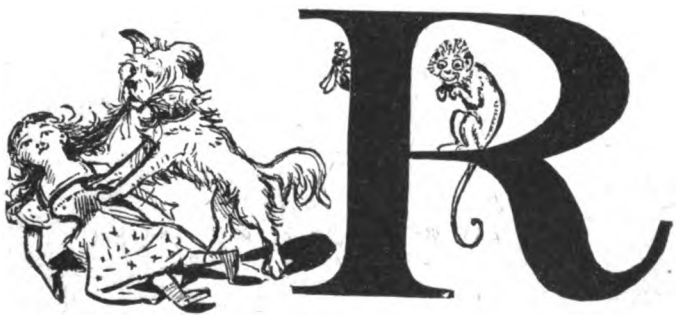
"Slop, pour, and
spatter!" Topsy
said,
"For this little kitten
must be fed."

Way off, in a tub,
see Dicky glide,
"Ah, ha," says the
Frog, "we'll all
take a ride."

Digitized by Google

"See," says Dicky,
"I've found a drum!"
Grasshopper says,
"Hear the music come."

"Now," says Fido,
"Dot loves this doll
Much more than me,
so I'll end it all!"



"Breakfast is ready,
cut-cut-ca-dool"
The babies quarreled
and off ran two.

Dicky whipped his horse till up he reared,
And the froggie's team ran away, 'tis feared.

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Says Topsy to Dick,
"If you're to fight,
You want a moustache as black as night."

Here's three little kits
behaving nice,
And they all shall
dine on tender
mice.

"Water, water!" and
as they quaff,
Dick sees how the
thirsty flowers
laugh.

Two smart little
ladies come to tea,
I do wish Miss Dotty
would invite me.

Digitized by Google

"Tra la!" sing Dot, and Topsy and Dick;
"Oh!" howls Fido, "get through quick."

Such a naughty Dick when mamma's away!
"Let's have some, too!" the gray mice say.

"And now," says the cat, "are lessons done?"
"Yes," says Fido, "hurrah for fun!"

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IN THE ORCHARD.

Apples red and apples green,
Apples rich and ripe are seen
In the orchard near the road;
Apples, apples, by the load!

In the spring the trees were white—
Apple-blossoms, such a sight!
Little apples fill the trees,
Fanned all summer by the breeze.

Little apples grew and grew,
Living on the rain and dew;
Now the fruit in great, rich stores,
Harvest in the orchard pours.

Glad the farmer's swelling heart!
Glad the little children start
For the orchard, where they play,
"Picking apples" all the day.

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WHAT I DO EVERY DAY.

On Monday when the weather's fair
I always wash the clothes;

Then Tuesday I can iron them,
Although it rains or snows.

On Wednesday I do the mending,
And always like it, too;
On Thursday I receive my friends,
I've nothing else to do.

On Friday, sweeping is my task;
To clean up is delight;

On Saturday I do some cooking,
Then put all work from sight.

And Sunday is a day of rest;
I go to church dressed in my best.

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SAND PIES.

Oh, the apple pie is a very nice pie,
  A very nice pie indeed;
And some there are who say to me,
  "Of all, it takes the lead."

And the mince pie, too, is a very good pie,
  As good as good can be,
If the crust is crisp and brown enough,
  And the raisins—one—two—three.

And the pumpkin pie is a very nice pie,
  For now and then, you know;
If it's well made, 'tis fairly good—
  As squash and pumpkin go.

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And the cherry pie is a very nice pie,
  Of fruit so tart and red;
And many a child will call this pie
  Of every sort ahead.

But the greatest pies in all the land,
  If you listen well to me,
Are the dear sand pies we children make,
  Though busy as humming bee.

I KNOW A LITTLE MAIDEN.

I know a little maiden who can knit and who can sew,
Who can tuck her little petticoat, and tie a pretty bow;
She can give the thirsty window-plants a cooling drink each day,
And dust the pretty sitting-room, and drive the flies away.
She can fetch papa his dressing-gown, and warm his slippers well,
And lay the plates and knives and forks, and ring the supper bell.
She can learn her lessons carefully, and say them with a smile;
Then put away her books and slate and atlas in a pile.

"WHILE I RUB, AND I RUB."

She can feed the bright canary, and put water in his cage;
And soothe her little brother when he flies into a rage.
She can dress and tend her dollies like a mother, day or night;
Indeed, one-half the good she does, I cannot now recite.
And yet, there are some things I'm told, this maiden cannot do;
She cannot say an ugly word, or one that is not true;
Who can this little maiden be? I wonder if it's you.

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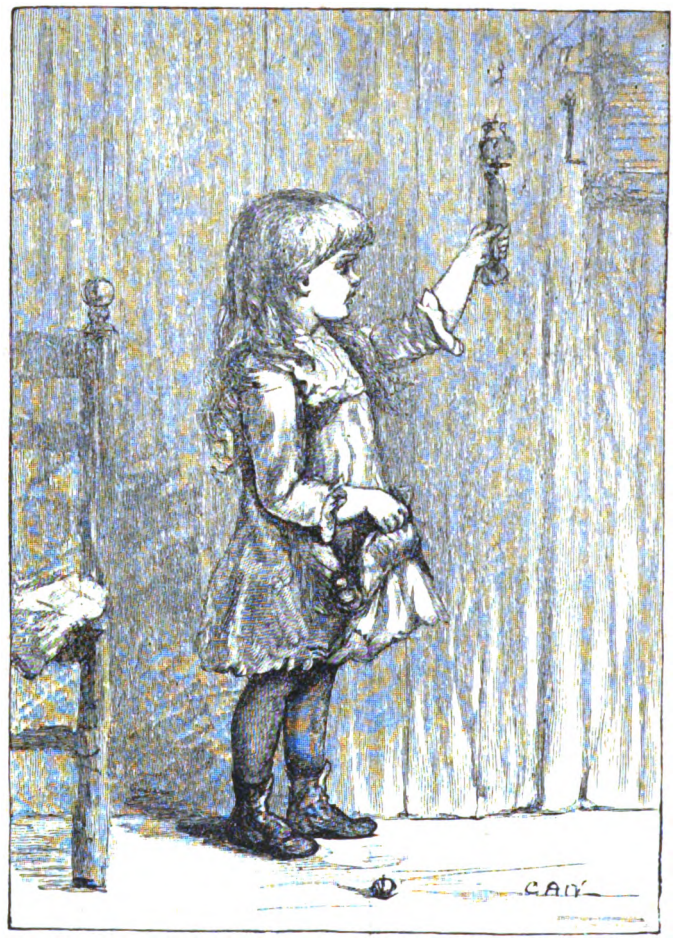

MAMMA'S BIRTHDAY.

"The latch is so high
On this great, big door,
And I've so many apples
In my pinafore.

"I got them for mamma,
This is her birth day,
And I know when she sees them
Just what she will say.

"Oh, what shall I do?
Hark! a step in the hall.
Hurry, oh hurry!
My apples will fall."

The door opens wide,
'Tis mamma herself,
Who thanks, with sweet kisses,
Her dear little elf.

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CHERRIES ARE RIPE.

Cherries are ripe,
Cherries are ripe,
Oh, give the baby one;
Cherries are ripe,
Cherries are ripe,
But baby shall have none;
Babies are too young to choose,
Cherries are too sour to use;
But by and by,
Made in a pie,
No one one will them refuse.

Up in the tree,
Robin I see,
Picking one by one;
Shaking his bill,
Getting his fill,
Down his throat they run;
Robins want no cherry pie;
Quick they eat, and off they fly;
My little child,
Patient and mild,
Surely will not cry.

Cherries are ripe,
Cherries are ripe,
But we will let them fall;
Cherries are ripe,
Cherries are ripe,
But bad for babies small;
Gladly follow mother's will,
Be obedient, kind, and still;
Waiting awhile,
Delighted you'll smile,
And joyfully eat your fill.

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THE DOLL-BABY SHOW.

Our doll-baby show, it was something quite grand;
You saw there the loveliest doll in the land.

Each girl brought her own in its prettiest dress;
Three pins bought a ticket, and not a pin less.
For the doll that was choicest we offered a prize,
There were wee mites of dollies, and some of great size.
Some came in rich purple, some lilac, some white,
With ribbons and laces—a wonderful sight.
Now, there was one dolly so tall and so proud
She put all the others quite under a cloud;
But one of us hinted, in so many words,
That sometimes fine feathers did not make fine birds.

We sat in a row with our dolls in our laps;
The dolls behaved sweetly, and met no mishaps.
No boys were admitted—for boys will make fun;
Now which do you think was the dolly that won?
Soon all was commotion to hear who would get
The prize; for the dollies' committee had met;
We were the committee, and which do you think
Was the doll we decided on, all in a wink?

Why, each of us said that our own was the best,
The finest, the sweetest, the prettiest dress;
So we all got the prize. We'll invite you to go
The next time we girls have our doll-baby show.

GEORGE COOPER.

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THE SONG OF THE BEE.

Buzz-z-z-z-z-z, buzz!
This is the song of the bee;
His legs are of yellow;
A jolly good fellow,
And yet a great worker is he.

In days that are sunny,
He's getting his honey;
In days that are cloudy,
He's making his wax;
On pinks and on lilies
And gay daffodillies,
And columbine blossoms
He levies a tax.

Buzz-z-z-z-z-z, buzz!
The sweet smelling clover
He, humming, hangs over;
The scent of the roses
Makes fragrant his wings;

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He never gets lazy;
From thistle and daisy,
And weeds of the meadow,
  Some treasure he brings.

  Buzz-z-z-z-z-z, buzz!
From morning's first gray light,
Till fading of daylight,
He's singing and toiling
  The summer day through.
Oh, we may get weary,
And think work is dreary;
'Tis harder by far
  To have nothing to do!

MARIAN DOUGLAS.

A BIRTHDAY CAKE.

What can this be which cook
  has placed here?
It seems like a cake, but oh! how
  queer!
Though the frosting looks white
  and sweet and nice,
Yet on its top are six little black
  mice.

One for an infant, in dresses
  white,
One for a baby, with blue eyes
  bright;
One for a child, with golden hair,
One for a maid, with face so fair;
One for a girl, brimming over with fun,
And one for the very next year to come.

Six chocolate mice on top of the cake,
Which cook, at mamma's request, did make
For a sweet little girl—a good one, too—
But I shall not tell her age—can you?

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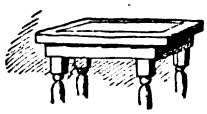
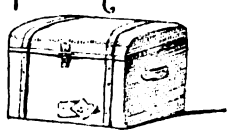
Puzzles about Peter and Patty.

I

Patty's Party

Patty went up in the garret to play She had her and her and some and she played tea-party

The  was only an old  and there were not any s, but Patty had a lovely time until two visitors came who were not invited. Who do you think they were? A big, fat who crept out of his in the corner, and a little who peeped from behind a How poor Patty ran! And the fat spider and the little mouse had the party all to themselves!

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A VALENTINE.

She is fairer than the light,
She is lovelier than the rose,
More precious in my sight
Than any flower that grows.

Her voice is sweeter far,
Upon my listening ears,
Than the song of morning star,
Than the music of the spheres.

She is worth her weight in gold,
In rubies and in pearls,
She is only two years old,
With a head of yellow curls.

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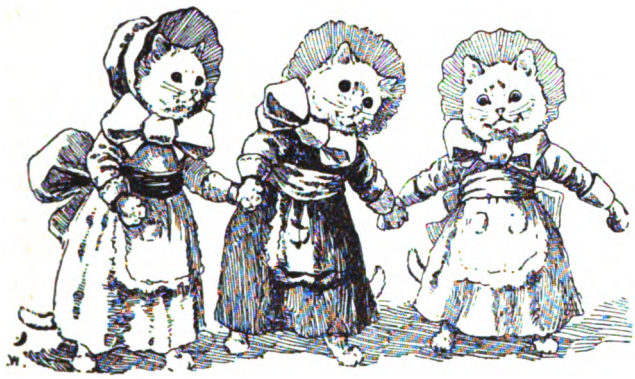
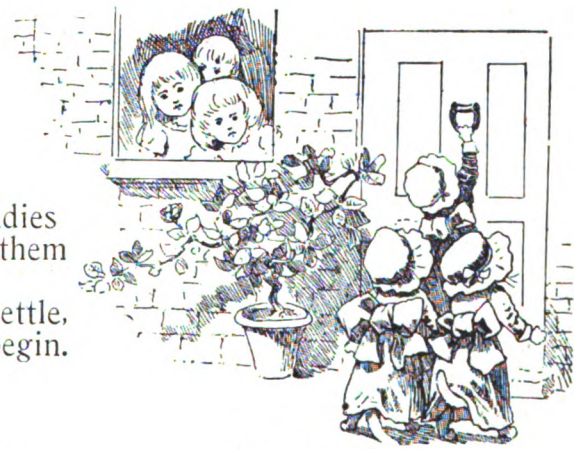
THE KITTENS' TEA PARTY.



Three little kittens
Went out to tea;
All wore their best frocks,
One, two and three.

Three little aprons
All trimmed with lace;
Three little sashes
All tied in place.

Old pussy kissed them,
Bade them be good;
All mewed a glad mew,
Each said she would.



Three little ladies
Welcomed them
in,
Rang for the kettle,
Tea must begin.

But naughty Rover,
Just for a joke,
In at the doorway
His nose must poke.

Up sprang the kittens
All in a fright,
Knocked o'er the table—
Oh! what a sight!

Smashed all the china,
Spilt all the cream,
Cake, jam and sugar,
While pussies scream.

All in a muddle,
All on the floor;
"Ha! ha!" laughed Rover,
Then shut the door.

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NEVER FORGET TO PRAY.

Never, my child, forget to pray,
Whate'er the business of the day.
If happy dreams have blessed thy sleep,
If startling fears have made thee weep,
With holy thoughts begin the day,
And ne'er, my child, forget to pray.

The time will come when thou wilt miss
A father's and a mother's kiss,
And then, my child, perchance thou'lt see
Some who in prayer ne'er bend the knee;
From such examples turn away,
And ne'er, my child, forget to pray.

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EVENING PRAYER.

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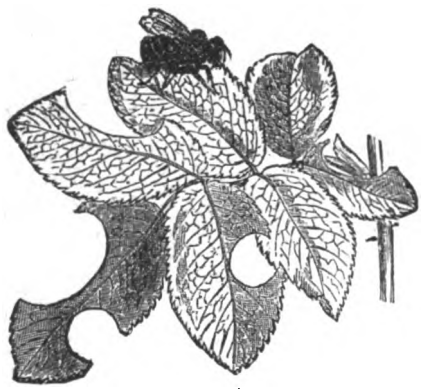
THE BEE AND THE BUTTERFLY.



"Dear me! dear me!"
Said a busy bee,
"I'm always making honey;
No time to play,
But work all day;
Isn't it very funny—
Very, very funny?"

"Oh, my! oh, my!"
Said a butterfly,
"I'm always eating honey;
And yet I play
The livelong day;
Isn't it very funny—
Very, very funny?"

LITTLE MOMENTS.

Little moments make an hour;
Little thoughts, a book;
Little seeds, a tree or flower;
Water drops, a brook;
Little deeds of faith and love,
Make a home for you above.

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CASTLE BUILDING.

"Now build me a castle!"
Cried Teddy, our king;
"A beautiful castle,
With turret and wing;

"I'm tired of houses,
With sheep-fold and shed;
Now build a great castle,
As high as my head!"

Down came the white sheep-fold,
The dear curly sheep,
And red-cheeked shepherdess
Tossed in a heap.

And high rose the castle,
Till taller than Ted,
"Build higher!" he ordered,
"Build high as your head!"

Up, up rose the castle,
A building quite grand,
Most carefully built up
By John's steady hand.

"Build one story higher!'
Our architect frowned,
Obeyed, the walls tottered—
Swayed—fell to the ground.

Ah, Teddy! wee ruler
Of hearts and of home,
Your castle is fallen,
And shattered its dome;

But don't feel disheartened,
My dear little man,
For kind brother Johnny
Will build it again.

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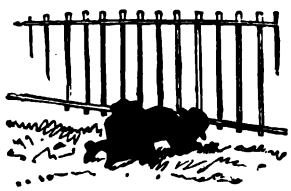
WILLIE'S ADVENTURE.

"Now, Willie dear," said his mamma,
"I'm going out—I'll not go far;
And when I'm gone, mind what I say,
Stay inside the gate to play."

But Willie dear had lost all wish
To mix mud pies in his tin dish.
He watched his mother out of sight,
Then pushed the gate with all his might.

In vain; 'twas only wasting time;
So over it he tried to climb.
It wouldn't do; he was so fat,
He soon gave up all hopes of that.

Just then came trotting up to him,
His little dog, black curly Jim,
And Willie quickly made this plan:
"I'll have Jim help me, for he can."



So he and Jim they scratched away,
Till piles of dirt around them lay.
Under the fence they dug a hole,
And through it naughty Willie stole.

Jim quickly followed, full of play,
Down the street they took their way.
'Twas full two hours ere they were found.
Willie was seated on the ground,
Watching the merry children play,
In Allyn Park, a mile away.

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THE LITTLE DRESSMAKER.

This little girl, I'm glad to say,
Is fond of work as well as play.
From bits of ribbon, velvet, lace,
She makes nice gowns to suit each face.
Puts feathers in a bonnet tall,
And trims a hat for little doll.
One dolly's large, the other small,
One stands alone, and one must fall.
Though dressed so nice, they won't obey,
But sit quite sullen all the day.
"I will not scold, call forth their tears,
Although they sit a dozen years!"
She makes their dresses, learns to wait—
What don't come early may come late

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DOLL HOUSE TROUBLES.

My dear sister Nina,
  You'll find here a letter
From sister Regina;
  I wish it were better.

Arabella Anastasia
  Is a very naughty doll;
I really can't take care of her
  She won't behave at all.

This morning when I called ner
  And told her she must dress,
She began to cry for mamma;
  You must come back, I guess.

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I don't see what possessed her
  To act in such a manner,
She nearly drove me crazy;
  In fact, I had to fan her.

I couldn't put her shoes on:
  She kicked!—the naughty girl,

She wouldn't let me wash her,
  Or put her hair in curl.

I told her that I loved her;
  But she would not mind a bit;
So I put her in the corner,
  And there I made her sit.

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You know, when one is naughty,
  The others act so, too;
And Mary Ann, Aunt Nancy,
  And Pansy cried for you.

Oh, dear! I cannot stand it,
  They're making such a noise;
They're tearing up their dresses,
  And breaking all the toys.

Don't stay another minute,
  But pack your trunk, my dear,
And hasten to your dollies;
  They'll all be sick, I fear.

WISHING.

Where the grass grows sweet and tall,
And the shallow waters fall
Over pebbles, smooth and bright,
Once I saw a lovely sight.

Seven little ones at play,
Telling what they'd do some day,
When "grown up." What they'd be,
What they'd have. Oh, fair to see

Was rollicking Teddy and blue-eyed Joe
Close where the tallest grasses grow;
Rosy-cheeked Jennie, and dimple-cheeked Nan,
Listening to Teddy's "When I'm a man."

There were "two and two, and then three,"
They counted themselves in glee,
And the "three" were Katie and Nell,
And Johnny, poor wee Johnny Bell.

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Jennie wished for a house so fine,
And Nan in a silk dress to shine,
While Ted "a ship its captain to be,"
And Joe said low, "While you're at sea,

"I'll build big houses on the land,
A home for Jennie, tall and grand."
They laughed at this right merrily,
The children four, and the children three.

"An artist I'll be," said Nellie then,
"When Teddy and Joe are grown to men.
I'll paint this bank and grasses fair,
And the moon a-rising over there."

Poor little Johnny I could not see,
But he made the kindest wish to me;
"I'll work, I'll work, as hard as I can,
To help my mother, when I'm a man."

Katie had listened to all the rest,
With brave thoughts battling in her breast;
"When I'm a woman, I'd rather be
Useful, than anything else," said she.

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OF WHAT ARE YOUR CLOTHES MADE?

Come here to grandma, and I'll tell you, dear boy—
  For I think you never have guessed—
How many poor animals we must employ
  Before little George can be dressed.

The pretty sheep gives you the wool from his sides,
  To make you a jacket to use:

The goat or the calf must be stripped of their hides,
  To give you these nice little shoes.

And then the shy beaver contributes his share,
  With the rabbit, to give you a hat,
For this must be made of their delicate hair;
  And so you may thank them for that.

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All these I have mentioned, and many more, too,
  Each willingly gives us a share;
One sends us a hat, and another a shoe,
  That we may have plenty to wear.

Then, as the poor creatures thus suffer to give
  So much for the comfort of man,
I think 'tis but right that, as long as they live,
  We should treat them as kind as we can.

COUNTING.

1 2 3
One Two Three
Look at our slates and see.

4 5 6
Four Five Six
Work with pencil and sticks.

7 8 9
Seven Eight Nine
Boys and girls all doing fine.

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DOLLY'S TOOTHACHE.

Dolly's got the toothache!
  Dreadful toothache, too!
And her tiny mamma
  Knows not what to do.

P'rhaps she'll like the pictures—
  'Cause I cried one day
When my head was aching,
  And then Auntie May

Showed me lots of pictures
  And I all forgot
That my head was aching,
  'Cept one little spot.

Fido comes to listen—
  "Don't cry, Dolly, no!
See, I'll put a hank'fish
  Round your dimples, so!

"Oh, I know what's better!"
  And the chubby feet
Haste to mamma's cupboard—
  All so trim and neat.

"Dolly, here's some med'cine
  You will have to take,
Ain't no brandy in it,
  So your pledge won't break.

"For we're temperance folkses,
  And always mean to be.
Guess your toothache's well, now,
  Mamma's calling me."

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DOLLY'S TOOTHACHE.

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WHAT THEY ARE DOING.

Little sparrow, come and say
What you're doing all the day.
"Oh, I fly over ditches and hedges to find
A fat little worm, or fly to my mind,
And the dear little pets that I warm with my breast;
For until I can teach them the way how to fly,
If I were not to feed them my darlings would die.
How glad they all are when they see me come home,
And each of them chirp, 'Give me some! give me some!'"

Little lambs, come here and say
What you're doing all the day.
"Long enough before you wake,
Breakfast I am glad to take;
Then about the fields I play,
Frisk and scamper all the day.
When I'm thirsty, I can drink
Water at the river brink;
When at night I go to sleep,
By my mother I must keep;
I am safe enough from cold
At her side within the fold."

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Little bee, come here and say
What you've been doing all the day.
"Oh, every day—all day long,
Among the flowers I sing my song;
I creep in every bud I see,
And all the honey is for me.
I take it to my hive with care,
And give it to my brother there;
That when the winter time comes on,
And all the flowers are dead and gone,
And when the winds are cold and rough,
The busy bee may have enough."

Little fly, come here and say
What you're doing all the day.
"Oh, I'm a gay and merry fly,
I never do anything—no, not I;
I go where I like, and stay where I please,
In the heat of the sun, or the shade of the breeze;
On the window pane, or the cupboard shelf,
And I care for nothing, except myself.
I cannot tell, it is very true,
When the winter comes, what I mean to do;
And I very much fear when I'm getting old,
I shall starve with hunger, or die of cold."

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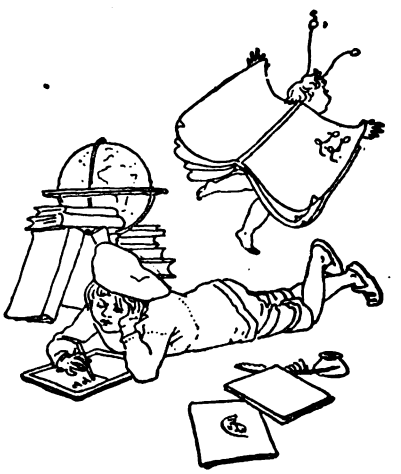
ONE GENTLE WORD.

One gentle word that I may speak,
Or one kind, loving deed,
May, though a trifle poor and weak,
Prove like a tiny seed;
And who can tell what good may spring
From such a very little thing?

A CHILD OF SEVEN.

"OF ALL SWEET SOUNDS, A CHILD'S CLEAR LAUGHTER IS THE BEST."

All the bells of heaven may ring,
All the birds of heaven may sing,
All the winds of earth may bring
All sweet sounds together;
Sweeter far than all things heard,
Hand of harper, tone of bird,
Sounds of woods at sundown stirred,
Welling water's winsome word,
Wind in warm, warm weather;
Golden bells of welcome rolled
Never forth such notes, nor told
Hours so blithe in tones so bold
As the radiant mouth of gold,
Here that rings forth heaven.



If the golden-crested wren
Were a nightingale, why, then
Something seen and heard of men
Might be half as sweet, as when
Laughs a child of seven.

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A FOURTH OF JULY RECORD.

1 Was a wide-awake little boy
Who rose at break of day;

2 Were the minutes he took to dress,
Then he was off and away.

3 Were his leaps when he cleared the stairs,
Although they were steep and high;

4 Was the number which caused his haste,
Because it was Fourth of July.

5 Were his pennies which went to buy
A package of crackers red;

6 Were the matches which touched them off,
And then—he was back in bed.

7 Big plasters he had to wear
To cure his fractures sore;

8 Were the visits the doctor made
Before he was whole once more.

9 Were the dolorous days he spent
In sorrow and pain; but then,

0 Are the seconds he'll stop to think
Before he does it again.

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WHAT A LITTLE GIRL CAN DO.

THERE never was such a pony as Shag. He was rough looking, but what did that matter? He drew the cart to market with a load of potatoes or turnips, and he brought it back with a load of coal. He would let the children ride on his back, and he never kicked or bit at them. Even little Jenny was not afraid to get upon Shag's back and hold on by his mane, while he trotted round the field with her quite steadily.

This was in the summer, but it was now winter, and the fields were all covered with snow. One day the stable door was left open, and Shag, having eaten all his food, thought he would take a little walk, so he went through the door and into the road, and when one of the boys went to take him water, there was no Shag to be seen.

"Where is Shag?" said the father.

"He has got out into the road," said Tom.

"You must go after him," said the father.

So Tom went down the road; but when little Jenny heard that Shag was gone, she filled her apron with crusts, and though the snow was on the ground, she pattered outdoors and called:

"Shag! Shag! come here!"

Shag, who was not very far off, came trotting up to the gate to see what Jenny had got for him. Tom came running along, feeling glad that Shag had come back; and after Shag had eaten Jenny's crusts Tom led him back to the stable. G.

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QUEER LITTLE STITCHES.

Oh, queer little stitches,
You surely are witches,
  To bother me so!
I'm trying to plant you;
Do stay where I want you,
  All straight in a row.

Now keep close together!
I never know whether
  You'll do as I say.
Why can't you be smaller?
You really grow taller,
  Try hard as I may!

There! now my thread's knotted,
My finger is dotted
  With sharp needle-pricks!
I mean to stop trying,
I cannot help crying;
  Oh, dear what a fix!

Yes, yes, little stitches,
I know you are witches—
  I'm sure of it now—
Because you don't bother
Grown people like mother,
  When they try to sew.

The afternoon's going;
I must do my sewing
  Before I can play.
Now behave, little stitches,
Like good-natured witches,
  The rest of the day,

I'd almost forgotten
About waxing my cotton,
  As good sewers do:

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And—oh, what a memory!—
Here is my emery
  To help coax it through.

I'm so nicely provided,
I've really decided
  To finish the things.
There's nothing like trying;
My needle is flying
  As if it had wings.

There, good-bye, little stitches!
You obstinate witches,
  You're punished, you know;
You've been very ugly,
But now you sit snugly
  Along in a row.

TWENTY FROGS AT SCHOOL

Twenty froggies went to school,
Down beside a rushy pool;
Twenty little coats of green,
Twenty vests, all white and clean.
"We must be in time," said they,
"First we study, then we play;
That is how we keep the rule
When we froggies go to school."

Master bull-frog, grave and stern,
Called the classes in their turn;
Taught them how to nobly strive,
Likewise how to leap and dive;
From his seat upon the log,
Showed them how to say "Ker-chog!"
Also, how to dodge a blow
From the sticks which bad boys throw.

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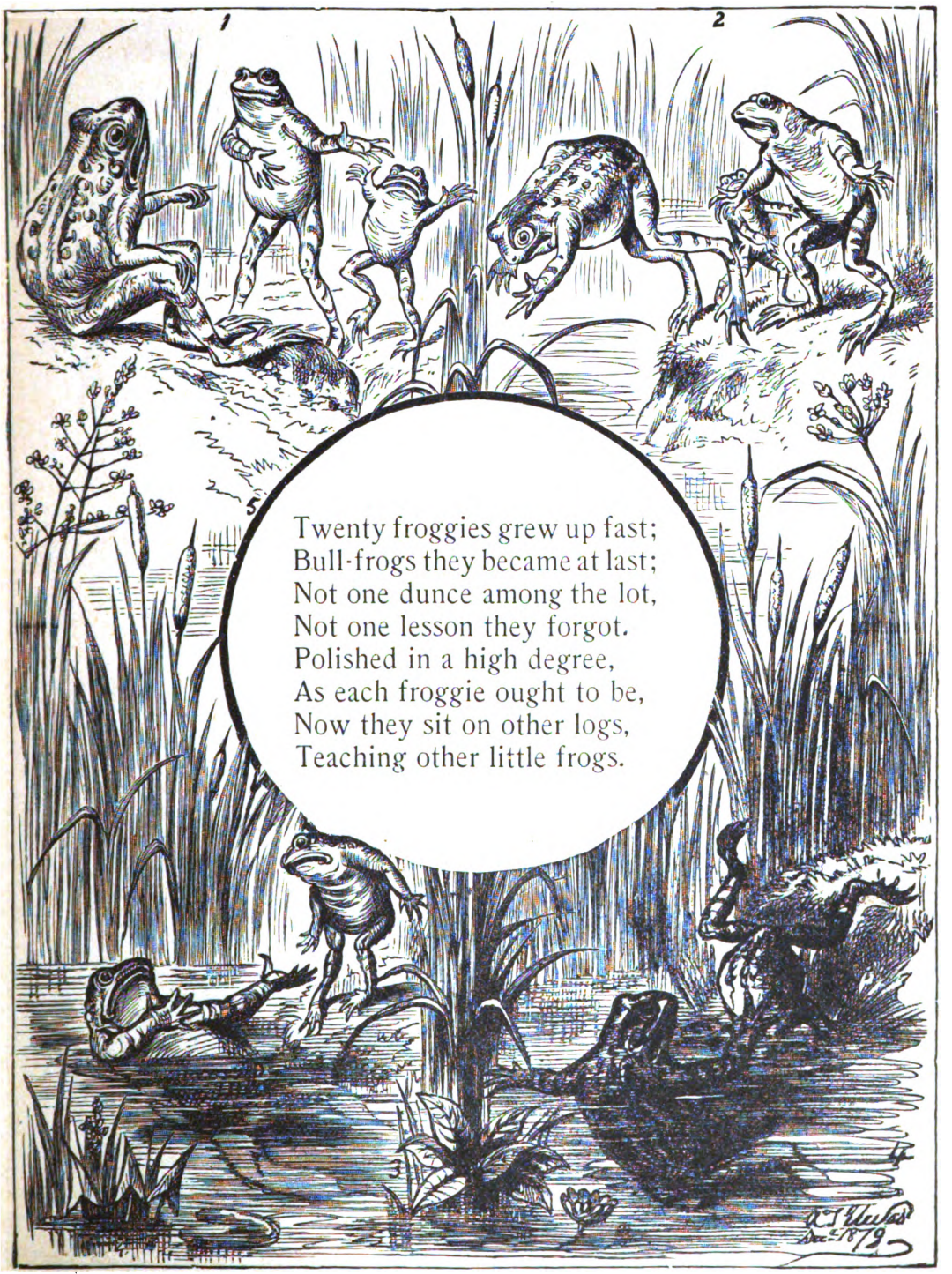

HOP AND SKIP LEARNING TO SWIM.

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THE KINDERGARTEN.

AMUSEMENT.

" 'Tis well to be amused;
But when amusement does
instruction bring,
'Tis better."

WM. SHAKESPEARE.

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PILING BLOCKS

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THE ORIGINATOR OF THE KINDERGARTEN.

(1782–1852.)

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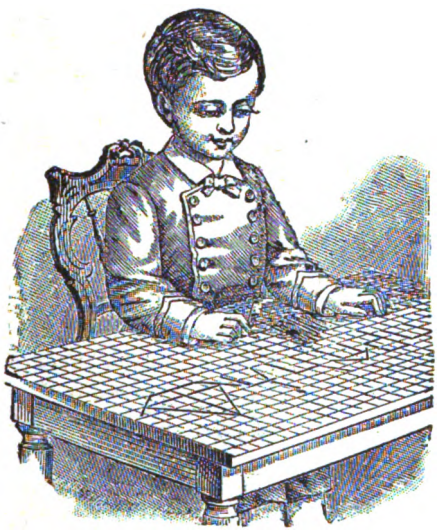

LAYING OFF FIGURES.

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THE KINDERGARTEN.

METHOD OF WORK AND HOW TO APPLY IT TO THE HOME AND SCHOOL.

Without entering at length upon the description of the gifts or occupations, or to furnish minute directions for their use, the object is to give such simple suggestions in regard to each, that the mother and teacher may be encouraged to begin at once a study of this important and beautiful system of education.

Let me say at the beginning, in order to become a thorough kindergartner, it is necessary to enter a training school and take up the work systematically, getting the theory well established, and the practical work of the system so instilled that one's soul will go out to the "new education" in such a way as to prove a pleasure and benefit throughout life.

But as there are only a few of the many who can take this training, it is to the blessed mother and willing teacher, who have not this privilege, that we write and dedicate this book.

A good mother thinks nothing too trifling that concerns her child; she protects from evil and stimulates for good; she watches, clothes, feeds, and when her darlings are asleep, her prayers finish the day. She may not have read much about education, but her sympathy with the child suggests means of doing her duty. Love has made her inventive. She discovers ways of amusement, means for play, she sings, tells enchanting stories, and endeavors to bring him in harmony with God, nature and man.

It was to help these mothers that Friedrich Froebel, the inventor of this system of education, conceived a "deep meaning in children's play." "A new life, a better life," was the burden of his song. He calls all occupation in kindergarten "plays," and the materials for occupations, "gifts." He starts from the fundamental idea that all education should begin with a "desire in the child for activity;" his method is to accustom the child to deal with things instead of words.

His plays are arranged systematically, and each step in the course of training is a logical sequence of the preceding one; the various means of occupation are developed gradually, and in natural order, beginning with the simplest, and concluding with the most difficult.

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They satisfy all the demands of the child's nature, both as to mental and physical culture, and lay the surest foundation for all education in school and in life. The fingers learn skill, the eye forms the color; in fact, the senses are all pleasantly and skillfully trained.

The songs and games contain physical exercise for the feet, hands, wrist and arms. In every game the word, music and action accompany each other; there is no empty phrase, no meaningless movement; language is real to the child.

Froebel here teaches how easy it is to prevent greediness, to check cruelty, to encourage kindness, to strengthen the affection. When the child grows older and stronger, when his little faculties have sufficiently developed, then to you, dear teacher, the mother takes her child. She says: "I bring my little one—take care of it, as I would do," or "Do it better than I am able to do." A silent agreement is made between the parents and you, the teacher; the child is passed from hand to hand, from heart to heart. What else can you do but be a mother to the little one? I hope and trust he is placed in your care, and you must show yourself worthy of the confidence placed in your judgment, your experience and your knowledge.

May you study well the Kindergarten method, learn how to continue the home training, so as not to interrupt the child's developing process; may these suggestions, and this volume, be to you what it is designed to be—an incentive, a stimulus in creating a desire for further study of the Kindergarten system, the children and their wants; may it help to aid them in recognizing their threefold relation to God, nature and man, their relation to the past, present and future.

TO THE MOTHERS AND TEACHERS DESIRING books for study, "gifts and occupations," songs and games, Kindergarten materials of all kinds, primary helps, etc., we heartily recommend Milton Bradley Co., Springfield, Mass., or Thomas Charles Co., 75 and 77 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill. They both have complete stocks, and will be glad to assist you in this good work. They will cheerfully mail you catalogues upon application.

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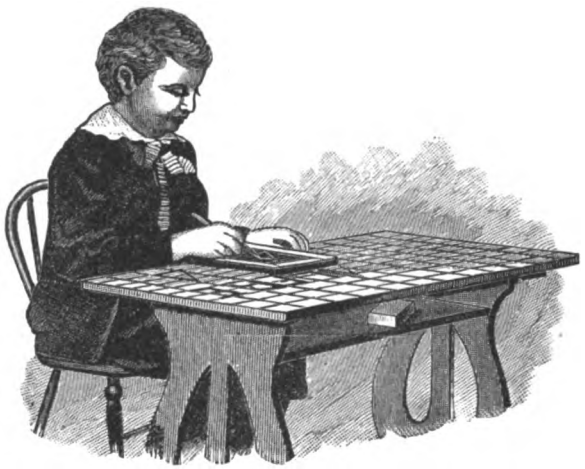

The following is a list of the gifts and occupations in the Kindergarten. We are obliged to describe each one briefly, but will endeavor to do it plainly, so the busy mother who finds but little time for research may be stimulated to action, and thus get correct ideas of the law that governs the work. There are, in all, twenty gifts:

1. Six rubber balls, covered with worsted of various colors.
2. Sphere, cube and cylinder.
3. Large cube, divided into eight small cubes.
4. Large cube, divided into eight oblong blocks.
5. Large cube, consisting of 21 whole, 6 half, and 12 quarter cubes.
6. Large cube, consisting of oblongs divided lengthwise and breadthwise.
7. Squares and triangular tablets for laying off figures.
8. Staffs for laying off forms.
9. Whole and half wire rings for laying off figures.
10. Material for drawing.
11. Material for perforating.
12. Material for embroidering.
13. Material for paper-cutting and combining the parts.
14. Material for weaving.
15. Slats for inter-lacing.
16. Slats with many links.
17. Paper strips for inter-twining.
18. Material for paper folding.
19. Material for peas work.
20. Material for modeling.

NOTE.—The third, fourth, and fifth gifts serve for building purposes.

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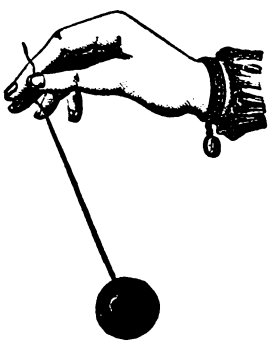
In all the Kindergarten work, whatever is presented to the child must be done in a simple, yet concise manner. Engage his faculties sufficiently to interest him, but at the same time do not give him too much for his present understanding, lest, like too hearty food for the stomach, it cannot be assimilated.

THE FIRST GIFT.

Nothing in the organic world but has its beginning in simplicity. Thus it is with the ball, an object, comprising in itself, and in the simplest manner, the general qualities of all things. As a starting point, the ball gives the first impression of form, and being the most easily moved of all forms, is symbolical of life. It becomes the first known object with which all other objects for the child's play are brought into relation.



Besides teaching form, the balls are also intended to teach color; hence their number of six, the primary colors. The ball is used in a great variety of plays, and becomes the center of a little world of amusement, life, beauty, the fountain of a great fund of information, and the material for unlimited exercise for his growing powers. Through its form and color it stands for fruits and flowers; through its motions it becomes a flying bird; it rises, it falls, it rolls, it jumps, it runs away. These jolly exercises and sentence building enlarge the child's vocabulary, and the teacher, in exacting the correct use of language, aids the little fellow more in one year now than he can accomplish in double the time ten years later.

The balls can be given to the child in the cradle, or suspended where he can swing them back and forth soon as his eye can follow a moving object. When he is old enough to comprehend color, only one should be given at a time, and that of a primary color, red being

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usually chosen. When the red ball has been fully introduced, then a blue one may be given, and later the yellow.

A few days, or perhaps weeks, should pass with only the three colors until the child is perfectly familiar and can easily name objects and fruits which resemble them in form and color. How very soon does he begin to regard them as the dearest of little playfellows.

Every game, well directed, will promote the child's future good.

Let the teacher be watchful, and require the children to use their right hand when accepting the ball. Here, too, a lesson in courtesy can be brought into effect, for when taught, the little fellow will gracefully bow his thanks, and be happy in so doing.

The children's knowledge of color may be further impressed by asking them what things in the room and what flowers in the garden are similar to the different balls. When the child has received impressions of form and color, and of the other general qualities of matter, it thereby obtains a knowledge of the fundamental properties of things.

A simple and pleasing exercise can be made by tossing the ball and catching it, throwing it against the wall, or rolling it upon the table. Again, two balls can be rolled in opposite directions, passing each other without touching, etc.

Many simple words may be used as tney come spontaneously to the kindergartner to indicate the motions, imitation lessons, questions and answers, counting, fruit, games, etc.

In play, the first feelings of friendship are awakened, and the tenderest sympathies fostered. They love to pass the ball from the right to the left hand, keeping time to music set to these words:

Go over, come back here, so merry and free,
My playfellow dear, who shares in my glee.

The following is a pretty way of quieting the child by soothing the ball:

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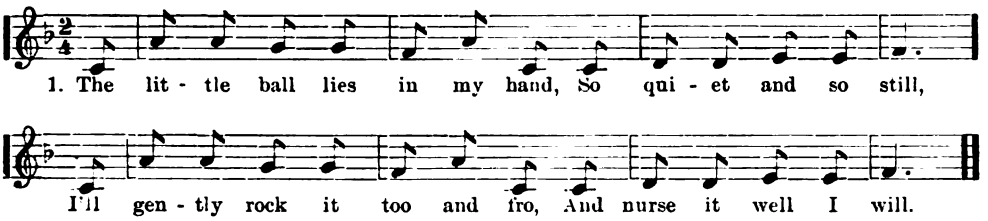

A pretty and instructive game is the Fruit Game.

Children stand in circle

Child sings:—

I am a little gardener
With fresh ripe fruit to sell,
And if you please to buy from me,
I'll try to serve you well.

Reply by circle:—

We see your basket is quite full
Of different kinds of fruit,
And we are sure to buy from you,
If you'll make prices suit.

Child sings:—

I've apples green and cherries red,
I've yellow lemons, too,
And plums and grapes and oranges
Which I shall throw to you.

Reply by circle:—

We'll buy your fruit and cherries red
And yellow lemons, too,
And plums and grapes and oranges
Which we receive from you.

Child sings:—

Open wide your hands
And catch the fruit I throw,
And when my stock is all sold out
I'll buy from one of you.

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THE SECOND GIFT.

Froebel's second gift consists of a wooden ball, cube and cylinder. In introducing this gift we compare the wooden ball to the balls in the first gift, and the questions and the answers show that both are alike

in form but unlike in color and texture. Both are round and both roll, but the wooden ball is hard, while the others are soft; it is heavy, while the others are light; it makes a a loud noise when dropped, the others can scarcely be heard. This proves that they are similar yet dissimilar—and on asking what makes the difference, the children will doubtless reply,—The new one is made "of wood." Very well, then children, if it is made of wood, we will call it a sphere so as to distinguish it from the others. We must bear this in mind, to make children thoroughly understand anything, they must know something of its opposite,—what it is not as well as what it is. We see how the child's attention is aroused by contrast; how eagerly it observes, how joyfully it greets every new discovery of relationship.

The first gift should not be thrown aside when the second gift is placed in the hands of the child. It will often delight to use one or more of them to invent new plays. Thus the balls will become more useful, more beautiful and hence ever dearer to him. The transition will be gradual and continuous, besides the child must be taught even at this tender age not to throw old acquaintances and friends selfishly away as soon as new ones with other or brighter features are introduced. A teacher whose heart is in the work can suggest many ways which will bring amusement by combining the balls with cube and cylinder.

One pretty game whereby both gifts can be used, consists in placing the rubber ball at a distance on the table, and letting each child, in turn, attempt to hit it with the sphere.

The comparison between the balls in the first and the second gifts is, perhaps, sufficient for the first lesson, but on another day the sphere,

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cube and cylinder are placed on the table, and the children are asked to name the points of resemblance and difference in the sphere and cube. They will say that both are made of wood, and both are the same color; but the sphere can roll, while the cube stands still. In other words, one represents motion, the other rest. When asked what makes the difference, some will say: "The sphere is round," and others will say: "The cube has corners." Upon investigation the child finds that the cube has six sides, eight corners, and twelve edges. There is, in fact, a world of study in it to him. The ball presents but one unbroken, uniformly curved surface, free of edges and corners; the cube presents on its surface many straight faces and edges, as well as many corners. The former is ever the same, whatever position it may assume; the latter presents a variety of aspects, according to its position with reference to the eye. The cube, when at rest, shows a contrast in form from the sphere, but when in motion it shows a similarity. Thus by attaching a string to the cube and rotating, the corners and edges disappear.

When the exercise and pleasure has been indulged in long enough, add the cylinder—the boy calls it the trunk of a tree, the girls a rolling-pin. This, too, has the charm of speaking or making a noise, and is in color like the sphere and cube, and is related to both because it will both roll and stand still. The sphere and cube are opposites; the cylinder is the intermediate form between the two; it presents more faces than the sphere and less than the cube. Its value as the connecting link becomes particularly evident when we suspend the cube by a string fixed to the middle of one of its sides; when it rapidly revolves in this position it will present the shape of a cylinder. If, then, the cylinder is similarly revolved while suspended by a string fixed to one of its edges, it will present the shape of a sphere.

There is an endless variety of songs and games, suggesting form, position, color, motion, etc., that may be given to the children in contrasting and comparing with this gift.

The ball is a type of nature, the cube of art. The dewdrop, the

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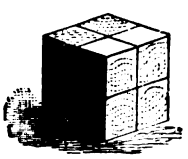
hail and fruits are round, the houses, cars, etc., are square or nearly so. All vegetable, animal and mineral kingdoms, no matter how widely they differ, show a similarity in form to the ball, the cube or the cylinder. The fishes of the sea, the birds of the air, the human form, the trees, the rocks, the architecture, all, if they do not reach a normal type, approach it, and their form is implied.

This gift takes the lead in cultivating imagination and inspiring confidence. Indeed, it is so valuable that no teacher who has once shared the delight of the children in this gift for one year, will ever be willing to go back to the old method of teaching.

THE THIRD GIFT.

The third gift is connected with the first by contrast to the second, by similarity. It consists of a cube, divided into eight smaller one-inch cubes. The child's first gift was the rubber balls; the second gift was the wooden ball, cube and cylinder. These resemble each other, yet have their own individuality. The child, in receiving the third gift, divided into eight smaller cubes, is delighted; each of the parts is like the whole, except in size; and he is at once impressed with the idea of construction.



For the intellectual side of the child's nature, the cube is so separated into parts as to give idea of number, size, relation and shape; for the emotional side, it offers forms of beauty in which the small cubes are arranged into groups with reference to symmetry; for the productive side, it offers forms of life.

These cubes are placed in a box, and according to the adage that "There's a way for everything." The child should be taught this way from the beginning. His athletic nature will see the beauty of order, and the systematic way will delight him, while the opposite will annoy him.

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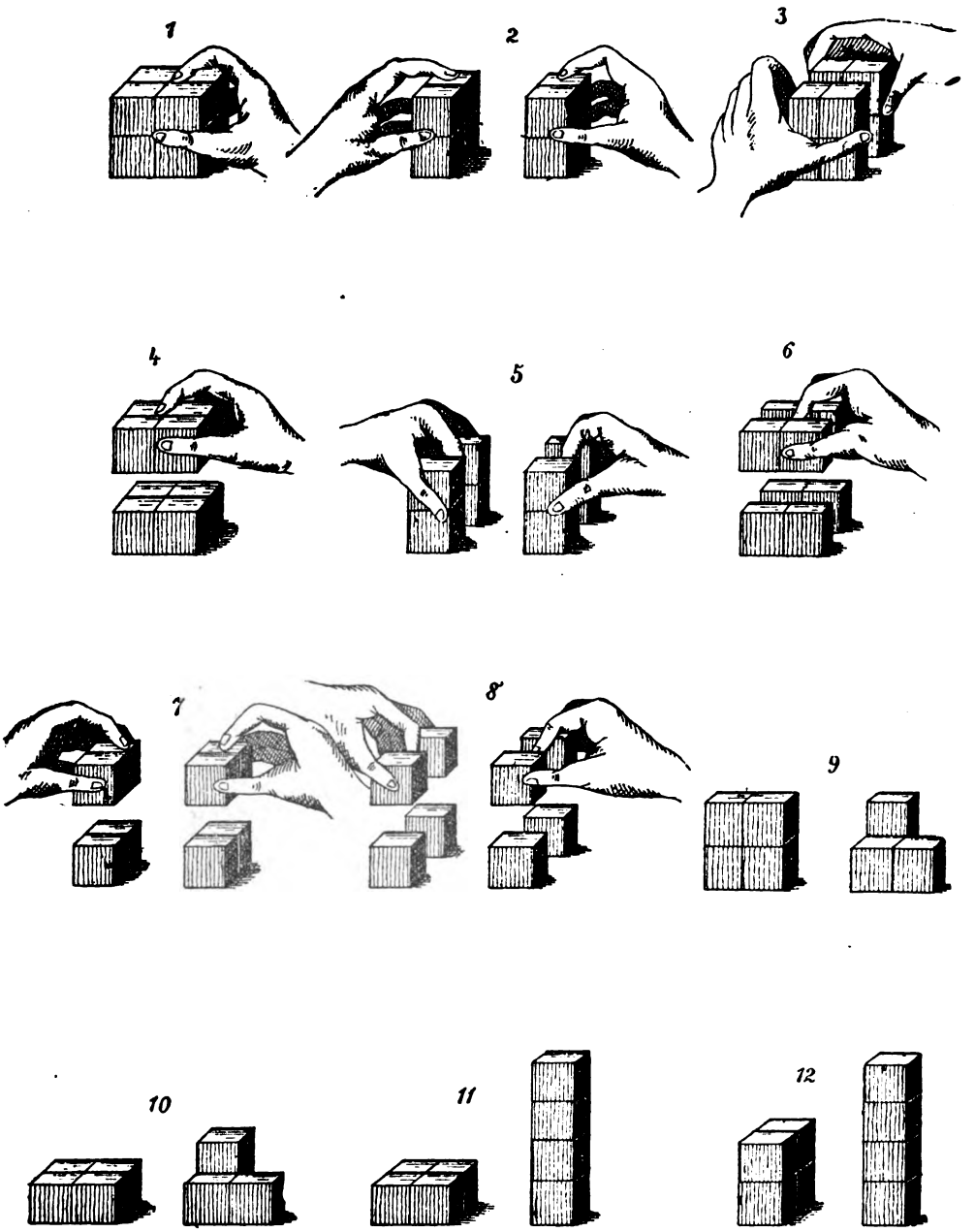

PLATE 1.

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This new gift must not be emptied carelessly into the child's lap so that the small cubical blocks will confuse and frighten him, but must be presented in a way that will delight him, and create an eagerness for transformation.

In presenting the gift the teacher says: "Now my children, to-day we have something delightful to play with, and can you guess what it is?" Of course, they will guess balls, cubes, blocks, etc. The teacher displaying the box asks them to describe it with regard to its sides, edges, corners, etc.

The box should be inverted before the lid is withdrawn, and then carefully lifted off the cube so that it stands unbroken as a whole before the child. Here it can be divided into (2-4-8) as in plate 1, and the teacher can point out the increase in number of parts and decrease of size. The child should be taught that the cube as a whole is not complete without the combined action of each of its smaller cubes,—that no society is complete, no school successful without the aid of all its members. To aid in all these things, one's ambition will not be wasted. For ambition not used in the right direction is worse than no ambition at all.

The child will soon begin to aim at the construction of crude forms, and will use all material and will announce his success in words as, "How pretty," "How useful." He will soon get the idea that form depends upon the position of cubes with relation to each other; that the elevated positions do not signify the most important, but each one is dependent upon the other; that position does not make the man, but man makes the position. Each class is dependent upon the other, the rich on the poor, and vice versa. Nothing is isolated, every person and thing bears some relation to every other person and thing, just as the little blocks do to each other. He will create, compare and rebuild as soon as he conceives the beauty in the work of transforming and not destroying. In this the teacher might show the beauty of her dress made out of an old one which, had it not been used, would have been wasted; thus showing that unused material is wasted material.

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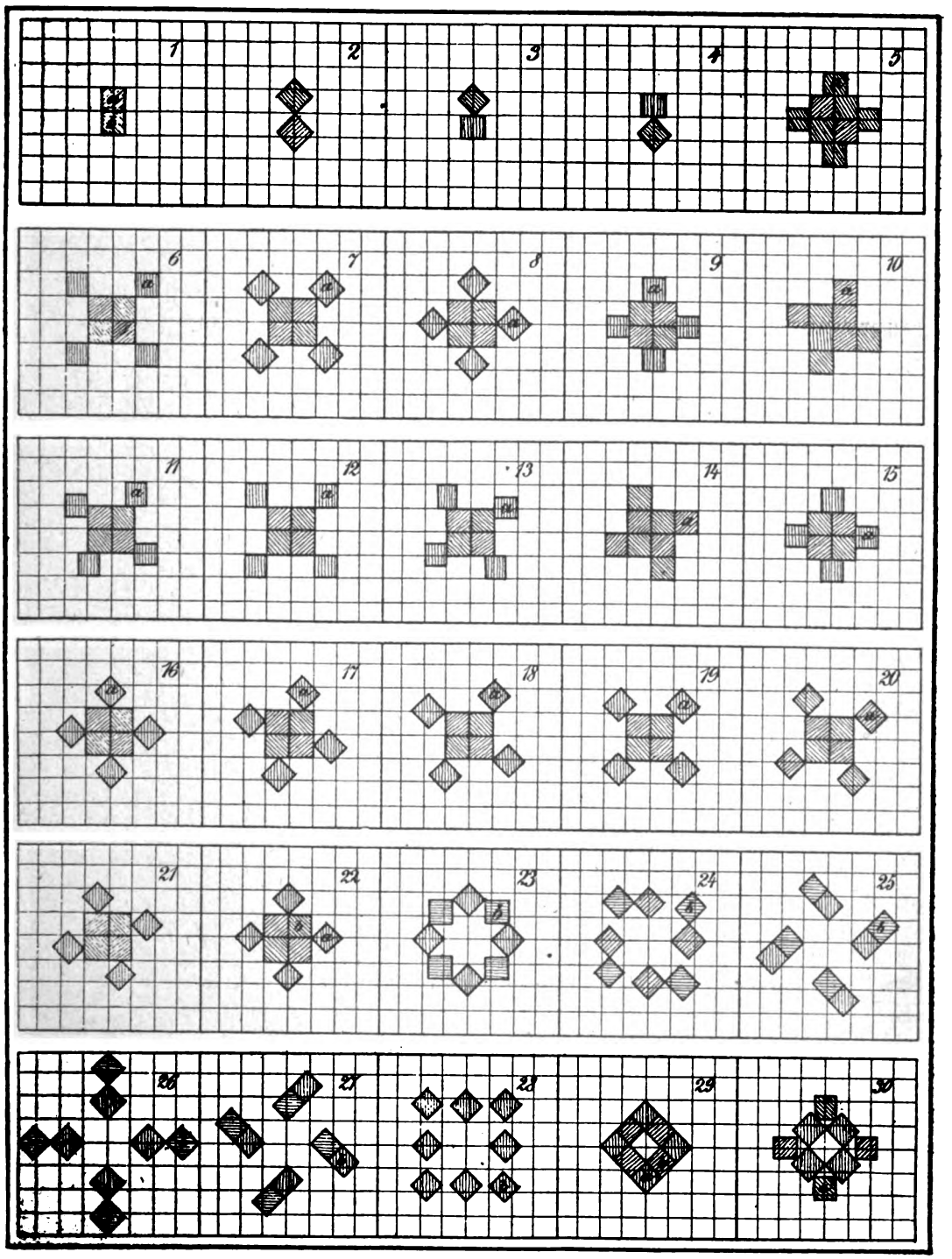

PLATE 2.

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The teacher should show the importance of the foundation blocks of a cathedral and its incompleteness without a dome. The necessity of kings, princes, presidents and importance of tailors, mechanics and porters.

This gift teaches the pupil the properties and relations of numbers. The little cubes can be arranged in rows on the table and their efforts in counting will be marvelously correct, because done understandingly.

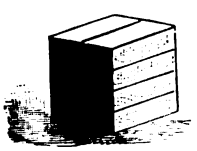
Proceeding further, he is taught to add by using the cubes to illustrate his work. Thus, having placed two of the blocks on the table, he says, "One and one are two." Then placing another upon the table, he says, "One and two are three," "Three and one are four," etc.

Subtraction is taught in the same way. Having placed all cubes upon the table, the pupil commences taking one off at a time, repeating as he does this, "One from eight leaves seven;" "One from seven leaves six," and so on.

In counting and building, the last form, when the lesson is finished, should always be the cube. When the play is over, the child must place the cubes neatly in the box. He should learn early and in a practical manner that "order is Heaven's first law." Experience with the gifts will teach that not half the number of cubes will find spaces in the box, if it is filled contrary to the regular order. On plate 2 is represented many forms which can be made from this gift.

THE FOURTH GIFT.

The forms of the universe are ever the same, geometrical in proportion, and thus Froebel has accorded with nature in selecting his gifts which are also a series of geometrical forms. In the first, second and third gifts the little mind has obtained the idea of form, size, relation, position, divisibility and number. He has learned the art of investigation, imitation, creation and invention. He has also learned the importance of comparing, analyzing and combining. His attention and reflection have been strengthened, his imagination drawn upon, his memory cul-



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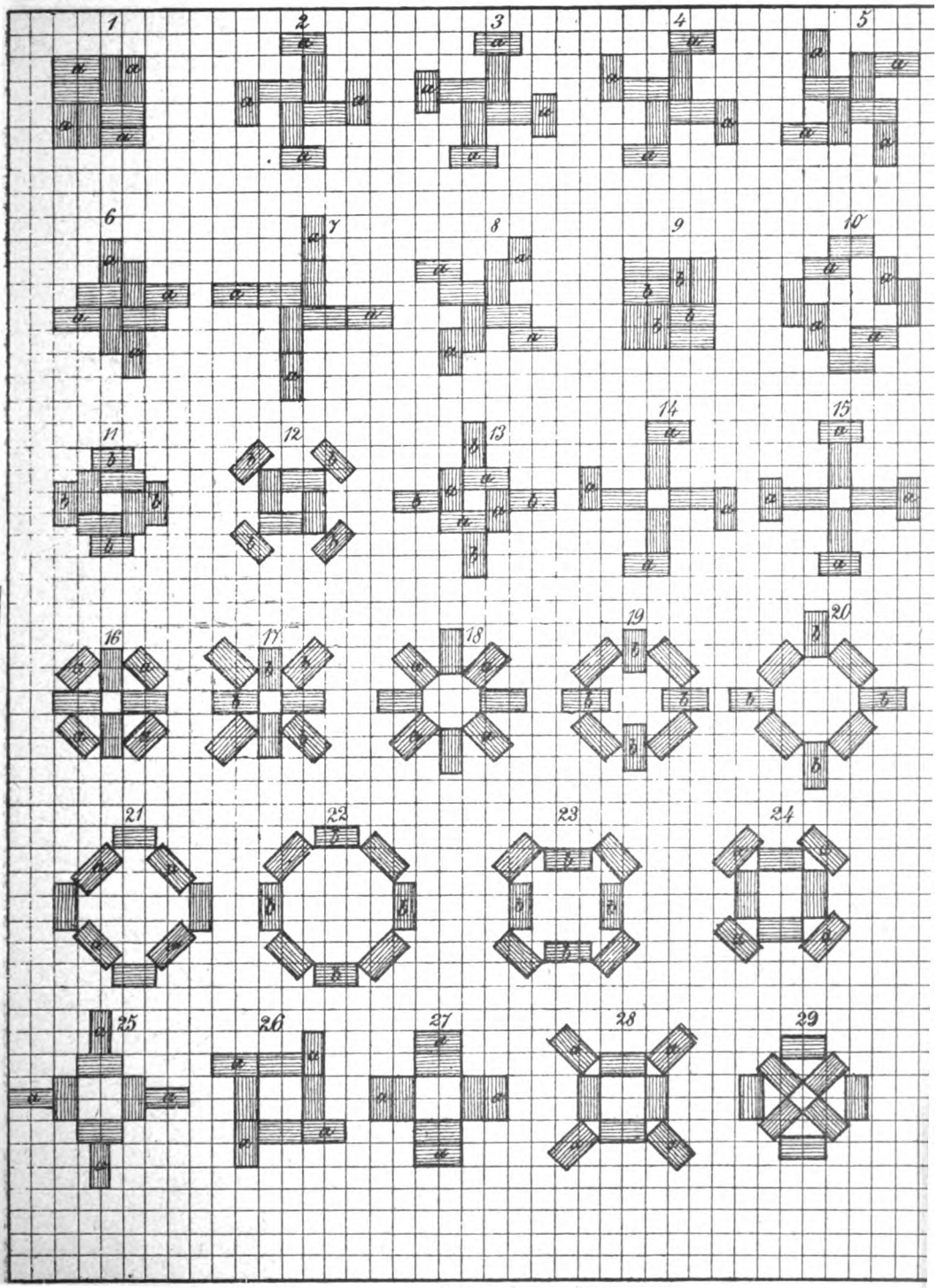

PLATE 3.

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tivated, his original suggestion brought into use, his taste, judgment and intellect developed.

Yet here Froebel is not prone to stop, but leads on—dimension is yet to be taught, fractions yet to be conceived, symmetry and proportion are to be more fully developed, and the reasoning faculty is to be more largely called into use.

The fourth gift as a whole is similar in form to the third, but differs widely with reference to its parts. Instead of one horizontal and one vertical cut forming smaller cubes, this gift has one horizontal and three vertical, forming brick-shaped blocks. The principal new element in this gift is the difference in dimension. Each of the parts of the large cube is an oblong, whose length is twice its width, and four times its thickness—in other words, the height, breadth and thickness being in proportion of 4-2-and 1. In consequence of this difference of dimension, the variety of forms in this gift can be more extended and more complicated, while at the same time it requires greater calculation on the part of the child to produce them in symmetry.

This gift is introduced to the children in a manner similar to that of the third gift. The children invert their boxes, draw out the lids, raise the box, and disclose the cube. They are taught that they are alike in bulk, in the number and heaviness of their parts, and in their square forms and angles. Both gifts, when entire, form cubes of equal size.

Now let the scholars compare one of the small cubes of the third gift with one of the oblongs in this gift; note the difference. Teach them to feel that, though the blocks differ in form, yet their solid contents are the same, and that what is lost in one direction is gained in the other.

If told to name objects that resemble the oblong, they will readily designate a trunk, brick, bench, etc., and when permitted to invent forms of life will, doubtless, construct boxes, sidewalk, train of cars, etc.

The kindergartner says: "Let us all make a city," and immediately

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one child proceeds to make the stores, another builds a schoolhouse, and others a church, the courthouse, a cottage, a factory, etc.; while, in pleasing manner, each object may be made the subject for a little lesson.

In all this work the right way is the only successful way. Observation in the child should be the first faculty cultivated, for in all nature, all objects, he has to deal with geometrical form. Discrimination of form is discrimination of character, books and society. One who studies nature's law, studies truth, harmony and completeness.

On plate 3 is represented forms of beauty constructed from this gift. Taking the blocks and starting with a few simple positions, we are able to develop forms of beauty by means of a fixed law. In nature there is a law for everything — that for beauty is to keep opposites alike. No edifice is beautiful, no structure harmonious, unless this law is strictly applied. Symmetry in proportion does not imply a lack of variety—it merely implies a uniformity of opposites. Who was ever struck with the beauty of one side of the window several inches lower than the opposite side? Every change of position is accompanied by a corresponding movement on the opposite side. In this way symmetrical figures may be constructed in infinite variety, which please the eye and minister to a correct artistic taste. In all this work, some lesson may be taught the child, or some truth impressed. For instance: Require it to build "the house where it lives," and while this is being done, converse freely with the children, ask whether they love their home? Why? etc. Let us train the heart as well as the hand. Ask what constitutes a perfect home. Each word that each one of us utters weighs just as much as the character with which it is backed. The noblest words spoken by a mean man are powerless for good, while the simplest utterances of the pure soul tells to the full extent of that soul's purity.

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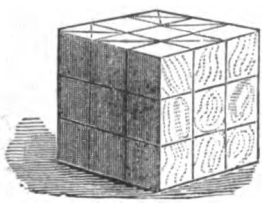
THE FIFTH GIFT.

"The child learns through doing the work of the hands, clears the thought of the head."

The fifth gift, like that of the third and fourth gifts, consists of a cube, although larger than the previous ones. It is divided twice in every direction, that is, into twenty-seven equal cubes, each cube being of the same size as those of the third gift. The number three is the first new feature that strikes us.



This gift contains as new elements the oblique lines, which appear in the third and fourth gifts in the form of life and beauty. Here they appear as a connecting link between the horizontal and perpendicular lines. So we see what has been implied is now realized.

As we said before,—the fifth gift consists of a large cube divided twice in all directions, thus making twenty-seven smaller cubes of the same size as those of the third gift. Three of these smaller cubes are cut diagonally, and three others are cut twice diagonally. Therefore the whole gift is made up of thirty-nine pieces,—twenty-one whole, six halves and twelve fourths. Its progress is unlimited; it continues the arithmetical of the third, and geometrical of the fourth.

A greater variety of forms of life and beauty can be constructed, and more advanced exercises in number and form given. It is especially adapted for older children, who have mastered the previous gifts, though cannot be used with profit before the fifth year.

All these occupations can be used advantageously in the primary department. This gift is especially adapted in simplifying and aiding children to unravel complicated exercises. For the continuation of the exercises in arithmetic, begun with the previous gifts, these cubes are of great use. Exercises in addition and subtraction can be continued more extensively, and the child will be enabled to learn the multiplication table in a much shorter time, than it could be accomplished by committing to memory, without visible objects.

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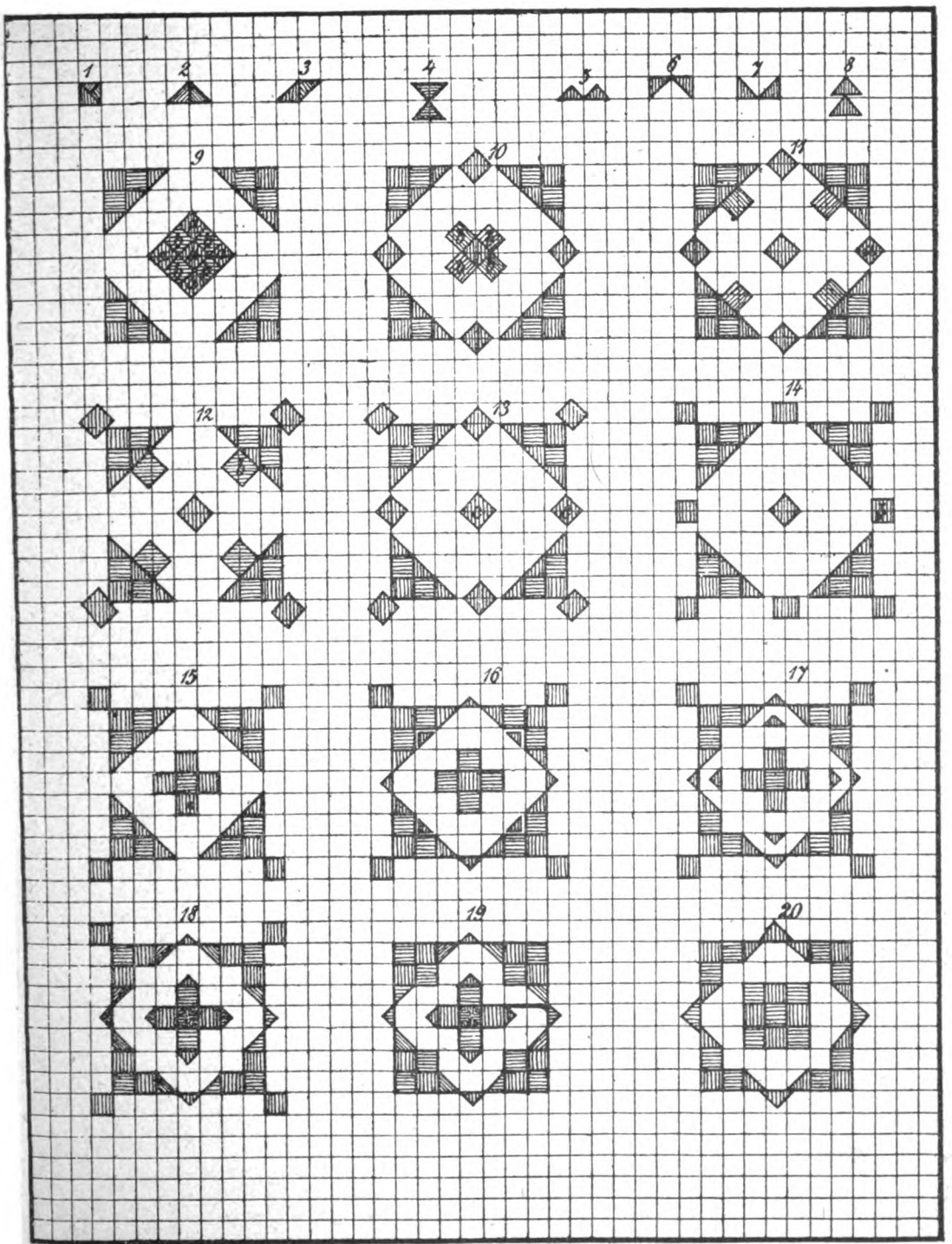

PLATE 4.

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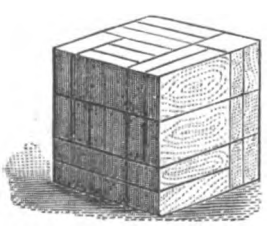
If the forms of knowledge, consisting of halves, quarters, and eights, have not been practiced enough previously, those exercises should be repeated with this gift, and the child should be given eight cubes from the gift, and such exercises as have been omitted, should be now practised. When this is done, then may follow the division of the fifth gift into thirds, ninths, and twenty-sevenths. Repetitions are of so much more importance, as they throw each time new light on the subject. By the use of the triangle, the child can produce new results; he can dispense with sharp corners, give roofs to his houses, construct ground forms for his buildings, and perform many wonderful feats. It is natural for the child to like this gift. Each day will bring added pleasure to him, and especially if the teacher is an ingenious one, the pupil will never be in want of a different starting point.

The forms given on plate 4 are varied, showing what can be constructed from this gift alone.

Do not, dear teacher, continue these occupations any longer than the attention of the children can be kept alive. Short instructive stories and conversations should be interwoven. As soon as signs of fatigue or lack of interest become manifest, drop the subject at once, and leave the gift to the pupils for their own amusement.

THE SIXTH GIFT.

As the third and fifth gifts form a regular sequence, so the fourth and sixth are related. This gift contains twenty-seven oblong blocks of the same size as the fourth gift. Eighteen of these are whole, six are divided breadthwise, each in two squares, and three lengthwise, each in two columns; making thirty-six pieces in all. In this gift it is mainly the proportions—size of oblongs, squares and columns—and the number of each kind, which the child has to learn before building with it.



Froebel's theory is logically connected, each succeeding gift with

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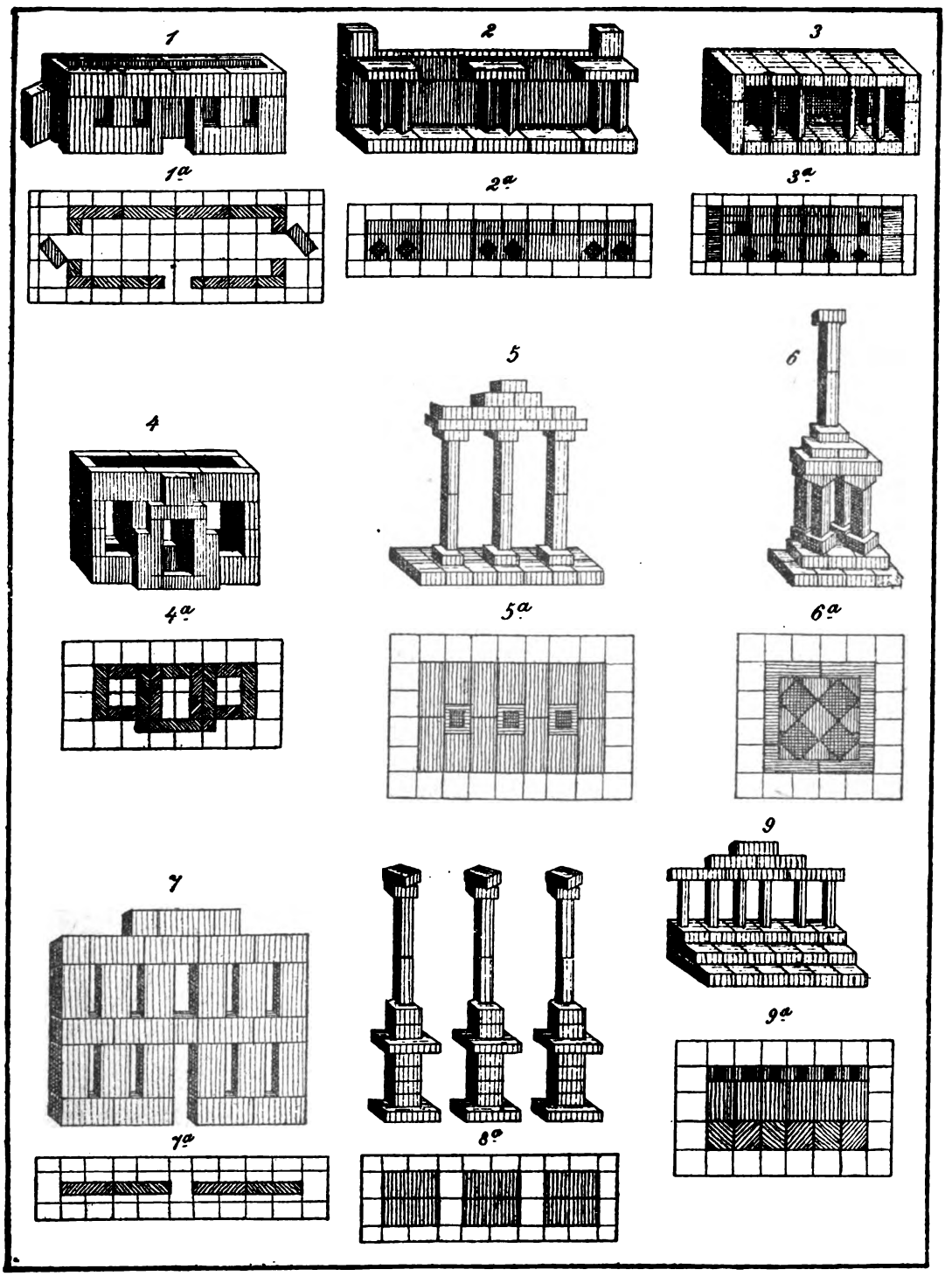

PLATE 5.

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a preceding one, and is complete in itself, and forms a part of a great whole. For analogy, we refer to nature. Time is logically connected, every preceding with succeeding day, each of which are whole, and yet component parts of the great whole. As one has said:—

"Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build."

So with the kindergarten, the child's blocks to-day are a completion of yesterday's, and foreshadow that which must follow to-morrow.

The general remarks on the fourth gift apply equally to this. Addition, subtraction, multiplication and division may become very interesting to the child through this gift. The columns and oblong blocks may stand for trees, lamp-posts, or any object to suit a child's fancy. They can be arranged in rows or in twos or threes, or in whatever position the teacher conceives as best in order to carry on her work in teaching the fundamental principles of arithmetic.

An endless variety of dictation lessons may be given, according to the peculiar genius of the teacher, and the capabilities of the children. The forms of life given on plate 5, are varied so as to show the possibilities of formation. It is the duty of the teacher to educate the child so he may realize his greatest possibilities. "Trees are known by their fruit, men by their actions, God by His works."

With the sixth gift, we reach the two series of development given by Froebel in the building blocks, whose aim is to acquaint the child with the general qualities of the solid body by his own observation and experience with the same.

THE SEVENTH GIFT.

Froebel's seventh gift consists of finely polished quadrangular and triangular tablets, of light and dark hard woods in their natural colors, and are used for the laying of figures. In the preceding gifts the child has been dealing with solid bodies,—a square with length, width and

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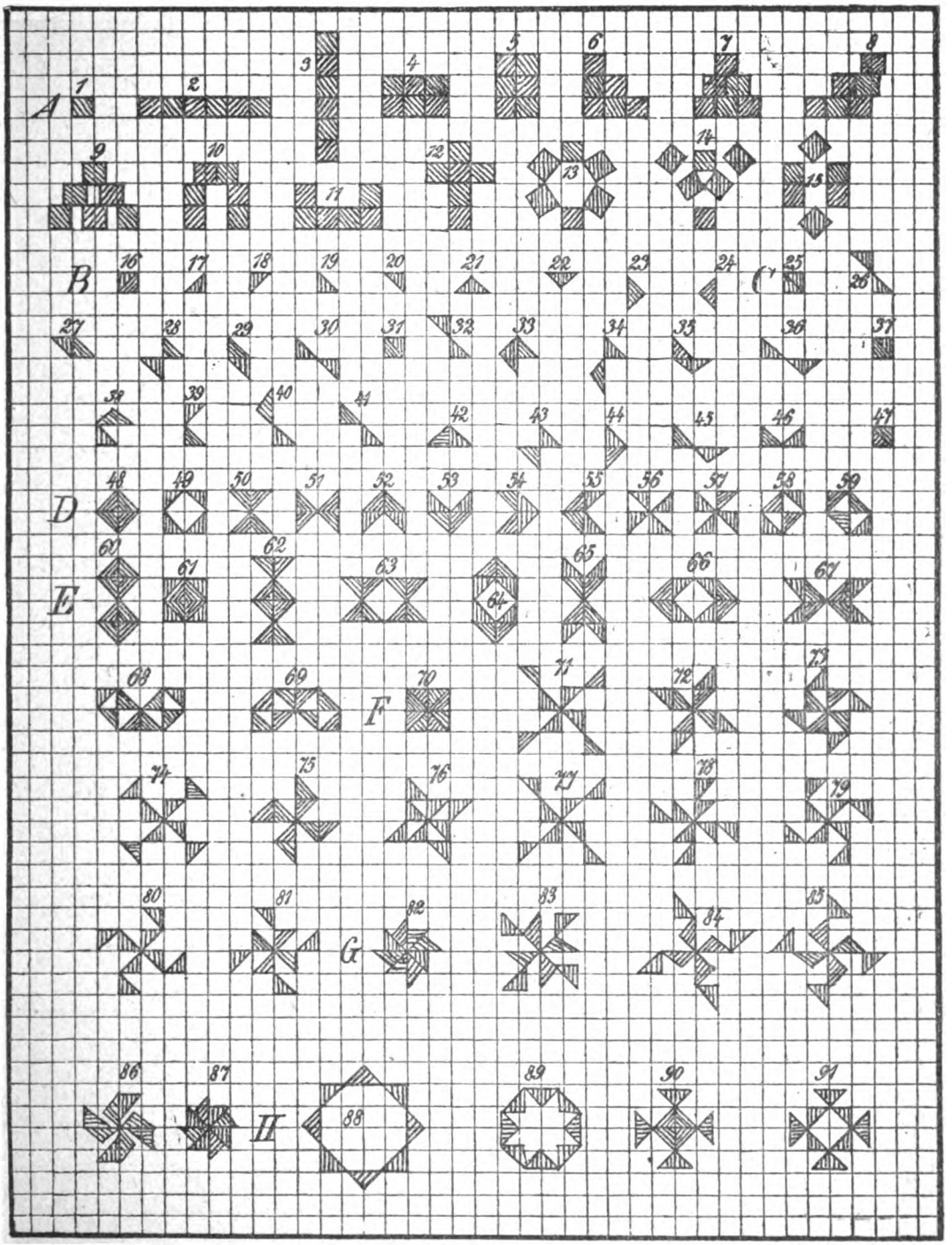

PLATE 6.

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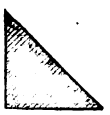
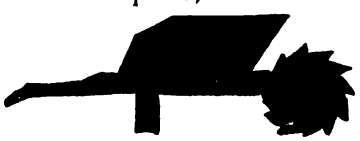
depth. Now, however, instead of dealing with solids, he has to deal with surface, which is the result of a straight line in motion, or in other words, a plane with both length and width, but no depth.



In this series there are several different forms of tablets and are thus for convenience and utility contained in separate boxes. Six of the quadrangular tablets (square) are first given to the child, and he is acquainted with their form, compares them with other things possessing similar qualities, and finally discovers he can cover a cube with them. From this starting point valuable lessons can be constantly drawn, and, in fact, there is no limit to his advancement, for this gift has a multitude of lessons for him.

Soon the child is led to perpendicular and horizontal lines and the right angle, which is formed by one meeting the other. From these he is led to investigate more deeply the relations of form. Later on the other tablets are given him. It is impossible to explain in detail within the limited space, the mode of work in this gift; the forms of life, of knowledge, of beauty and its application to mathematics and geometry. Indeed, we can but hint of its great value, and urge the teachers in the primary department to take hold of it and enliven the interest of their pupils in regard to this beautiful method of teaching geometry.



As a Kindergarten gift, this material should not be used without a knowledge of its relation to the whole system, but it may be used independently, as we before stated, in the primary school with good effect in teaching form, and it may also be used to construct forms of life and beauty, by children who desire to be kept busy, and are fascinated with work of this kind.

Plate 6 shows a few of the forms in which these tablets may be used.

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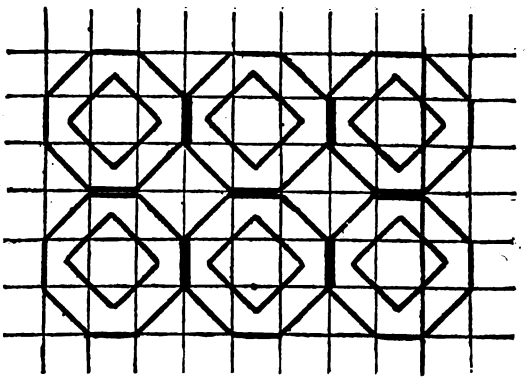
THE EIGHTH GIFT.

Froebel's eighth gift consists of staffs of varying length, about one-twelfth of an inch thick. In the seventh gift, the child dealt with planes which form a solid; in this gift, he has to deal with lines. He takes the staffs and makes the square, and finally the solid. In this gift, the child sees the edges of his cube represented. The sticks are an outgrowth of the cube; they embody its edges, and with these the child has now to become familiar, and the world of occupation furnished by this gift is a continual wonder to him.



In presenting this work, only one staff should be given at a time, and the teacher should require the child to take it with his right hand.

Great care is required in laying forms with the sticks, as even a breath will often displace them.

When the sticks are given to the children, they will find that they are made of wood, that they have length, but no great thickness. Many questions can be asked, and many valuable facts given in a manner which the child can understand—as to where the stick comes from, as to the different kinds of trees, the different parts of the tree, etc.

When the children are seated around the table, a pretty exercise can be made by each child placing his staff perpendicularly and naming it soldier, broom, tree, etc. They will soon get the idea of position, form and resemblance to other objects. After this exercise, they can place it horizontally and continue the exercise, then obliquely, etc.

The child receives a second staff. The very first exercise affords practice for the little fingers, encourages simple arithmetic for the little minds, exact proportion for the untrained eyes, and discipline for the youthful brains; while in their more complex conditions they demand

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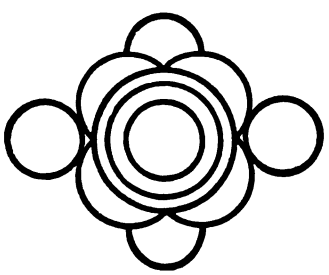
all the skill of trained minds, dexterous fingers, quick perception, and, in short, a high degree of culture for all the faculties, in order to develop them.

After the work of two staffs has been exhausted, three may be given, then four, and so on. Plate 7 gives representation of a large number of forms. The fundamental principles of arithmetic could be taught with great interest, namely: Addition, subtraction, multiplication and division. Much skill depends upon the teacher. The clearness with which she teaches and the energy and zeal of the little ones is taken from her inspiration. Thus, in this gift, we see all the faculties of the mind are cultivated, and through their cultivation the child is given a greater individuality. His observation will be more acute, his reflection more earnest, his memory better strengthened, his imagination exercised, and his expressions more direct and precise.

The occupation with laying staffs is one of the earliest in the Kindergarten, and is employed in teaching numerals, reading, writing and drawing.

THE NINTH GIFT.

The ninth gift consists of wire rings, twenty-four whole and forty-eight half ones, of two different sizes. These are the representatives of the two rounded curved lines. The gift is a continuation of the preceding one, and aids the child greatly in drawing, designing and executing plans.



The manner of presenting this gift should be similar to the introduction of all the gifts. The work should begin with simplicity. The child receives one whole ring and two half rings. Looking at the whole ring the children observe that there is neither beginning nor end in the ring,—that it represents the circle. With the half ring, they have two ends; two of the half rings form one whole ring, and the children show this by example. Two half rings or

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PLATE 7.

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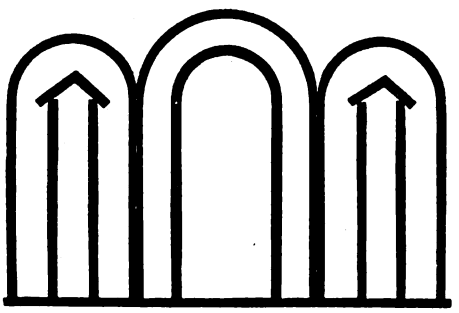
half circles do not form angles, when combined like two cubes, two tablets or two staffs. In all cases, where corners and angles and ends are concerned in this combination, corners and angles are again produced. The ring is compared to other rings, and soon the fingering and hoop will be named.

The children may also be asked to name what they see around them of a shape similar to a ring, and many things will be mentioned. All forms made with this gift are, owing to the nature of the circular line, beautiful, and therefore its use is an important one.

The sticks of the eighth gift, and the rings of this, may be used together with very pleasing and profitable results, as shown by our illustration. Like forms laid with sticks, those represented with rings and half rings also, may be drawn on the slate or paper by the children.



It is a difficult question for a teacher to settle, "How far shall I help the child, and how far shall the child be required to help himself?" The teachings of nature seem to indicate that the child should be taught chiefly to depend upon his own resources. This is also common sense. Whatever is learned should be so thoroughly learned that the next and higher step shall be comparatively easy. The skill of the teacher will be best manifested if he can contrive to awaken such a spirit of zeal in the child as will kindle a desire to do it himself before he will consent to let the teacher do it for him.

A valuable lesson can be taught about the material of which the ring is made. The child will listen eagerly to the story of "how iron was found." The child may be told that iron is the most useful of metals; although gold is the more costly, yet iron is the more precious. Looking around us we find ever so many articles of daily use and necessity, that are made of iron. Our engines, fences, foundation to buildings, gates, cooking utensils, our stoves and grates, the locks on

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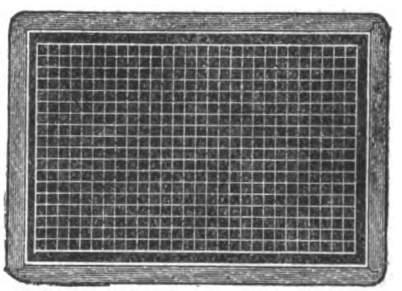
our doors, etc. No other metal so increases in value by reason of the labor bestowed upon it. For instance a piece of ore that a child would hardly pick up, when gone through certain process, and has been operated upon by a skillful mechanic, how valuable it becomes.

THE TENTH GIFT.

The tenth gift consists of material for drawing. It not only develops the power for representing things the mind has perceived, but affords the best means for testing how far they have been perceived correctly.



Froebel has thus invented a beautiful method of drawing, adapted to the young mind and unsteady hand, which the child need not imitate, but proceed, self-actingly, to perform work which enables him to reflect, reason, and finally to invent, himself. The child is furnished with a slate, covered by a network of engraved lines (one-fourth of an inch apart), and by certain rules he is enabled to work out forms of life and beauty, in a systematic and fascinating manner. The lines on the slate guide the child in moving the pencil; they assist in measuring and comparing position, size and relative center, and sides of objects.

On plate 8 is shown the course pursued in the drawing department of the Kindergarten. The child is first occupied by the perpendicular line. The teacher draws upon the slate a perpendicular line of a single length (one-fourth of an inch), saying while so doing, I draw a line of a single length downward. She then requires the child to do the same. The child is then required to draw a perpendicular line of two lengths, and advances slowly to lines of three, four and five lengths.

This work progresses from the simple to the complex. After the perpendicular has been carried to five lengths, the horizontal line is

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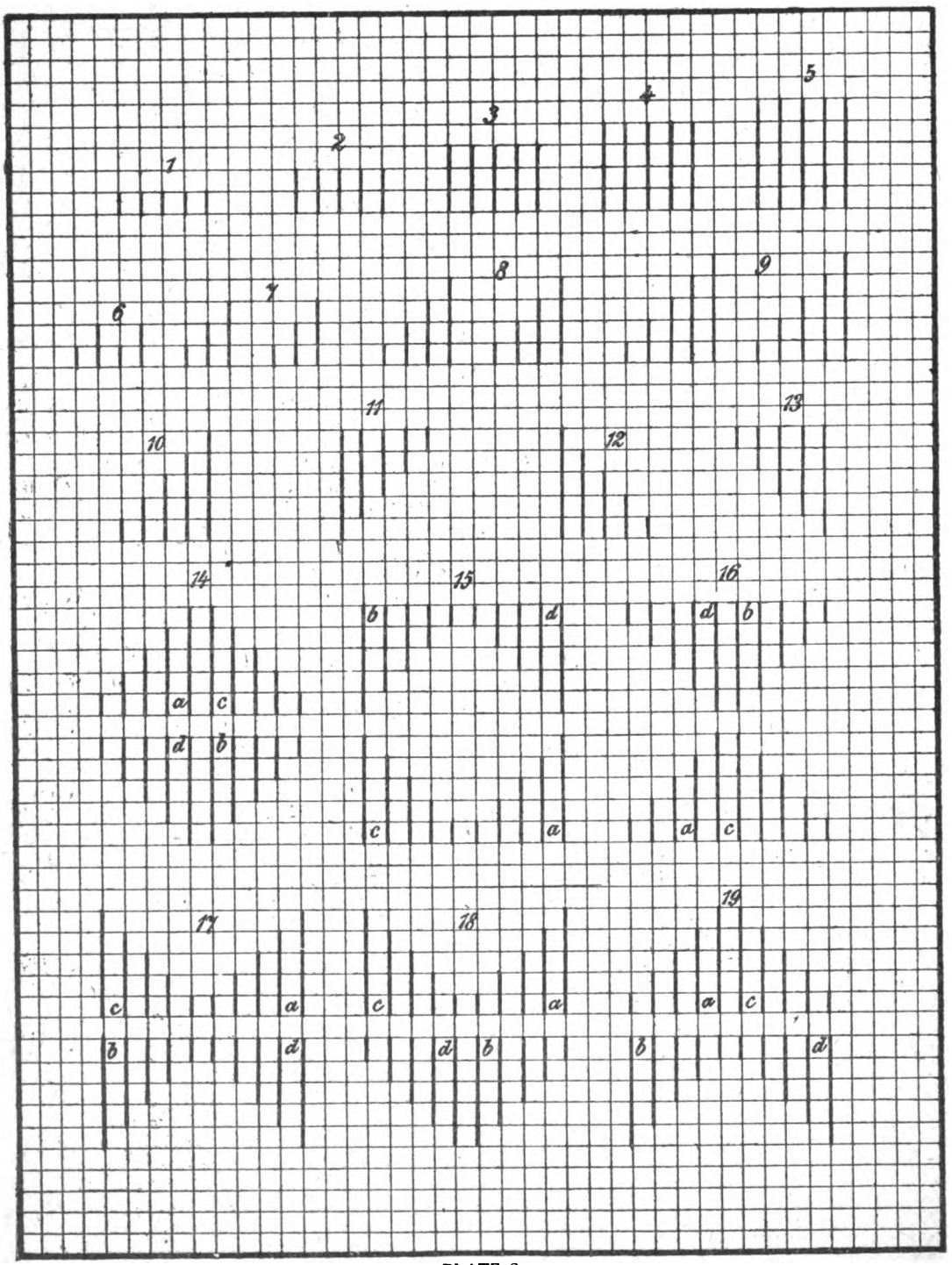

PLATE 8.

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then brought into use. After the work of the horizontal line has been accomplished, the child finally arrives at the combination of the perpendicular and horizontal.

First lines of one single length are combined, etc. After the work has been accomplished, the child is given an opportunity to invent. From the perpendicular and horizontal, the work proceeds to the oblique line, and after the work of this line has been accomplished, the child is given another opportunity to invent.

This gift is indeed a charming one to the children, and we regret that brevity becomes necessary when there is so much to explain in regard to its usefulness. As soon as the child has acquired some skill in making the straight lines, he will take delight in drawing upon the slate the various figures he has constructed with the sticks and tablets, and to invent forms of beauty with the pencil, and to verify them afterward with the tablets and sticks.

The drawing on the slate is followed by drawing on paper ruled like the slate. Many pleasing and valuable lessons may be taught by talking with the children about the material with which they are working; for instance, the removal and preparation of the slate—which is a species of stone—many interesting facts may be given. The different uses of slate, as for tiles, mantel-pieces, slate pencils, etc., may be mentioned. The frame of the slate offers an opportunity to speak about wood and trees. The sponge is also taken into consideration, and how we find it leads us to the wonders of the ocean and the marvelous works of God.

THE ELEVENTH AND TWELFTH GIFTS.

In the preceding work the cube represents the body, the tablets the plane, the stick and ring the line, and this occupation brings us down to the point.

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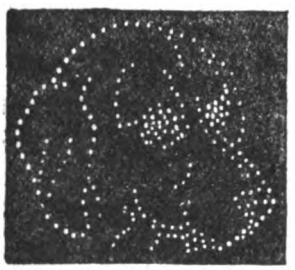
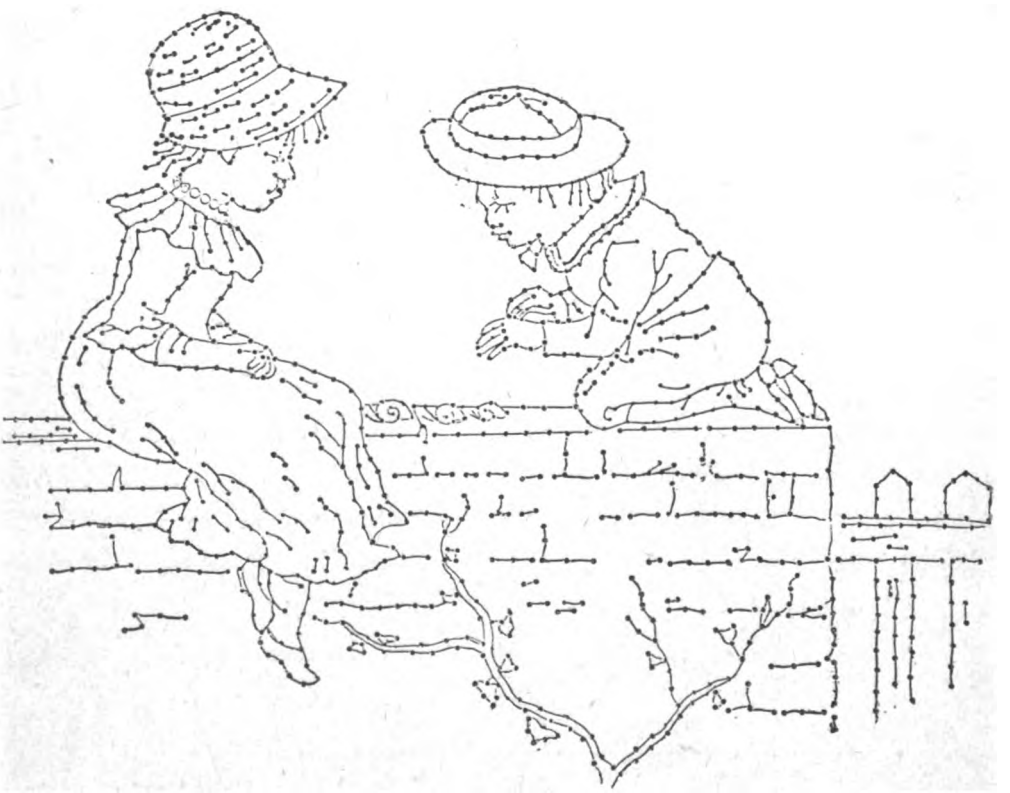
The eleventh and twelfth gifts consist of material for perforating (pricking) and embroidering (sewing). The material for these two occupations consists of a piece of net paper, placed upon layers of soft blotting paper. A strong needle, fastened in a holder so as to project about one-fourth of an inch, is used as the perforating tool, and with which the child pricks the representation on the paper. The perforating, accompanied by the use of the needle and silk, or worsted, is the way the embroidery is done. Cards with outlines





of natural objects for embroidery have long been in use, and are considered very desirable. A series of original designs is now offered, embracing animals, figures of children, and Christmas and New Year's

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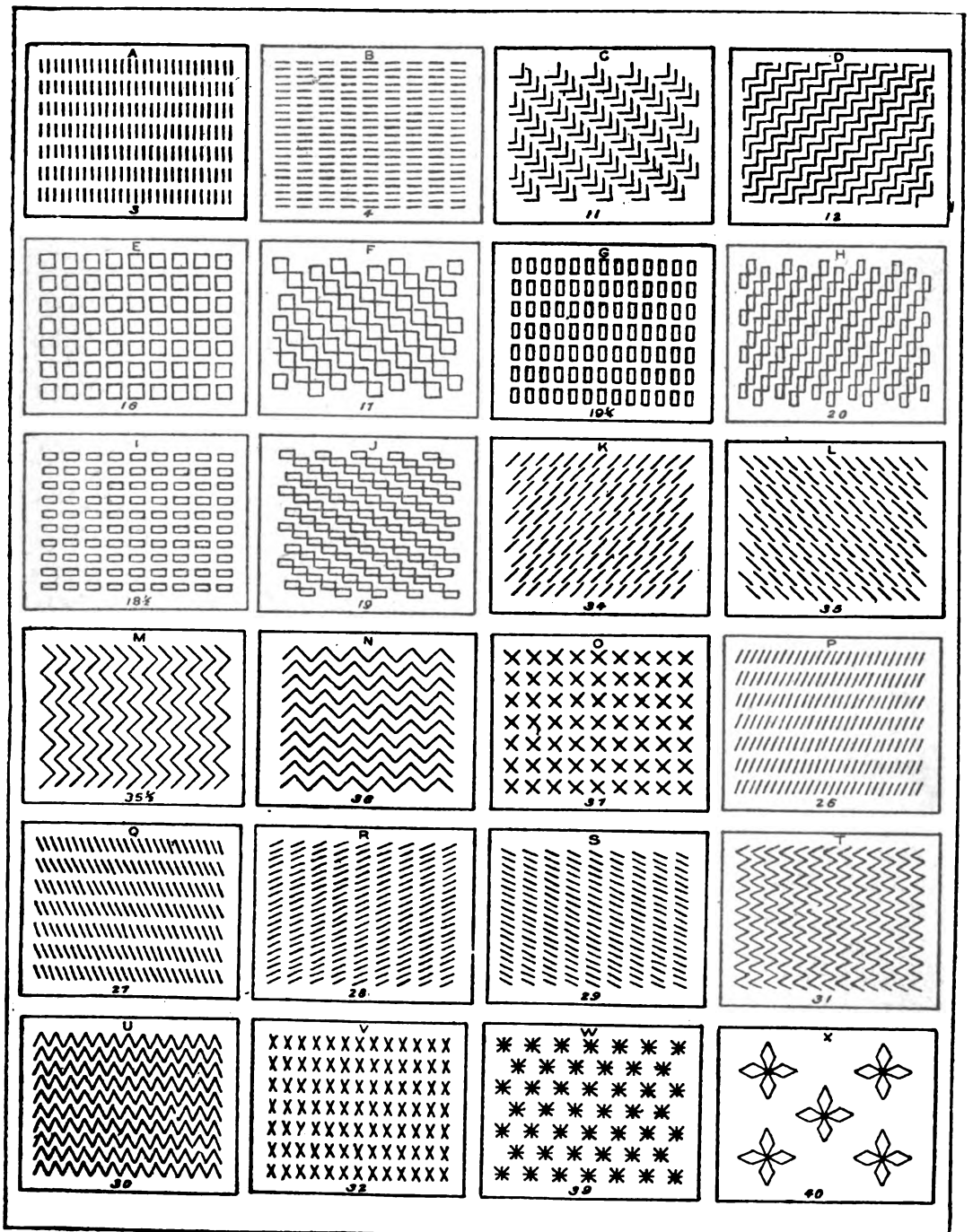

PLATE 9. FLORENCE SEWING SCHOOL.

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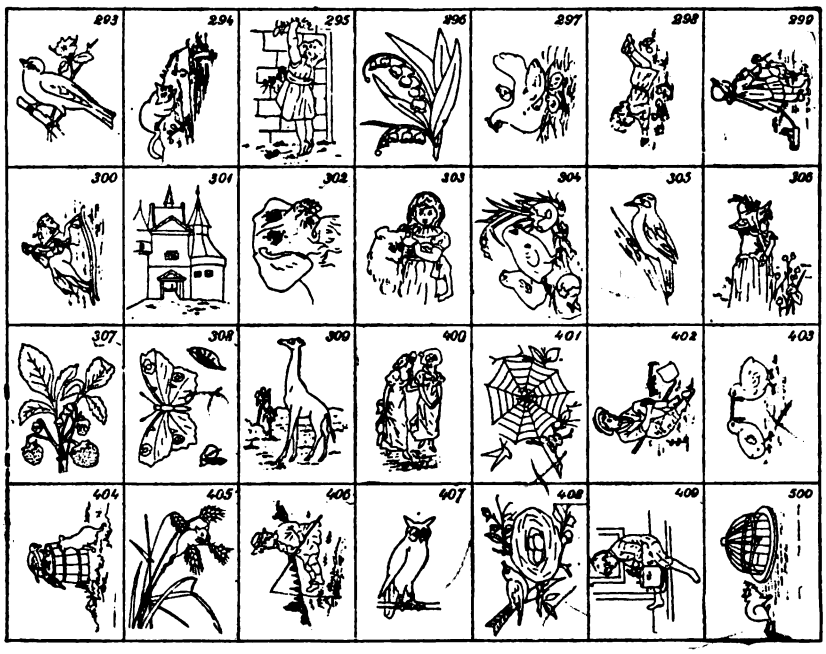
cards. With the introduction of the perforating paper and pricking needle we have descended to the smallest part of the whole.

Sewing with silk is simply "drawing with the given line," instead of drawing with the pencil. The material of each gift or occupation will always afford a subject for pleasant conversation; the worsted will remind one of lambs, sheep washing and shearing. The children will attentively examine their clothes, or any woolen material around them. If a cotton thread is used, it leads us to the "sunny South," and we see the colored people gather the cotton contained in the capsules of the



plant; we see how this is piled up in large heaps, forming by and by large bales of cotton, which are pressed and sent to the manufactories in the different countries, where it is prepared for dresses and underwear. The red color, which is usually used for this work, will induce us to tell the story of the discovery of cochineal, which yields such a brilliant red color, and is grown on bushes in Cuba and other warm countries. Facts of this kind, told in a simple way, will interest the child in the work before him.

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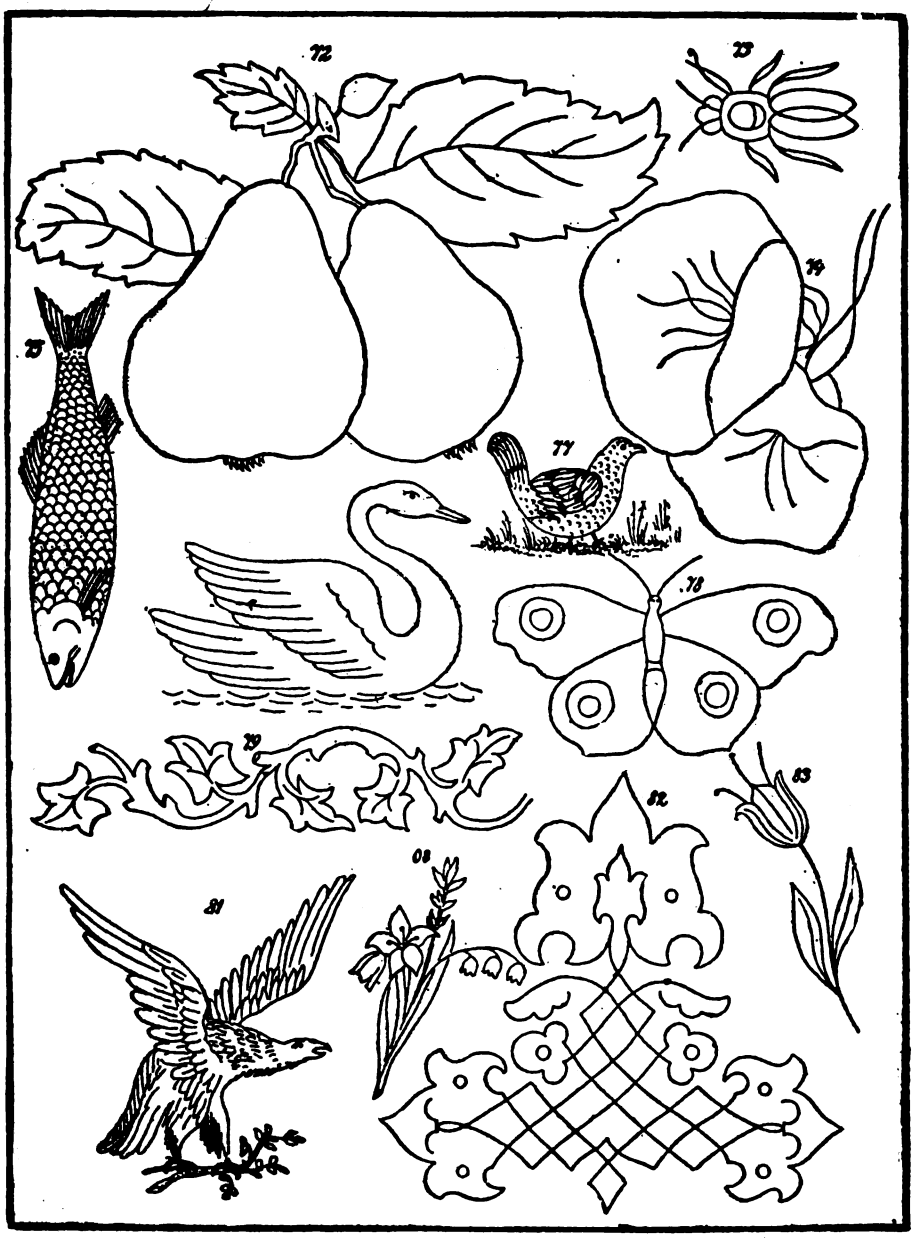

PLATE 10.

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What an amount of general information the Kindergarten child will have acquired by the time he is old enough for primary school.

The hand can be trained and developed, like any other part of the body, when taught in the right way, and begun at the proper time. Not only does every gift and occupation serve to train the hand, but especially is this the case with the eleventh and twelfth gifts. They give steadiness to the eye and hand, and aid the eye to determine distances.

The method pursued with this occupation, plate 9, is similar to that employed in the drawing department. Starting from the sign point, the child is gradually led through all the various grades of difficulty. From step to step its interest in the work will increase, and in order to vary the work the teacher frequently gives cards containing different objects (plate 10), which the child is permitted to embroider with various colors to make it as near like the natural object as it can be made.

From these forms it may be seen that barns, leaves, fruit, fishes, birds, animals, and many other forms can be represented with the thread in a simple way. If necessary, a few strokes with the pencil may be added to complete the form. The child may also trace the outline of the form taken by the thread on the slate, in order to preserve it.

THE THIRTEENTH GIFT.

The thirteenth gift consists of material for cutting paper and mounting pieces to produce figures and forms. The materials for this occupation are square pieces of paper for cutting, and cardboard for mounting, a pair of blunt-pointed scissors, a bottle of mucilage, a small, clean piece of cotton cloth, and a camel-hair brush.

Froebel's method is to place material before the child, from which he produces, by cutting according to certain laws, instructive and beautiful forms. In order to accomplish a sufficient exactness in cutting, the uppermost triangle contains a kind of net as a guide. The work is regulated according to the "law of opposites."

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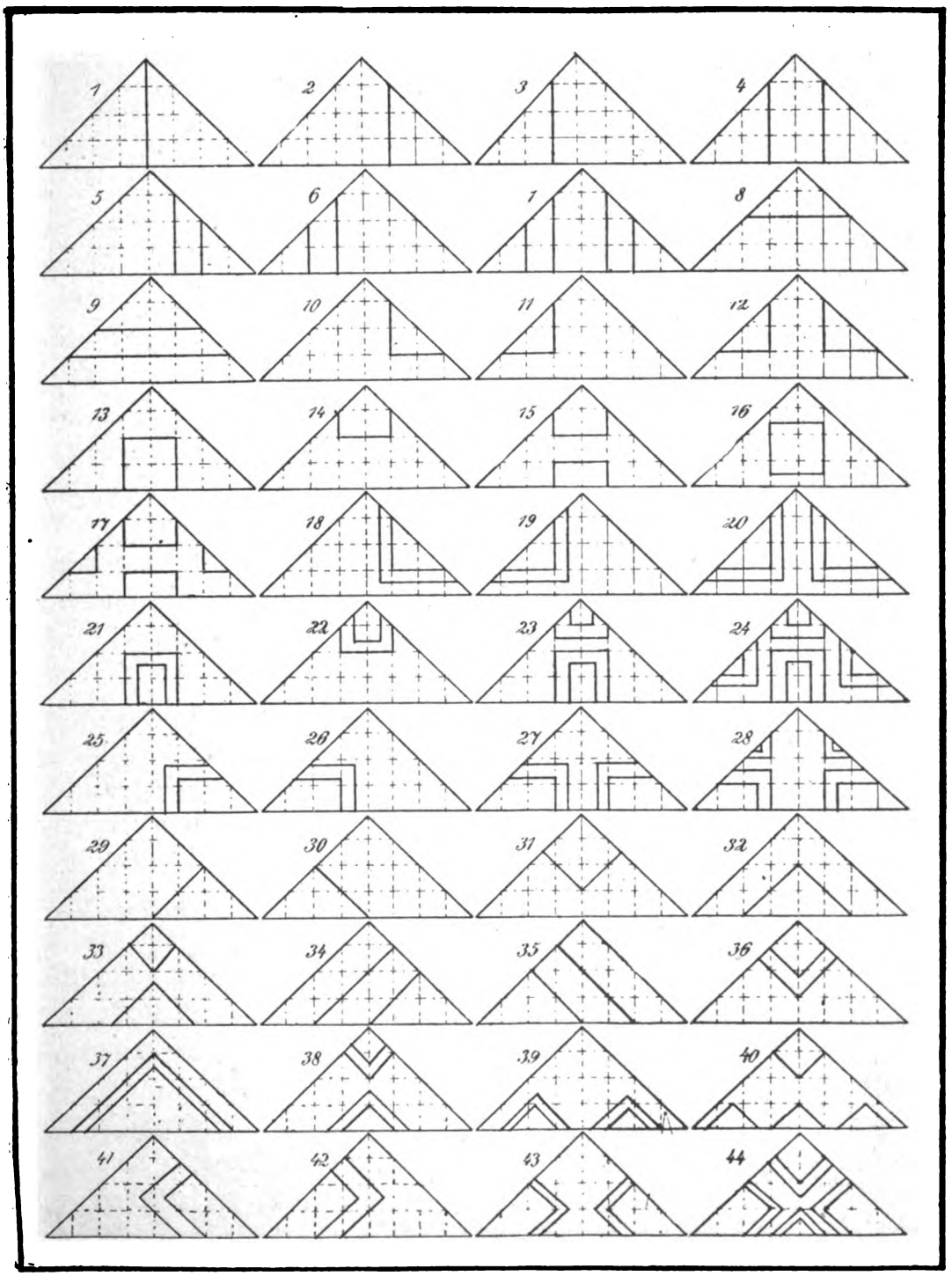

10 PLATE 11.

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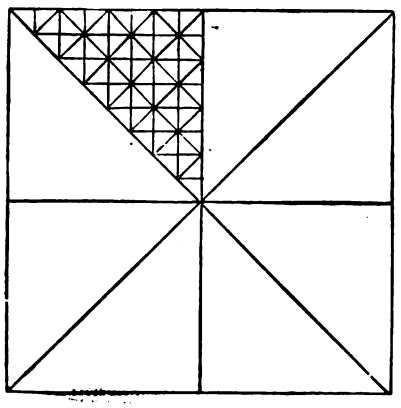
We commence with the vertical cut, come to its opposite, the horizontal, and finally to the oblique.

The ground form is made with a square piece of paper, according to the following directions: 1st. Lay the square straight on the table. 2d. Unite two opposite corners so as to form two triangles. 3d. Hold the double corners in the fingers, and unite the other two corners. By this means, a triangle is produced, with one side closed, and the other open. 4th. Turn one of the folds to the right, the other to the left, keeping the corners, where they are all united, between the forefinger and the thumb.



With the first perpendicular cut, the course of development is indicated in a series of figures given by Froebel, and all inventions are but simple combinations of the element presented in the "school."

Plate 11 indicates the method pursued in this gift.

As separation always requires its opposite, uniting, so the cutting requires mounting. The child should be taught analysis,and synthesis from the beginning, and through his analysis he will get a clearer idea of the whole and its relation to parts, but, while analysis is a very important part of the work, is not combining equally as important? It is the putting together of the work which will enrich the world. The services of the chemist are invaluable, yet, without the aid of the pharmacist the chemist's labor would be almost worthless. For the purpose of putting together the child is furnished with sheets of paper or pasteboard, upon which the various pieces may be pasted in a symmetrical manner, according to his fancy.

Plate 12 presents some examples of the manner in which the mounting may be applied. The teacher should from time to time tell some story, which shall relate especially to the forms which they are cutting, or about the paper, how it is made, and what it is made from;

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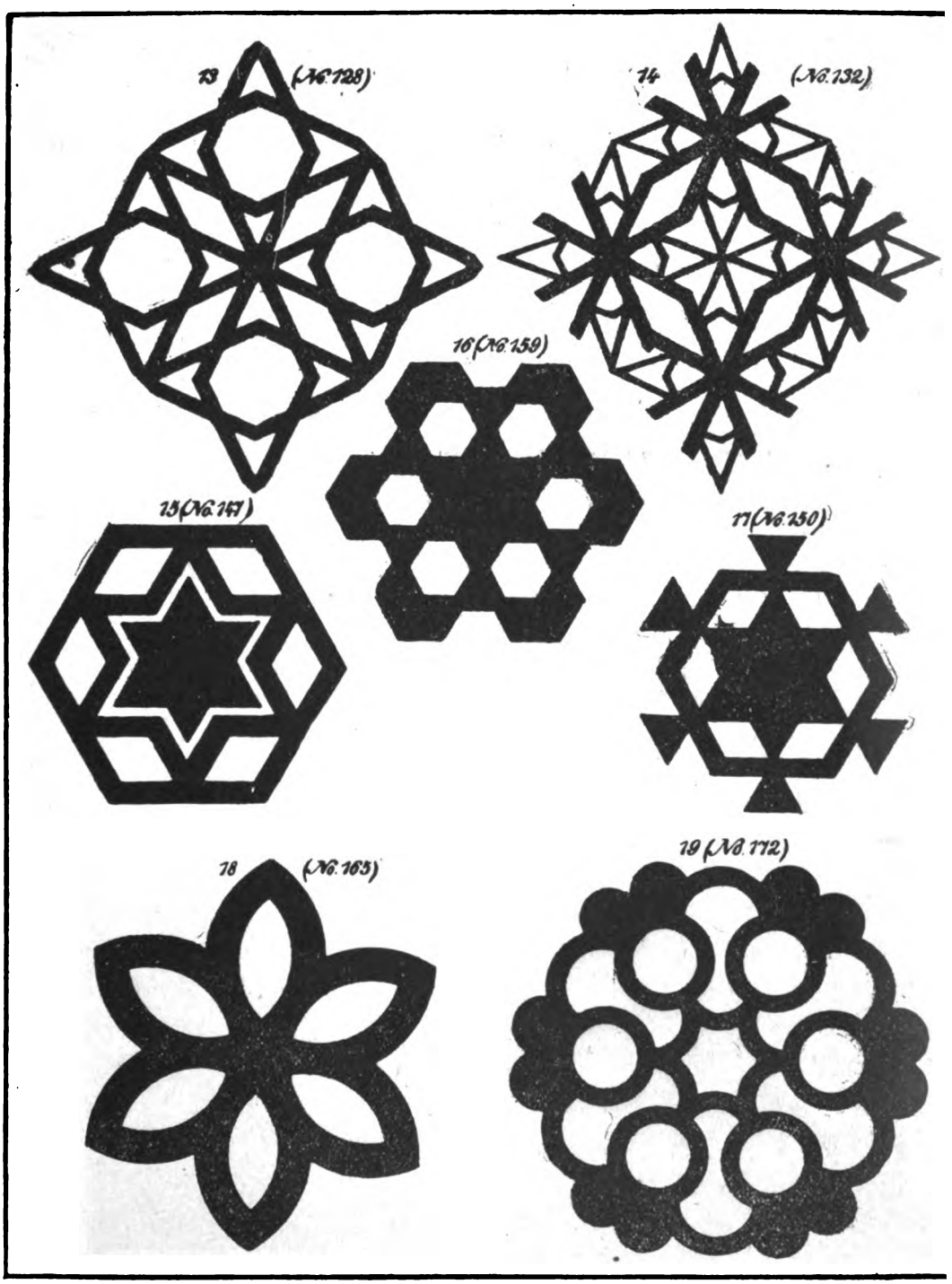

PLATE 12.

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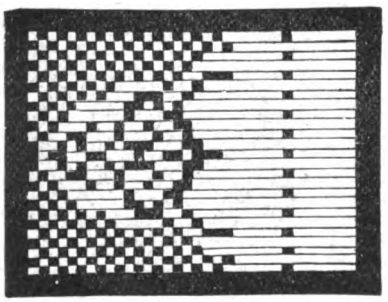
where the steel comes from that makes the scissors, and many other useful lessons can now be impressed that will never be forgotten. If children are untidy about their work, remind them of their carelessness, but always in a gentle manner. Let them, if possible, correct their own mistakes. What a child can do for himself, no one should do for him.

THE FOURTEENTH GIFT.

The fourteenth gift consists of material for braiding and weaving.

The materials used for this occupation are sheets of paper prepared as shown on plate 13, strips of paper, and the braiding needle of steel or wood.

The braiding is done by drawing, with the needle, a loose strip (white) through the strips of the braiding sheet (red) so that the white strips will appear first over, then under the red strip, as shown in illustration on plate —.



In this gift, as in all others, there is a system of work, which, when followed out, is most gratifying. While pursuing this work, pains must be taken, or errors will occur. It requires concentration of mind and purpose, clean hands and ready thoughts. The teacher can here, with benefit, give ample time for inventions. Plate 14 presents some invented patterns which may be used for oil-cloths, tiling, tidies, rugs, etc. While it takes time to accomplish such results, yet there are many who have found their life work by acquiring a taste for these inventions in the Kindergarten.

This occupation is a great favorite with children. It keeps both hands at work, pleases the eye, cultivates the taste, and affords constant practice in numbers.

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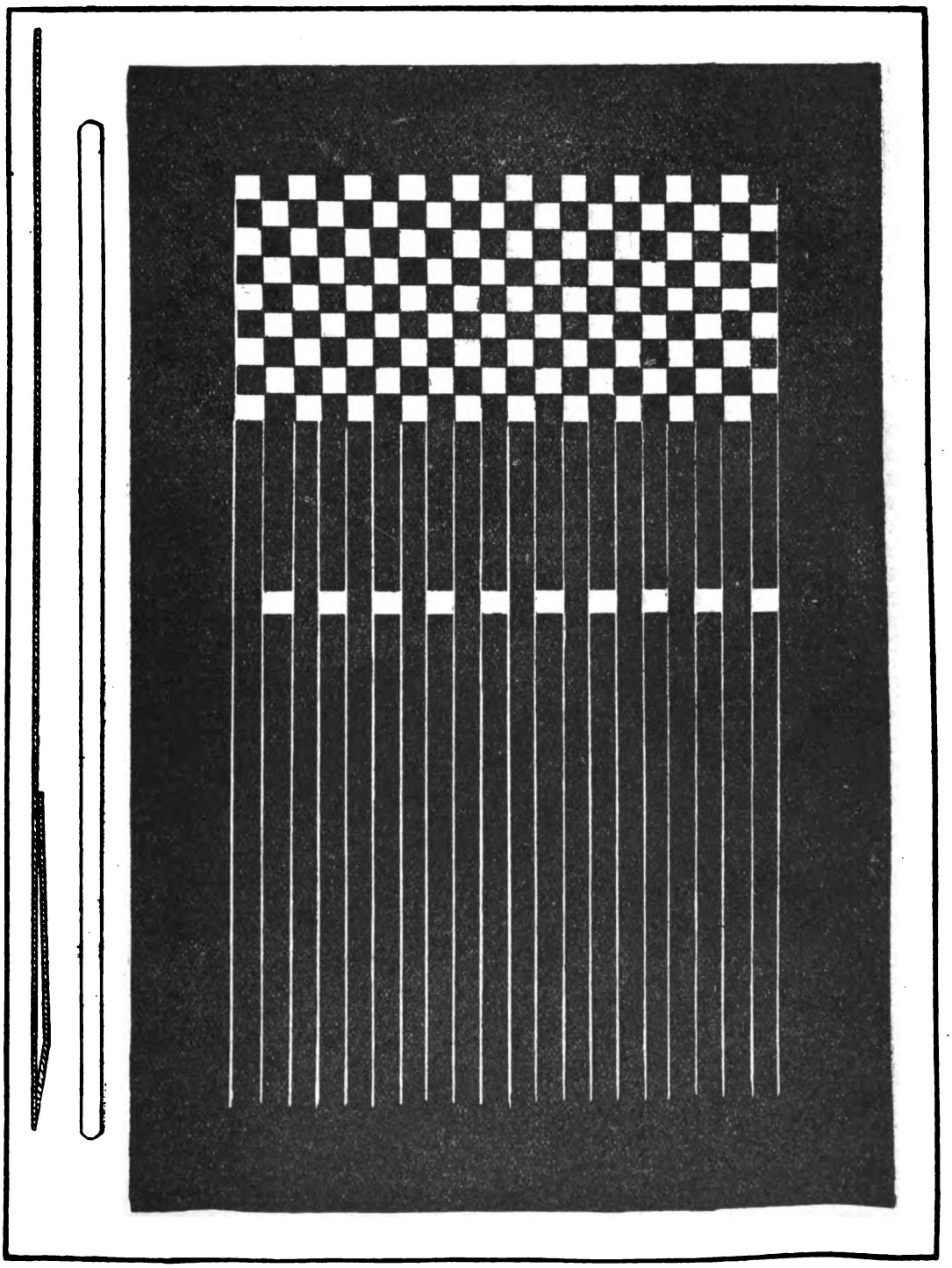

PLATE 13.

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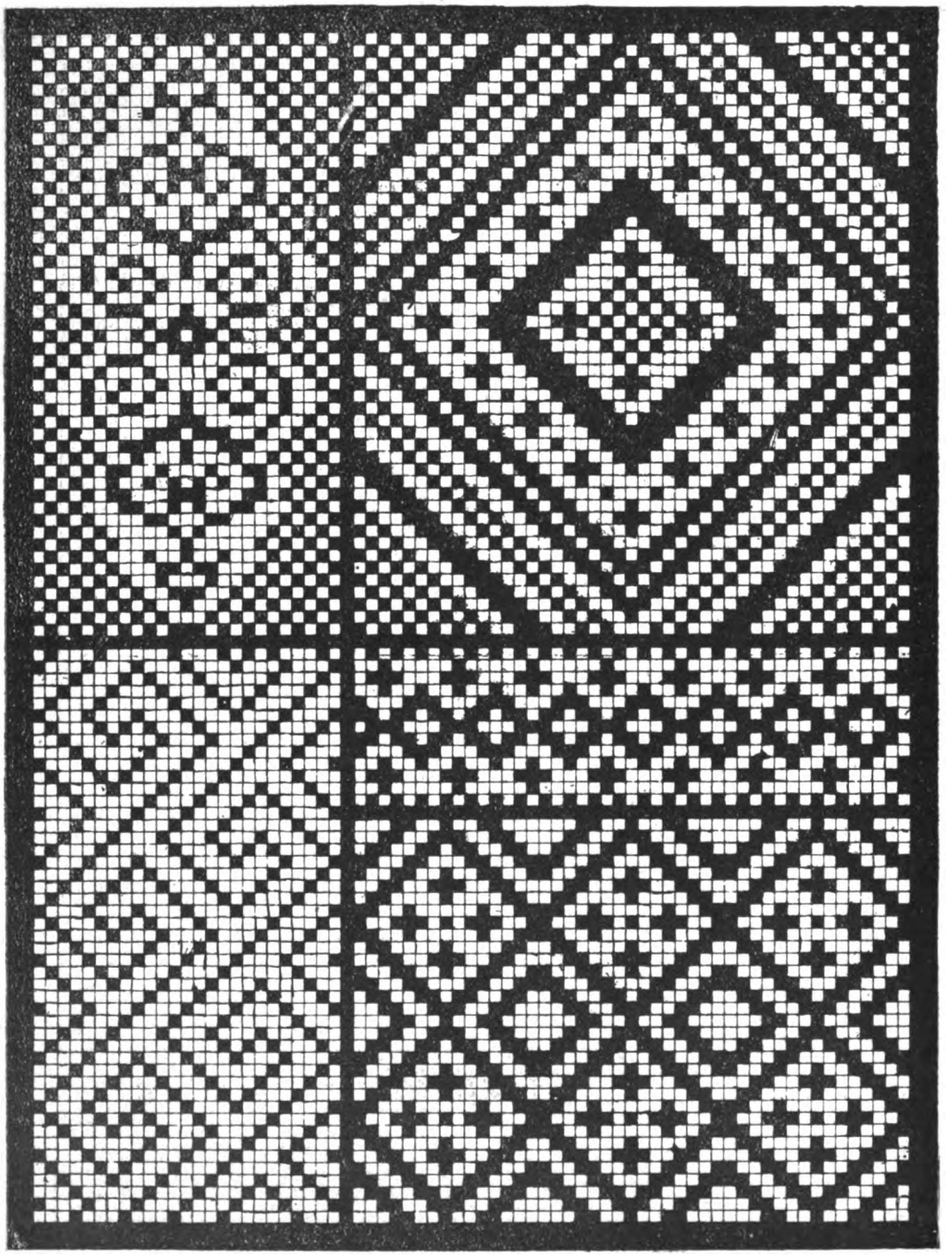

PLATE 14.

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THE FIFTEENTH GIFT.

The fifteenth gift consists of disconnected slats, made of birch, or any tough wood, ten inches long, three-eighths of an inch broad, and one-sixteenth of an inch thick; they are used to construct objects by interlacing them. In all gifts and occupations number decides the form. With one, two or three slats it is not possible to interlace a form; but with four slats this can be done. Forms made of five, six, seven, eight, or more slats then follow. The slats may be given in bundles of ten or twelve. A dozen slats are sufficient to represent a number of figures. The children are happy while making the various pretty forms, and they are also learning available lessons in geometry. While doing this they are impressed in a simple way with the truth that it is not the greatness of the attempt that makes work satisfactory, but the degree of perfection with which the design is wrought out—however simple it may be.

In everything rules and work are eternal law. This law speaks in nature, in the soul and in life, which is the connecting link between the natural and the spiritual, or between nature and the soul. This law may be grasped intuitively by faith, or verified by reason, and while the youngest child may know enough of it to guide his own life, the deepest thinker can never grasp it all.

When looking at the subject "universal law," we ask ourselves what has this to do with Kindergarten? Universal law is a subject with which philosophers have to deal, a law which acts throughout nature, and produces the same result, though in a modified form, in every age, every life, and in every clime. We repeat, What has this to do with the Kindergarten? If we see it right we reply, It has everything to do with it. Does not the little ball, cube and cylinder represent in some manner every type in the universe? Is not the little plaything represented by opposites—the ball to the cube, and is not one of the universal laws "the law of opposites"? Do not the Kindergarten gifts begin

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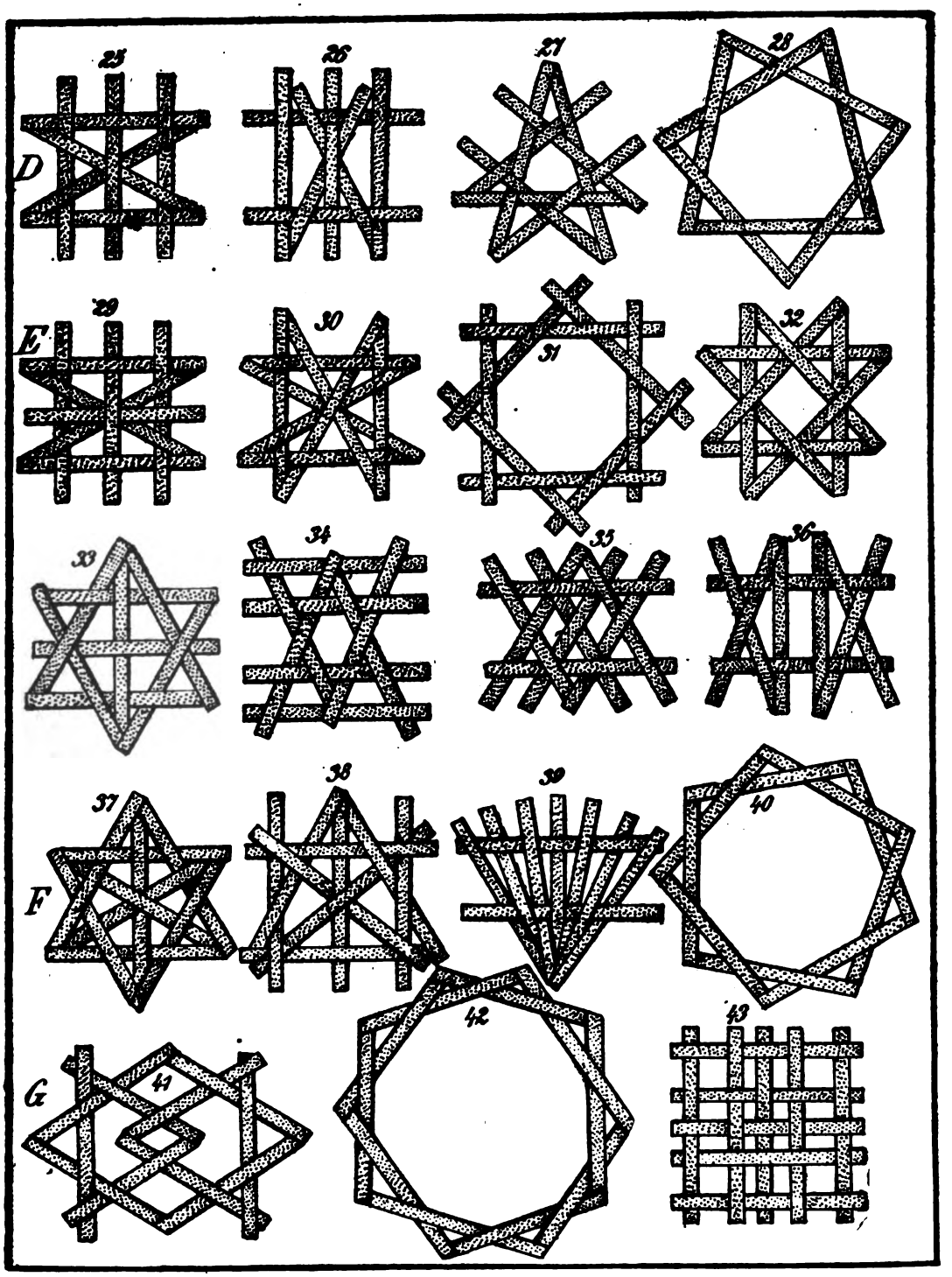

PLATE 15.

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with unity and proceed to variety, following a prescribed law throughout their course?

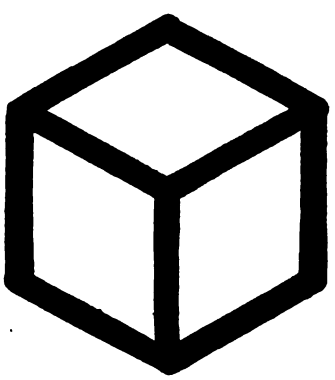
It is the perfect simplicity of each part that makes the whole so clear and strong. At each stage we find that we have only been following simple laws, few in number, and perfectly plain in their construction and meaning. If the child devotes his time to some aimless gratification, yielding no result whatever, his life is blighted. But, while following a course that fits him, by and by, for better and more serious work, he gains, with each new step, an increase in strength of mind and body.

This gift quickens the child's perceptive powers, his originality, and increases his patience; indeed, all its faculties must be brought into use.

Plate 15 represents forms produced with many slats.

THE SIXTEENTH GIFT.

The sixteenth gift consists of the slat with many links. These slats overlap each other at the end, and are fastened together by a rivet, so that they can be folded up or unfolded and moved into different forms, either geometrically or symmetrically, or into representations of objects. This occupation material is to represent various lines, angles and figures, and may be used to advantage in the Kindergarten, primary, and even higher school grades. Forms of life and beauty are also constructed with charming results. We have slats with four, six, eight and sixteen links, which are introduced one after the other, as soon as the child is ready for them. When giving the first to him, we ask him to unfold the links and place it on the table, so as to represent the vertical, horizontal and



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oblique lines. By shifting its parts, we can bend two of the links perpendicularly, the two others horizontally, thus we form right angles.

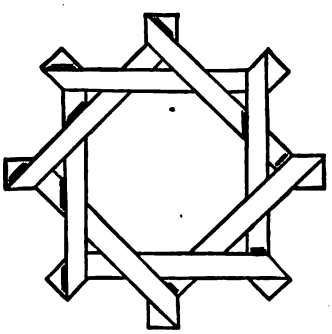
This gift offers a good opportunity to study the different angles to advantage — thus, by turning a right angle about in all possible positions, we find what constitutes a right angle, and see that the latter need not necessarily be made by a horizontal and a vertical line.

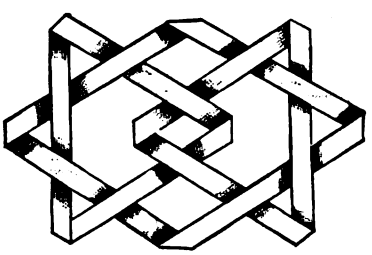
The parallel lines are also distinctly shown in all possible positions. These forms are not so easily undone; they may be handled without falling to pieces, and the corners and edges are not misplaced by being touched; every form thus becomes very tangible and real, and many a new truth presents itself to the mind of the child.

The slats can be rendered exceedingly interesting and instructive to the pupils. Their ingenuity and inventive power will find a large field in which to work. With this material, occasionally they should be allowed to invent figures and make drawings, giving a description of their work in their own language.

THE SEVENTEENTH GIFT.

PAPER STRIPS FOR INTER-TWINING.





Paper strips of various colors, folded lengthwise, are used to represent a variety of fanciful forms by bending, twisting and intertwining, according to certain rules.

The work of intertwining is similar to the sixteenth gift work, al-

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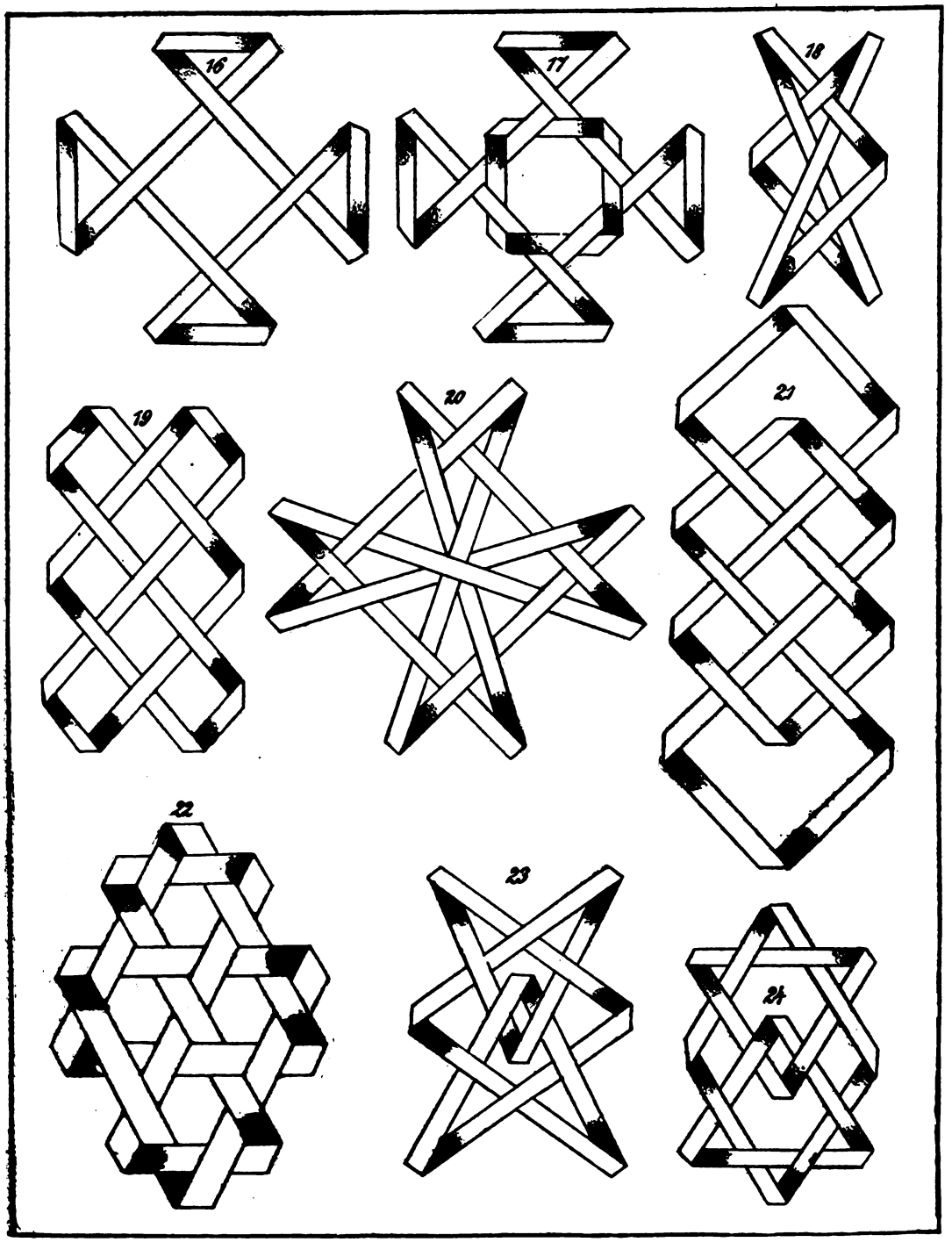

PLATE 16.

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though much more difficult to perform, thus requiring more patience, more skill, and steady thoughtful action to accomplish good results. In this gift the pupil has to prepare his material each time before using, while in the sixteenth gift the material is always ready. There the hard slat is used, here pliable paper.

As we said before, the work of this gift is not easily accomplished, especially when first given to the children, but after repeated trials they usually master the difficulties, and have learned many valuable lessons in perseverance, neatness and cleanliness.

This gift should be given to pupils who are advanced in age, skill and workmanship. To form figures the angles are pinched together, sometimes to the right, and sometimes to the left. Many times the strips are not long enough to produce the desired figure, and at such times longer strips have to be pasted to complete the design.

Plate 16 represents figures made from this gift.

THE EIGHTEENTH GIFT.

FOLDING PAPER.

The material for paper folding consists of square, rectangular, triangular and circular pieces, with which variously shaped objects are formed.

Froebel's paper for folding contains a multitude of instructive and interesting forms. Almost every feature of mathematical form we find in this occupation; lines, angles and forms of all varieties appear. We should bear in mind that pleasant impressions are lasting ones, and thus make this occupation especially pleasing by accompanying the work with useful conversation and pleasant stories. A lesson on the manufacture of paper, and the coloring for the different dyes can be made very interesting to their young minds. The material used is a square piece of paper, and the method of folding is begun in the following manner:

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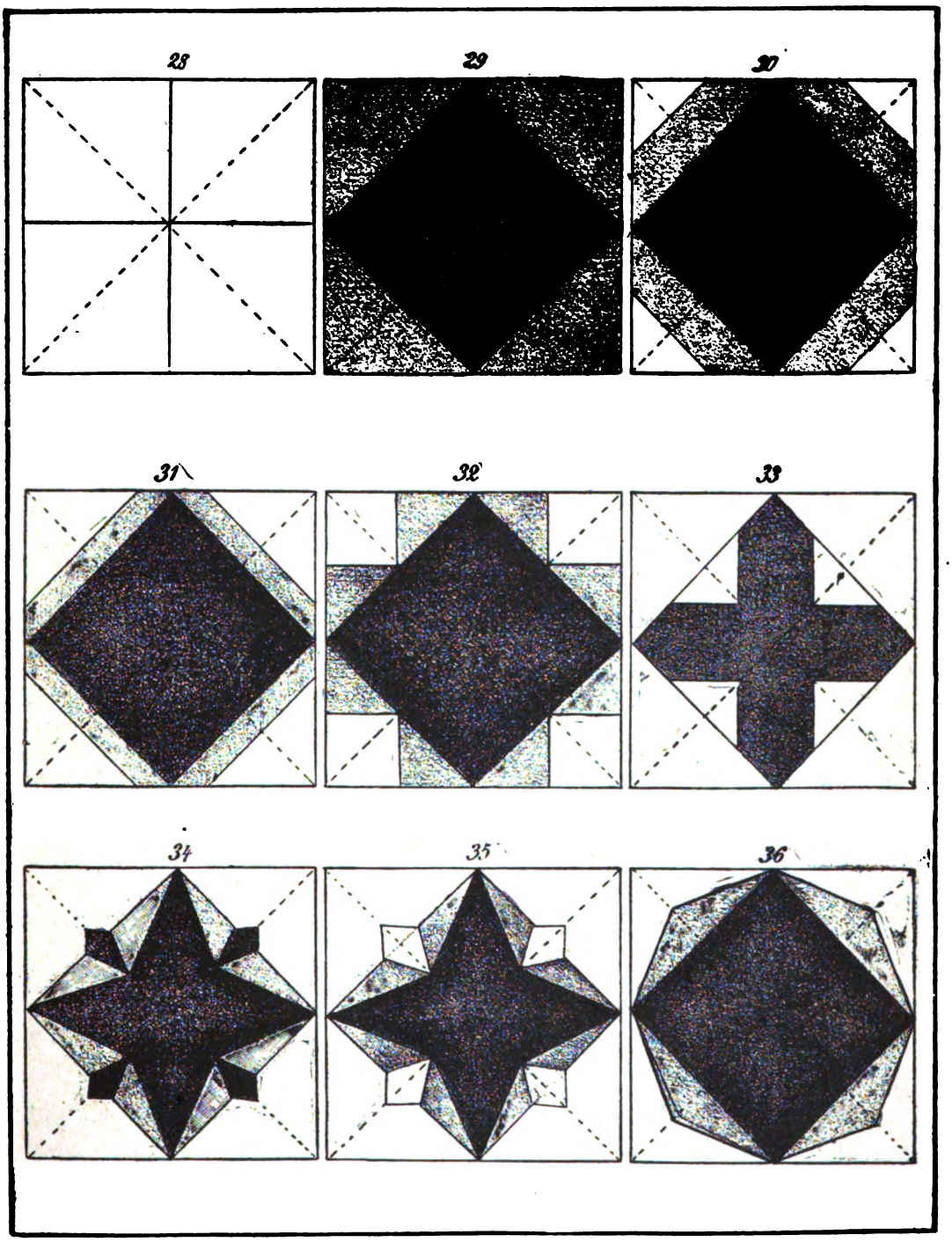

PLATE 17.

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1. Fold the paper so that the two opposite corners unite, forming two right-angled isosceles triangles. The child can see that this triangle is exactly one-half of the square, and has the same base and altitude.

2. Fold the square in the middle, and two equal parallelograms are formed.

3. Fold the square in the middle the opposite way, so as to form two equal parallelograms as before, and, on opening it, we find two equal squares, and four equal isosceles triangles.

4. Fold the paper as at first, but again unite the two opposite corners, and when opened we find the whole square divided into eight equal right-angled isosceles triangles, having all their vertices meeting in the center.

5. Fold the same paper into four equal squares, then unite the two corners, which have not been before united, and eight equal triangles will be produced. On opening the paper we find a square in the center, divided into eight equal triangles, and on each side of the square one right-angled triangle, divided into two equal triangles.

This is but the beginning of a great variety of forms. Plate 17 represents a sheet of paper placed upon the table; the several folds are clearly shown in the figures that follow. Lines, angles, squares and all mathematical forms are produced by continuing this work, and the result is very satisfactory from a beautiful and symmetrical standpoint, as well as a mathematical one.

THE NINETEENTH GIFT.

MATERIAL FOR PEAS WORK.

From the cube to the plane (tablets) to the lines (sticks and rings) we again come to the point which represents the corner of the cube. The material consists of pieces of wire of the thickness of a hairpin, of various sizes in length, and pointed at the ends. As means to com-

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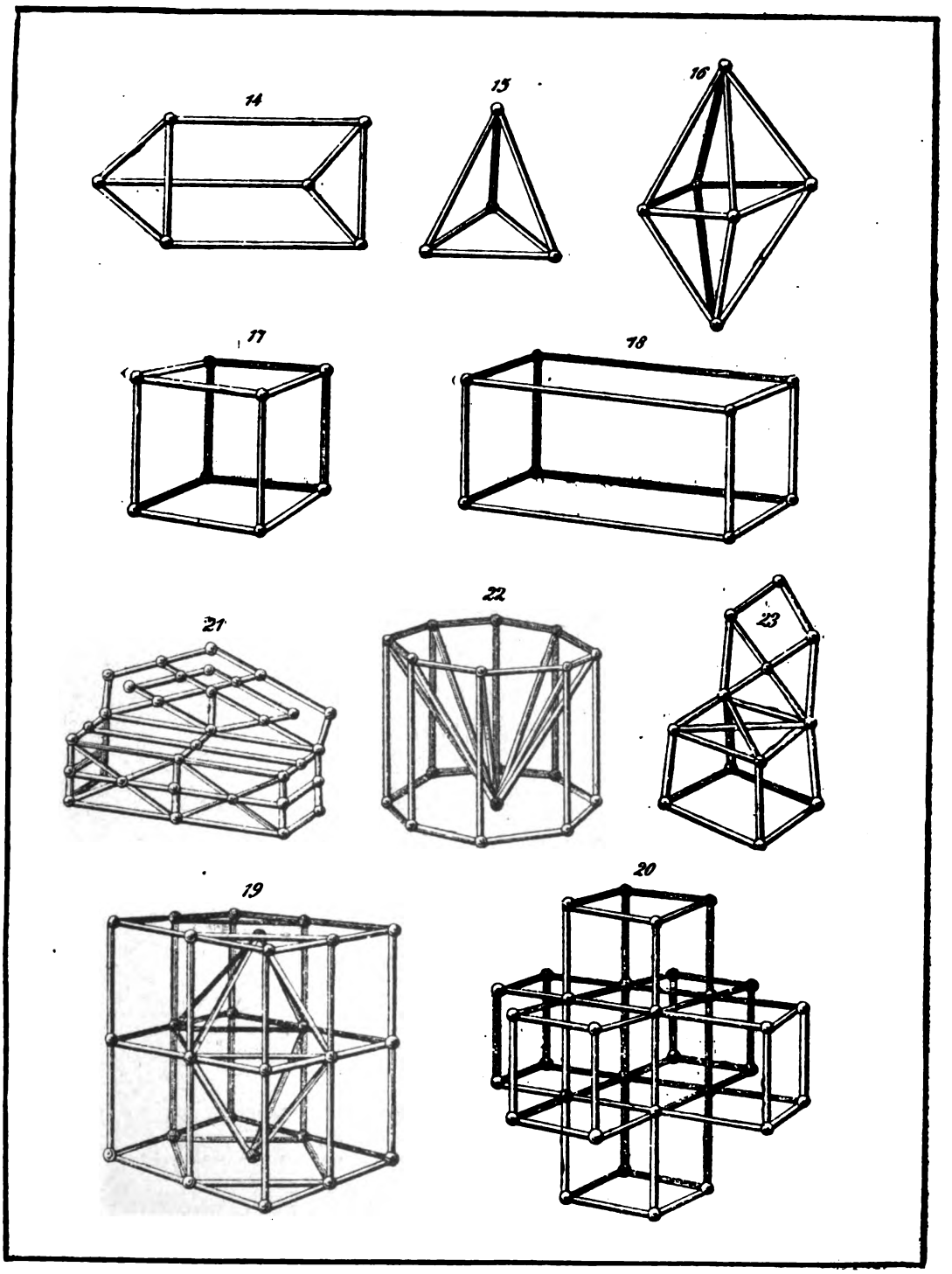

PLATE 18.

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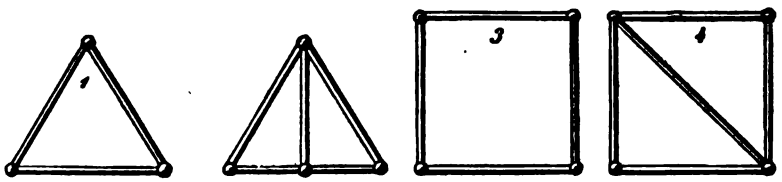
bine points, peas are used, soaked about twelve hours in water, and dried one hour before using.

After soaking, the peas are pliable enough to enable the child to put the ends of the wire into them, and he can, in this way, construct objects of life and beauty, and also geometrical figures, to suit his fancy.

This gift is a fascinating one to the children, and they delight to preserve the forms, and indeed they become valuable in training the eye to perspective drawing.

The first exercise is to combine two wires, by means of one pea, into a straight line, obtuse, right and acute angle. From two wires we



proceed to three, then four, and so on. Wooden sticks, similar to those used in stick laying, but thinner, may be used in place of wire, and small cubes of cork in place of peas. Some pupils successfully construct letters and numerals with the material of this gift, which are good representations of forms of life, while others construct forms of beauty. Much depends upon the individuality of the child.

Froebel's gifts and occupations contain the foundation to all human occupations; they are the true means of play for the children, and as such, are the guide for right and just treatment. Altogether, they develop heart, mind and body. Plate 18 shows a number of forms that can be produced from these simple materials.

THE TWENTIETH GIFT.

The twentieth gift teaches the art of modeling, or working in clay. It deals with form with reference to the touch, and with beauty and form in reference to the eye.

As modeling is one of the oldest and most useful of arts, and, at

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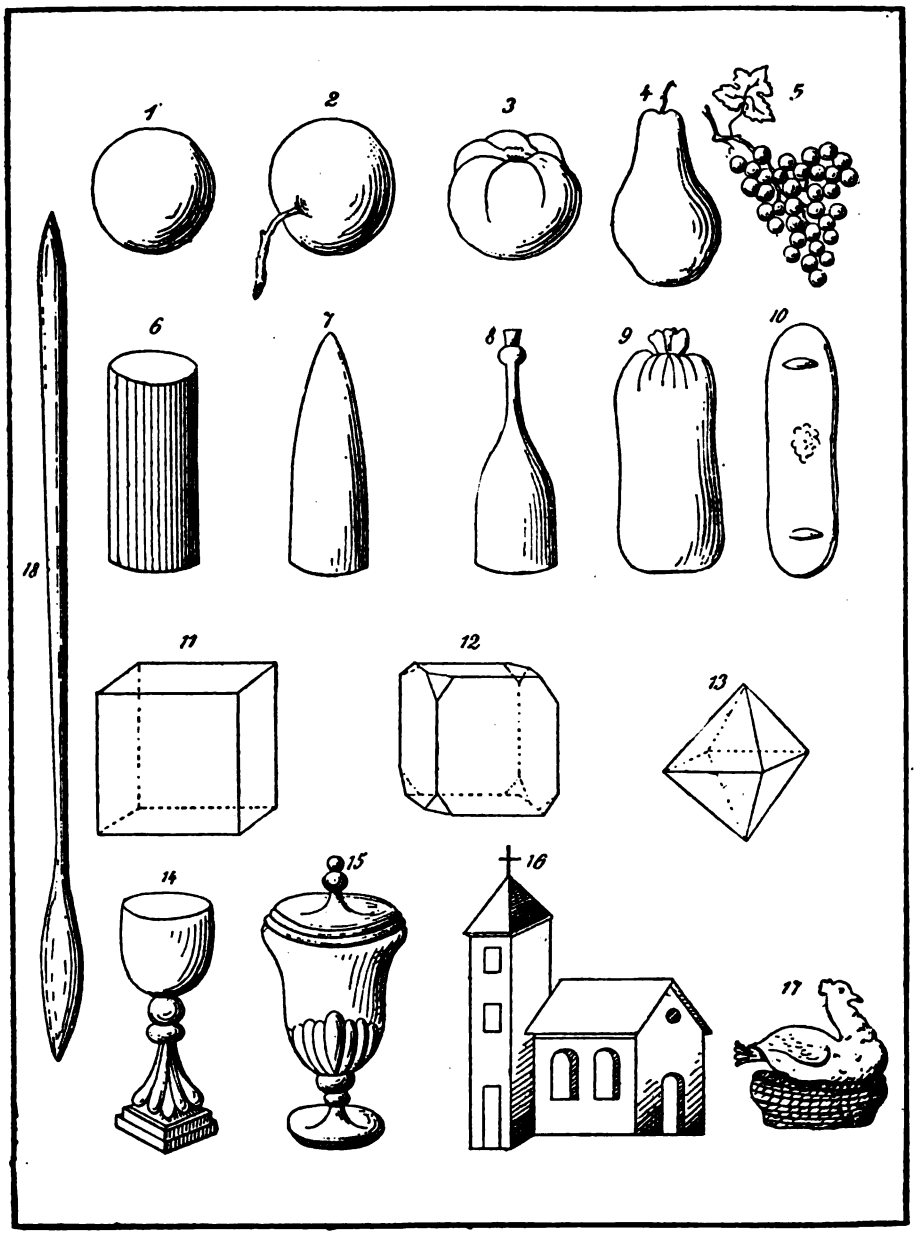

PLATE 19.

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the same time, the simplest in some of its forms, and most difficult in others. The little hand can shape something, no matter how crude and incorrect, and he will see a similarity to something in nature. Give the child a piece of clay, and tell him to make what he desires. He is delighted. The material is pliable; it will bend; he, for once, has within his grasp something that he can force to do what he will, or make of it what he desires. But let him once make it, and is he not delighted? Does he have a desire to destroy it? No, not half so much as he does his toy which he has not learned to appreciate. With the object which he has formed of clay, he is not obliged to pull it apart to see what it is made of, for he knows.

We say, Is it possible for these little hands to so neatly and beautifully do this work? It is true, for before our eyes this same little fellow has made still another figure, more beautiful and more accurate, and his radiant face shows an enthusiasm so great that he can scarcely wait to show it, yet he takes time to put on the last delicate strokes to make it true to nature.

Individual activity is everywhere seen in these occupations, and it cannot but be admitted that the Kindergarten is the place for the development of a child's talents. The awakening of the natural gift in the child may prove a blessing throughout life, and even when the talent is moderate, is not the development of the sense of beauty and the training of the eye and hand a blessing to every child, of whatever capacity? And is it not a double blessing to the future workman to whom eye and hand are the natural implements of his craft, and to whom the beautiful are offered through the Kindergarten, as they would never appear in his home where the main object is to earn the daily bread, and where bad habits too often prevail?

Here we would deviate for a moment, and let the pen write one word of encouragement to the seemingly disheartened teacher of charity work. Seed sown now will in time bear fruit, or as Scripture has it, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and it shall return to thee after many days." The good will spring up though we see it not, and our reward

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will be all that is promised and in proportion to our labor. All that is planted well, and watered, wisely, will in time bear a rich harvest. But we cannot dwell upon this; hoping we have planted well, let us water wisely, and trust to the Father of all to preserve the fruit. We return to modeling—here as elsewhere the perceptive faculties must be thoroughly trained. If the child should receive no impression there could be no development, and if faint impression, imperfect development.

The child receives a small quantity of clay, a wooden knife, a small board and a piece of oiled paper, on which it performs the work. First the child forms a sphere, from which it may produce many objects. He attaches a stem—it is a cherry; if he makes depressions and elevations, it will look like an apple; from it the pear, nut, potato, a head, may be modeled, etc. After the sphere, a cylindrical body may be formed, by rolling on the board, usually called by the children a rolling-pin, a cane, a candle, stick of candy, etc. Soon the child will represent the cube from it; he produces a house, a box, a coffee-mill, and similar things. Soon other forms of life will grow into existence, as plates, dishes, animals and human beings, houses, churches, birds' nests, etc.

Clay should be kept in a piece of wet carpet, and in a cool place. The objects formed of it should be dried in the sun, or in a mildly-heated stove, and then coated with gum arabic, or varnish, which gives them the appearance of crockery.

Plate 19 shows a few of the many things that can be made from clay.

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HORACE AND HIS KINDERGARTEN FRIEND.

It was Friday morning, and Horace had been playing in the fields. He had intended to take home to the cook a basket of blackberries for to-morrow's pie, but he ate the blackberries almost as soon as he had gathered them. However, with a good deal of self-control he did manage to put a few berries into the cook's basket. He looked a jolly little fellow, in his sailor suit and his jaunty cap. Perhaps if he had been left to himself, he would have gone on filling that basket, but suddenly he heard some one singing on the other side of the hedge, and he thought he would like to see who was coming into the field; so he ran up to the gate, and saw a dear little girl standing near it. She wore a large poke-bonnet, out of which her little face peeped prettily.

"'CAN'T I HELP YOU?'"

"Why, that is a little girl from the Kindergarten," said Horace to himself, as he put down the basket. "I should like to play with her."

Then he remembered that he had often seen his father help his mother over stiles and gates; and so he went straight up to the gate, held out his right hand, and said, all in a breath—

"If you please, little girl, can't I help you over the stile? I know who you are quite well. You live in that pretty white house," pointing just ahead, "and my mamma is coming to see your mamma some day, and my name is Horace, and if you please, what is your name?"

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The little girl in the poke-bonnet looked at the young gentleman, and after thinking a little, decided, I suppose, that she liked this polite little boy; for she smiled graciously at him, and holding on to the gate with her right hand, placed her left hand in that of the stranger.

"Thank you, little boy," she said. "I think you must be rather a nice little child. My name is Aline, and I do go to the Kindergarten. Please tell me what you have in that basket?"

"Come and see," said Horace, as he helped her to scramble over the gate; and when she had got safely over to the other side, he held the basket for her to take her choice of the blackberries.

"I have eaten all the biggest," he said mournfully. "These are for the pie. If I had known that you were coming I should have kept the best for you. But I tell you what we will do—we will go and find some more. It is so jolly in the fields; and if we happen to pass any cows, you needn't be frightened, I can take care of you."

Aline was delighted, and the two little children ran off together as happy as could be, full of fun and merriment.

FUN FOR LITTLE PEOPLE.

A PEEP AT ONE OF CHICAGO'S FREE KINDERGARTENS.

Amusement without weariness, and instruction without labor—How the wee tots are drilled—A system which is doing wonders for the children.

"Good morning, Mr. Tree! How are all your branches and limbs? I hope you don't feel cold since all the little brown leaves blew away from you. Good morning, little brown leaves! What fun you have romping about since you left old Mr. Tree! Good morning, Mr. Dog!

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How is Mrs. Dog, and all the baby doggies? No, I have no candy for you, Mr. Dog—you ate up all the last candy I gave you, and never took a bit home to Mrs. Dog or the baby doggies, you greedy Mr. Dog! Good morning, Mr.—Ha, ha! Ho, ho! Miss Pine! I see you, Miss Pine! Good morning, you old darling Miss Piney-Winey."

"Good morning to you, little rogue!" said Miss Pine, stooping to kiss the laughing little tot that danced and capered around her skirts. It still wanted five minutes of nine, and Miss Pine, the teacher of the free Kindergarten at St. Paul's Universalist Church, stopped in the doorway to greet the little pupils that were, as one wee three-year-old said, "Tomin to tool," in ones, twos and threes. It made one feel good to see such a merry lot of little rascals, and hear some of their cheery greetings:

"Good morning, Miss Pine! And good morning to the orange ribbon in your hat, Miss Pine; and to your woolly brown jacket and big buttons, and to your blue eyes, Miss Pine; and to—O dear! to all of you, Miss Pine!"

"Ha, ha, Midgets!" says Miss Pine to a saddle-colored little cricket; "you didn't say good morning to Mr. Pigeon."

Midgets scans the housetops and then claps her hands, shouting:

"Good morning, Mr. Pigeon, with your new blue shawl"—

"And your white bib and tucker"— says Miss Pine.

"And your pretty yellow stockings"— says Midgets.

A little while later, the visitor tip-toed into the schoolroom and

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found the little ones "at prayer." They were in three classes, and each class at a long table. There was an assistant teacher in charge of each class, and Miss Pine, the head teacher, sat at the piano. The prayers were recited without music, Miss Pine speaking the lines one by one, and the children repeating the words in concert.

Miss Pine said "Amen!" and struck a note on the piano. All eyes became fixed on the teacher to see what was coming next. "Let's play farmer," suggested a little tow-head. "Let's play sailor," suggested another. At this instant the door was pushed open, and a self-

possessed wee woman of about five came in and marched with dignity to the corner where the wraps were hung.

"Let's play birdies," said the new comer calmly.

"Now, I call that cheek," said a little colored boy with a big forehead, glancing indignantly at the new comer.

"So do I," said Miss Pine gravely.

There were about fifty pupils present, and at least half of them were colored. Their ages range from three to seven, but almost all of them are under six, and the majority not over five. Kindergarten work, as everybody knows, is all play, but it is play with an object. There are no books, and no tasks, and no punishments, and no anything that makes a child weary and cross. There is lively play, with just enough discipline to maintain order, and just enough variety to make

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everything interesting, without being tiresome. The whole sum of Kindergarten teaching seems to be: It makes the children bright.

Miss Pine struck another note on the piano, and every child put its hands behind its back, and grasped its little chair. "Now, then—ve-ry qui-et-ly," said Miss Pine, and every child pulled back its chair, and got on its feet, and pushed the chair back into place under the table. It must be confessed that the operation of fifty little people getting out of their chairs was not "very quiet" by any means. One of the assistant teachers then took Miss Pine's place at the piano and began playing a lively march. All the little pupils formed in line and started on a grand march over a mysterious route marked out by painted lines on the floor. Finally Miss Pine stopped in the center of the floor, with all the little ones in a semicircle before her.

"I wonder how many little boys and little girls know their right hands to-day," she began, addressing a fly on the ceiling. A lot of little hands were instantly thrust out, but a good many of them were lefts. Some of the shrewder ones, bent on avoiding mistakes, had thrust out both hands.

"O, dear! O, dear!" said Miss Pine to the fly on the ceiling, "I'm afraid there's somebody here who puts out his left hand when he knows I want to see his right."

Then nearly every child in the row pulled in the hand it had out and stuck out the one it had in. Miss Pine made another complaint to the fly, and then covered her eyes with her fingers. While thus blindfolded, the two assistants got all the left hands in and the right hands out, and then Miss Pine opened her eyes and clapped her hands, and said: "Why, that's as good as could be!" Then she began to sing a "hands'" song, about "I gave my hands a very good shake," waving her right hand up and down in time to the music. All the pupils imitated her until the fun grew quite boisterous.

Before they were tired the exercise was changed. They sat round

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the tables as before. "Bible cards" were distributed. These were pieces of white pasteboard, with a penciled outline of a man sowing seed, the man being supposed to be the sower of the parable who "went forth to sow." Each pupil was given a blunt needle and a piece of colored thread, and pretty soon the whole lot were industriously sowing. Any child that didn't like to work, sat and listened if so pleased, but all seemed anxious to be active, as healthy children always are. All the games and exercises are supposed to have some object or meaning, that tends to the child's mental, moral, or physical growth, but never obtrudes itself in view. The marching exercise, which at least teaches the children how to walk erect, with a free and graceful carriage, is one in which the little ones take an especial delight—even big people love to march to lively music.

This school was started only about six weeks ago, and is the fifteenth Kindergarten in the city, connected with the Free Kindergarten Association. This association has now an aggregate roll of over 2,000 children. It has also a normal and training class, where teachers are trained for the work.

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ALPHABET GAME.

(Twenty-six very little ones stand in a row, each holding in his right hand a card-board letter large enough to be plainly seen in all parts of the room.)

(All sing to the tune "Yankee Doodle.")

We are very little things,
  Standing in our places;
And now we raise our names high up
  Above our little faces.
Don't you wish that you could learn
  All these pretty letters?
Don't you wish that you could turn
  To little Alphabeters?

Come over, I,—[I comes]—your face we miss;
Come let us make k-i-ss, kiss. (They all kiss.)

Come E, join us two little specks,
And help us spell v-e-x, vex.

Come U and I, your place here is
To show the people how to quiz.
(They all stand in line, holding the letters up to their eyes like opera glasses.)

Come over, O, and with us stop,
And pretty soon we'll have a hop.
(They join and hop across the stage.)

Come A, run over where I am,
And help me make a dish of jam.
(They clasp arms closely.)

I'm all alone, dear brother O;
Come over here and make me go.

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So now we've tried to show to you
What little things like us can do.
And if you come again some day,
We'll try some longer words to say.
And now we little Alphabeters
Will sing you all our pretty letters.

"A, B, C, D, E, F, G,
H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, P,
Q, R, S, and T, U, V,
W, and X, Y, Z.
Now you've heard my a, b, c,
Tell me what you think of me."
(Sing in the familiar tune of "Alphabet Song.")

NEW YEAR'S COMING.

Tune--"Webb."

O boys! the New Year's coming,
  The time when folks begin
To make a cleaner record
  By leaving off each sin.
We'd better all get ready,
  And make a brand-new start
To drive out every error
  And blemish from each heart.

Let's save our spending money
  For books and useful things,
Nor waste it in such foolish trash
  As balls, and toys, and rings.
Economy is learned in youth;
  The thoughts we have to-day
Take root and strengthen with our strength,
  And follow all the way.

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SCHOOL DAYS.

BETTER.

Better to weave in the web of life
  A bright and delicate filling,
And to do God's will with a ready heart,
  And hands that are swift and willing,
Than to snap the minute, delicate threads
  Of our curious lives asunder,
And then blame Heaven for the tangled ends,
  And sit and grieve and wonder.

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Punctuality is the foundation of confidence, and confidence the "soul of credit."

NOTE.—This motto was found in the private reference book of the late L. P. Miller.

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GOOD BUSINESS HABITS.

1. Be strict in keeping engagements.
2. Do nothing carelessly, or in a hurry.
3. Employ nobody to do what you can easily do yourself.
4. Leave nothing undone that ought to be done, and which circumstances permit.
5. Keep your designs and business from others, yet be candid with all.
6. Be prompt and decisive with customers, and do not over-trade.
7. Prefer short credit to long, cash to credit, either in buying or selling, and small profits with little risk, to the chance of better gains with more hazards.
8. Be clear and explicit in bargains.
9. Leave nothing of consequence to memory which can be committed to writing.
10. Keep copies of all important letters, etc.
11. Never suffer your desk to be confused by papers lying upon it.
12. Keep everything in its proper place.
13. In business hours, attend only to business matters.
14. Confine social calls to the social circle.
15. State your business in few words, without loss of time.
16. A mean act soon recoils, and a man of honor will be esteemed.
17. Treat all with respect, confide in few, wrong no man.
18. Never be afraid to say No, and always be prompt to acknowledge and rectify a wrong.
19. Leave nothing for to-morrow that should be done to-day.
20. Because a friend is polite, do not think his time is valueless.
21. Have a place for everything, and everything in its place.
22. To preserve long friendship, keep a short credit.
23. The way to get credit is to be punctual.
24. Settle often; have short accounts.
25. Trust no man's appearance; it is often deceptive.
26. Rogues generally dress well.

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KINDERGARTEN

THE FOUR CHILDREN.

SONGS AND GAMES.

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DO YOU WANT TO BE HAPPY?

Words from "Little Folks." *Music by* Dr. BENTLEY.

Gaily. *mf, 2d time p.*

1. Do you want to be hap-py and gay, lit - tle man, Do you want to be hap - py and
2. Do you want to be mer-ry and glad, lit - tle maid, Do you want to be mer - ry and
3. Do you want to be health-y and wise, lit - tle folk, Do you want to be health-y and

mf, 2d time p.

cres.

gay?..... Then do a kind deed ev - 'ry day, lit - tle man, Then do a kind deed ev - 'ry
glad?..... Then speak a bright word to the sad, lit-tle maid, Then speak a bright word to the
wise?..... Then ear - ly to bed and to rise, lit - tle folk, Yes. ear - ly to bed and to

cres.

f rall.

day!..... Do a kind deed..... ev - 'ry day!.....
sad!..... Speak a bright word..... to the sad!.....
rise!..... Ear - ly to bed..... and to rise!.....

f *rall.*

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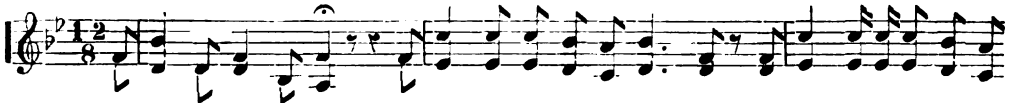
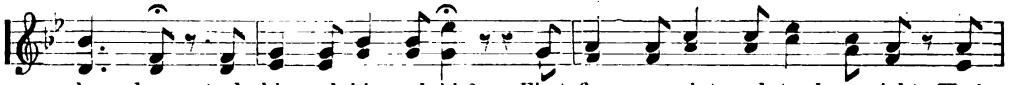
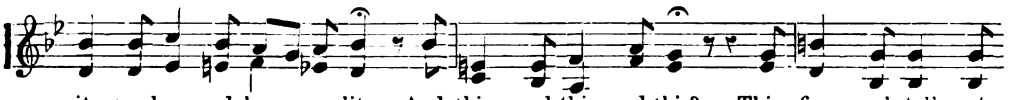
FINGER EXERCISE.



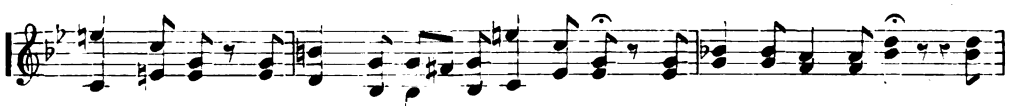
This is, this is, this is?— This is your lit-tle round thumb, dear, It's just like a lit-tle ripe



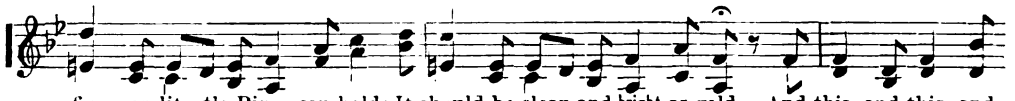
p'um, dear. And this, and this, and this? First fin - ger points and stands up-right, The'



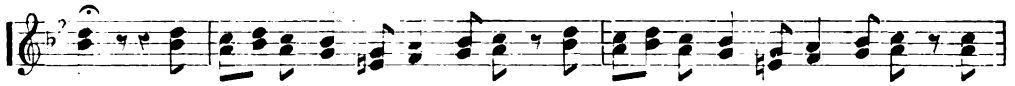
it can bow and be po - lite. And this, and this, and this? This fin - ger's tall - est



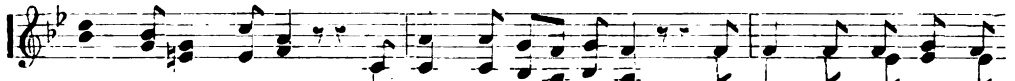
on your hand, Though it but in the mid-dle stand; And this, and this, and this? Ring



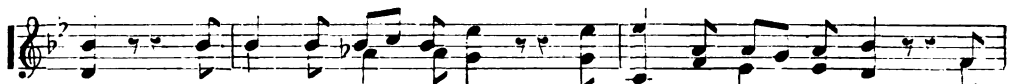
fin - ger lit - tle Rings can hold; It should be clean and bright as gold. And this, and this, and



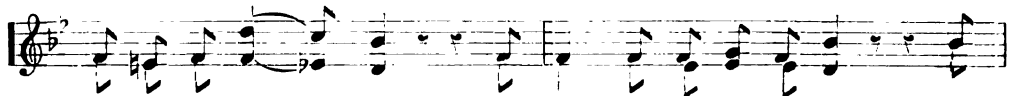
this? This lit - tle fin-ger's least of all, It ends their row, both great and small; It's



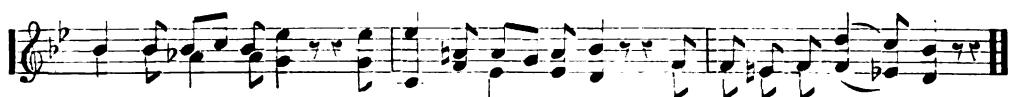
true. Oh! yes! it's true; For me, as well as you. How - ev - er diff-'rent may



be, The fin - gers' gifts, you see, They all live and a - gree. To-



geth - er and yet free. How - ev - er diff 'rent may be, The



fin gers' gifts, you see. They all live and a - gree To - geth-er and yet free.

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DROWSY HEAD.

Cantabile.

1. A drow - sy lit - tle boy, I know, Who, when 'tis time to bed to go, Cries,
2. A drow - sy lit - tle boy, I know, Who, when 'tis time a-broad to go, Cries,

p *f*

"oh, there must be some mis - take, For oh! I feel so wide a - wake."
"what bad time the clock must keep, For oh! I feel so sound a - sleep."

CHORUS.

f

Oh! the naught - y sun and moon! Now too late and now too soon!

Late to bed and late to rouse, That's the way with Drow - sy-Drowse!

DING, DONG, BELL.

1. Ding, dong, bell, ding, dong, bell, The old year will soon be gone, For a new one's coming on;
2. Ding, dong, bell, ding, dong, bell, Tell us year be - fore you go, Why at last you hur - ry so;
3. Ding, dong, bell, ding, dong, bell, Why can't years come back again, Just the same as they have been?
4. Ding, dong, bell, ding, dong, bell, Big folks say they nev-er do, But I'd like it, wouldn't you?

Ding, dong, bell, Ding, dong, bell, Ring the New Year's bells, Ring the New Year's bells.
Ding, dong, bell, Ding, dong, bell, Ring the New Year's bells, Ring the New Year's bells.
Ding, dong, bell, Ding, dong, bell, Ring the New Year's bells, Ring the New Year's bells.
Ding, dong, bell, Ding, dong, bell, Ring the New Year's bells, Ring the New Year's bells.

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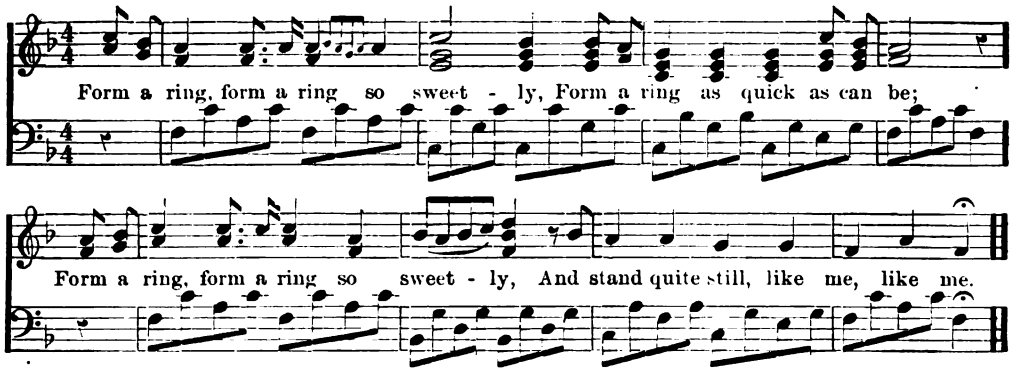
MOTION SONG WITH THE HANDS.



This melody is also used for the play, when the children, who have formed a ring, sing:

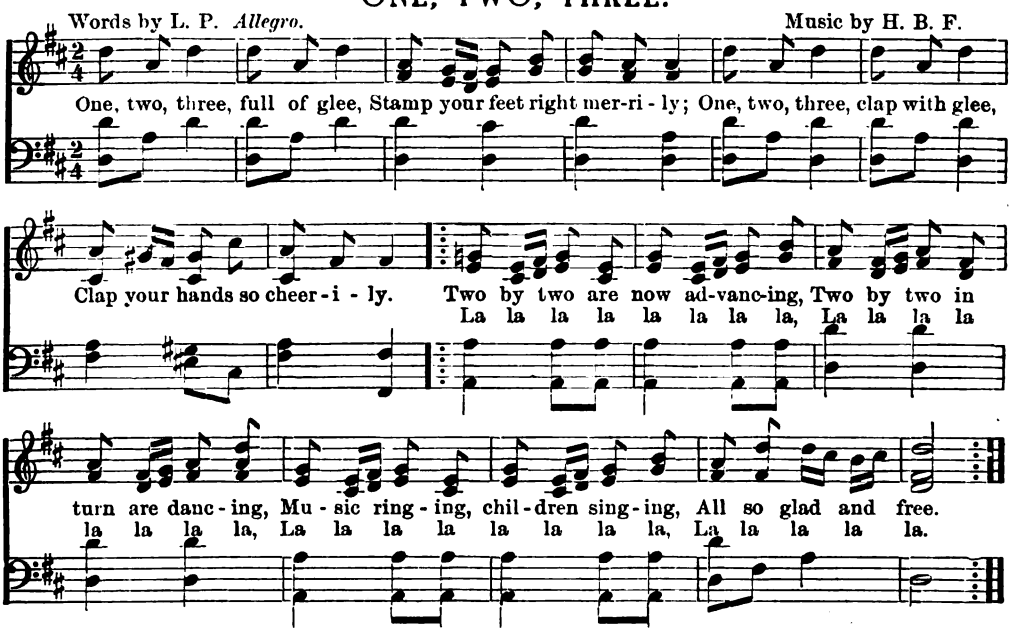
1. Roll the hands, roll the hands so slowly,
   Roll the hands as slow as can be;
   Roll the hands, roll the hands so slowly,
   And stand quite still, like me, like me.

2. Roll the hands, roll the hands so quickly,
   Roll the hands as quick as can be;
   Roll the hands, roll the hands so quickly,
   And stand quite still, like me, like me.

3. Go to sleep, go to sleep so quickly,
   Go to sleep as quick as can be;
   Go to sleep, go to sleep so quickly,
   And shut your eyes, like me, like me.

4. Now wake up, now wake up so quickly,
   Now wake up as quick as can be;
   Now wake up, now wake up so quickly,
   And look all around, like me, like me.

ONE, TWO, THREE.



Children stand in two rows facing each other, they stamp three times with the word "merrily," then clap their hands three times at the word "cheerily." The children at the head of the lines go towards each other, bow, and dance up and down the line until the end of the song, then bow at the foot of the line, where they take their places opposite each other. When each has had their turn, the first couple leading, all the children with their partners dance around to the same tune, first in one direction, then in the opposite direction, in a ring, and the play is finished.

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A SONG OF SCHOOLGIRLS.

[May be sung as a solo or in three parts.]

Briskly. *f* *mf*

1st & last v. School is o - ver for the day, Les - sons all are put a - way! We have studied well, you
2. We could tell of quar-rels sought, E - vil done in act and tho't, Bat-tles for the right be-
3. Ours a song of ten - der hearts, Tak - ing ev - er oth-ers' parts; Lack of self and love of

cres. *f*

see, So we now may mer - ry be! Good folk all, a-round us throng. Deign to
gun, Bat - tles lost in stead of won; But to - night we rath - er sing Of the
right, Put - ting mal - ice out of sight! Dark the mind and strange the will That would

mf *f* *rit.*

list - en to our song! Good folk all, good folk all, Deign to list - en to our song!
good in ev - 'ry - thing! Good folk all, good folk all, Deign to list - en while we sing!
rath - er brood o'er ill! Good folk all, good folk all, Deign to list - en to us still!

THIS IS THE WAY THE SNOW COMES DOWN.

[Whenever the words of the 1st, 2d and 5th lines come, the children move their hands and arms in harmony with the words.]

1. This is the way the snow comes down, Softly, softly fall - ing; So he sendeth the snow like wool,

Fair, and white, and beautiful, This is the way the snow comes down, Softly, soft-ly fall - ing.

2. This is the way the rain comes down,
Swiftly, swiftly falling;
So He sendeth the welcome rain,
O'er field, and hill, and plain.
This is the way, etc.

3. This is the way the frost comes down,
Widely, widely falling;
So it spreadeth all through the night,
Shining cold, and pure, and white,
This is the way, etc.

4. This is the way the hail comes down,
Loudly, loudly falling;
So it flieth beneath the cloud.
Swift, and strong, and wild, and loud.
This is the way, etc.

5. Wonderful, Lord, are all Thy works,
Wheresoever falling;
All their various voices raise.
Speaking forth their Maker's praise.
Wonderful, Lord, etc.

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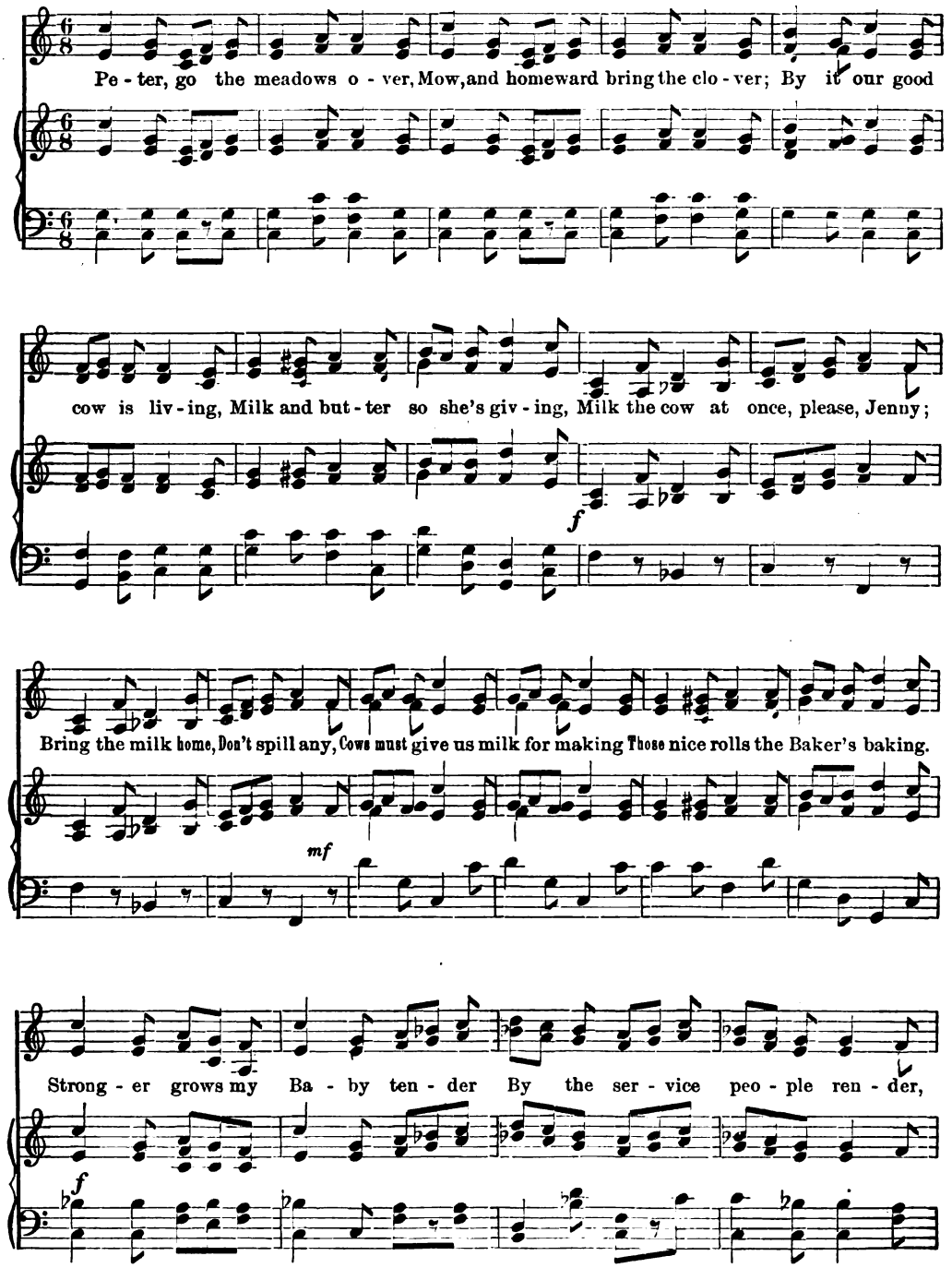
MOWING GRASS.



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Strong - er grows my Ba - by ten - der By the ser - vice peo - ple ren - der.

slower.

Pe - ter, go the meadows o - ver, Mow, and homeward bring the clo - ver. Thanks to you for

your good mow-ing; To our cow for milk are ow - ing; Thanks for milking to our Jen - ny,

Bak-er baked us rolls, how many? Mother's made your porridge, dear, Nobody's for-got-ten here.

mf *p* *mf* *f* *ff*

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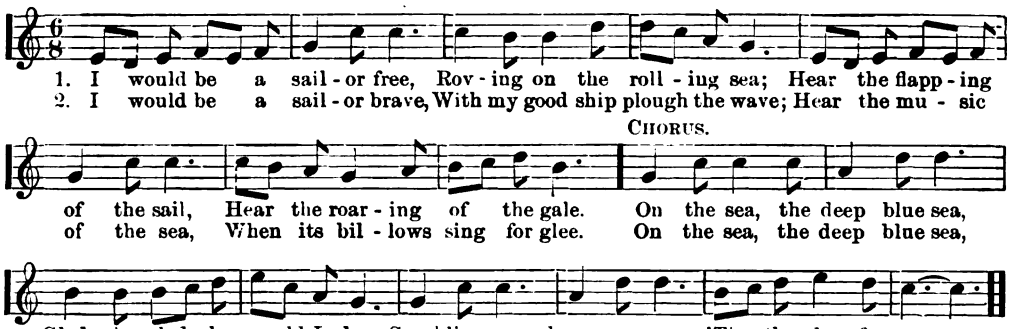
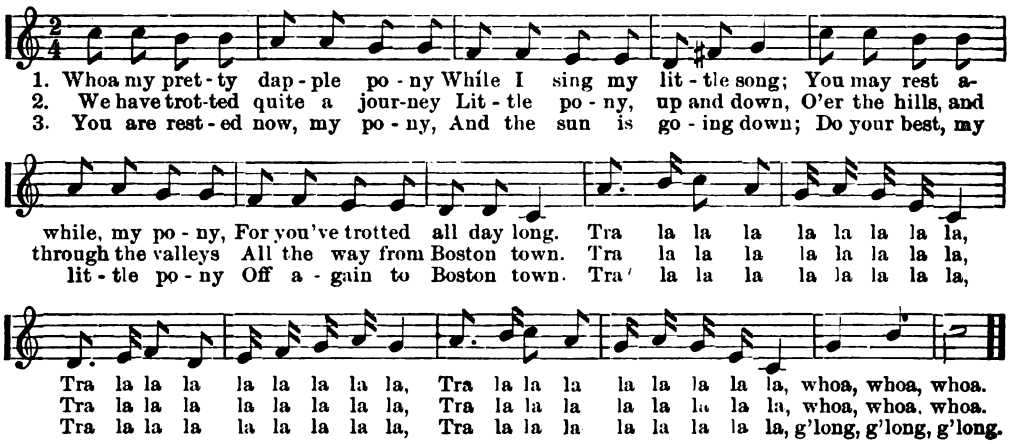
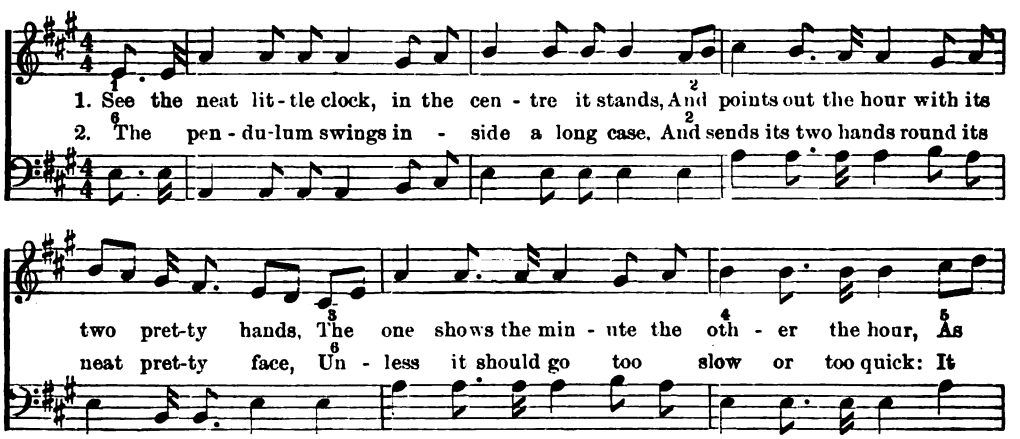
WISHING TO BE A SAILOR.



WHOA, WHOA, WHOA!



THE CLOCK.



From "Calisthenic Song Book," Published by Ivison, Blackman & Co., N. Y.

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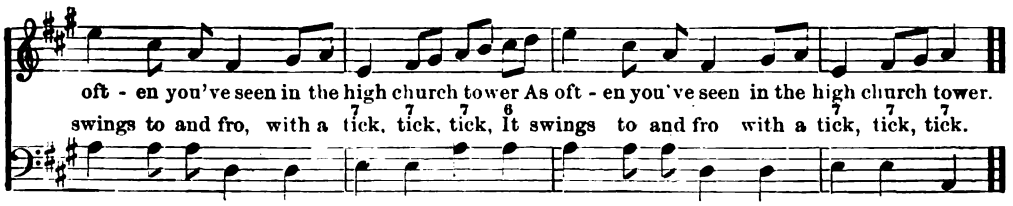

3. There's a nice little bell, which a hammer does knock,
And when we hear that we can tell what's o'clock;
We like nine and one, for then it is the rule,
To ring the little bell for us to march into school.

4. Hark, hark, how it strikes! there is one, two, three, four,
Five, six, seven, eight! will it strike any more?
Yes, yes, if you listen you'll hear, when it's done
Nine, ten, eleven, twelve; the next will be one.

5. But the wheels would not go, nor the pendulum swing,
Nor the hammer clap, clap, nor the little bell ring,
Nor the two heavy weights go up and down;
Unless there be motion there cannot be sound.

6. Go must I, like the clock; my face happy and bright;
My hands, when they're moving, must always do right.
My tongue should be guarded to say what is true.
Wherever I go and whatever I do.

1. Point with the index finger of the right hand toward the clock—eyes directed to the same place.

2. Both hands revolve in front and from the chest, but not around each other.

3. Right hand with a slight gesture, brought to a horizontal position—palm toward the left, and retains the position during the next exercise.

4. Left hand, with a slight gesture, brought to a horizontal position—palm toward the right.

5. Hands united so as to represent a spire of a church—thumbs vertical—ends of the forefingers meet—other three fingers united so that the ends of the fingers are inside of the hands, and raise the hands quickly above the head—arms fully extended.

6. Swing the hands and arms from right to left and left to right.

7. Cease to sing and snap the fingers, for the words "tick."

8. Right hand closed and keep time on the desk.

9. Bring the ends of the fingers of the right hand against the end of the thumb and move the hand slightly and quickly from right to left and left to right as if ringing a bell.

10. Keep time with first the right foot then the left.

11. Right hand raised in the attitude of listening.

12. Left hand horizontally in front of the chest—palm upward—right hand raised and brought down on the left with a clap.

13. Hands revolve around each other in front of and from the chest.

14. Hands closed to represent the weights of a clock — raised vertically at the side. This exercise may be perfected by observing the weights of a clock, how they move downward a trifle and then seem to jar back nearly to the former position, but at the close of the day the weights are found at the lower part of the case, so it should be with this exercise, and when the last word is sung the hands should be nearly horizontal with the elbows.

15. A slight bow and curved gesture.

16. Touch the face with the fingers of both hands.

17. Hands raised, and turn backward and forward.

18. With a slight bow and curved gesture wave the right hand.

19. With a slight bow and curved gesture wave the left hand.

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The char - coal burn - er's hut is small, It holds two men and that is all. Yet

p

there, oh! so hap - pi - ly they can dwell, The Fa - ther and both his sons as well. They

f *mf*

fetch all the wood, To charcoal they burn it, And in-to the blacksmith's great wagon they turn it. Think!

p

how could we ever make Horseshoes and knives, Spoons, forks and such things as we need all our lives, If the

f

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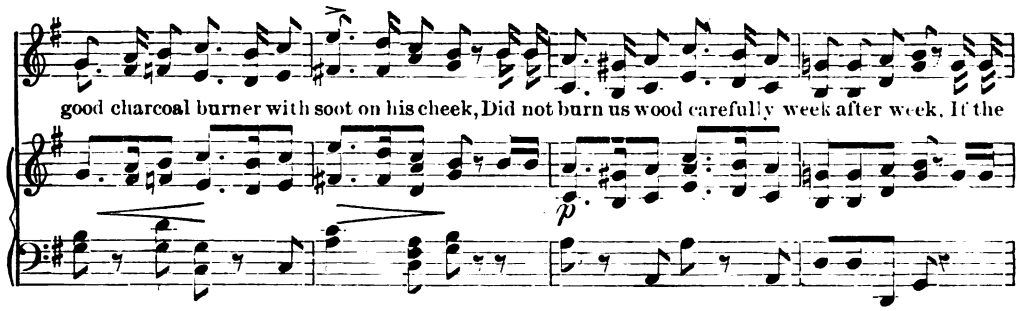

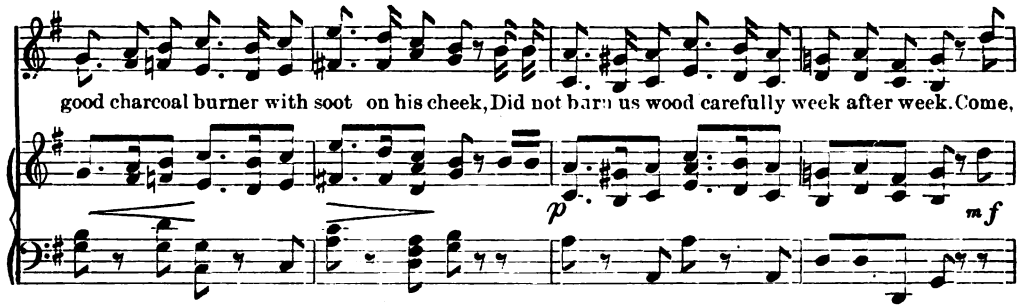

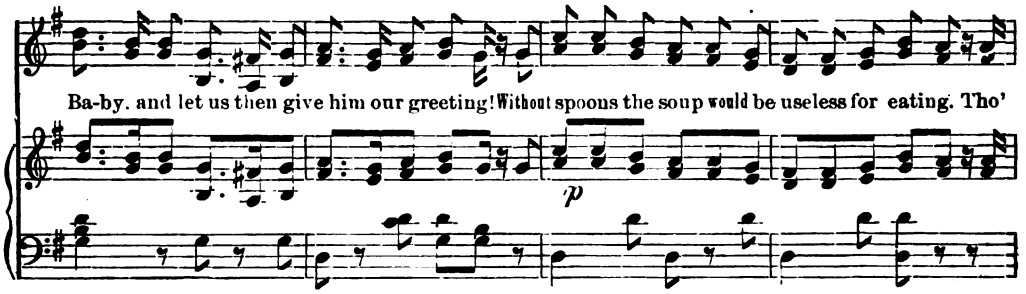

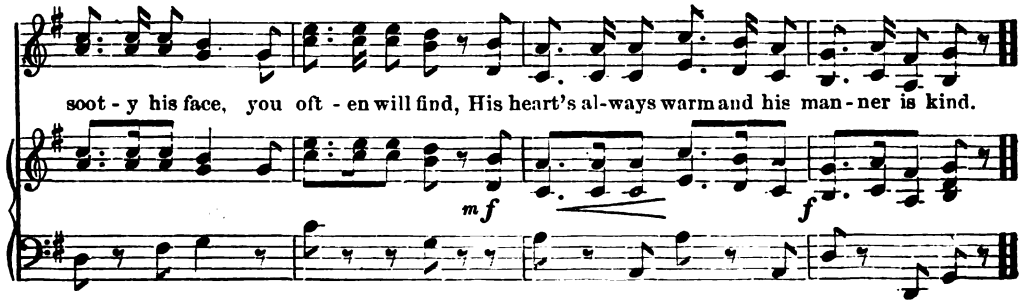

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TICK TACK.

On-ly see! On-ly see! Like a Pen-du-lum go we, For our arms go to and fro,

Not too fast, and not too slow, For their stroke goes there and back, Always tick and always tack.

Tick, Tack, Tick, Tack, Tick, Tack, Clock, Please never tell me wrong, But the right time

by your song. Say when my child must sleep and eat, Play, bathe in wa-ter fresh and sweet,

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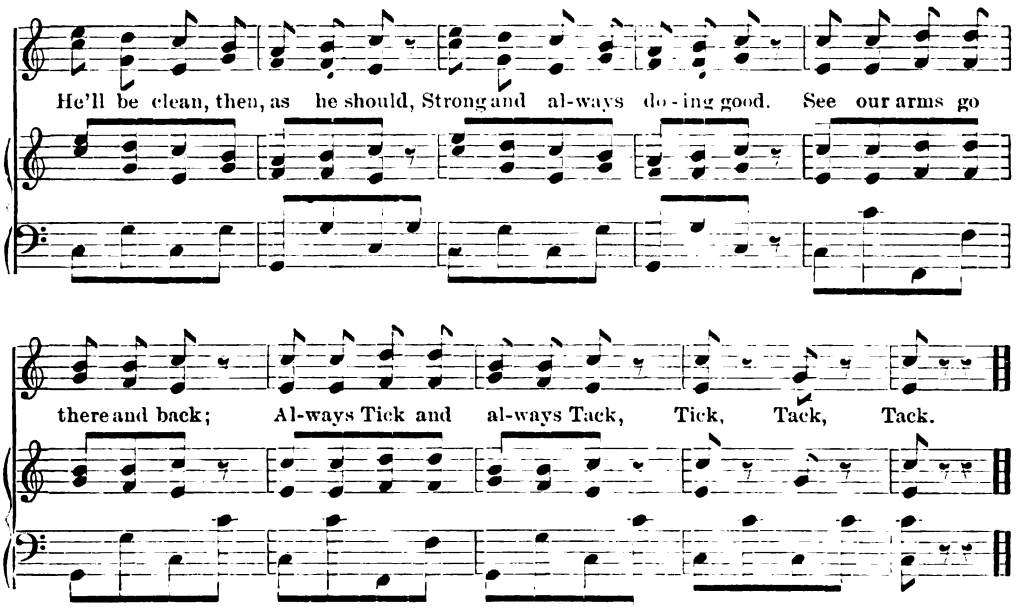
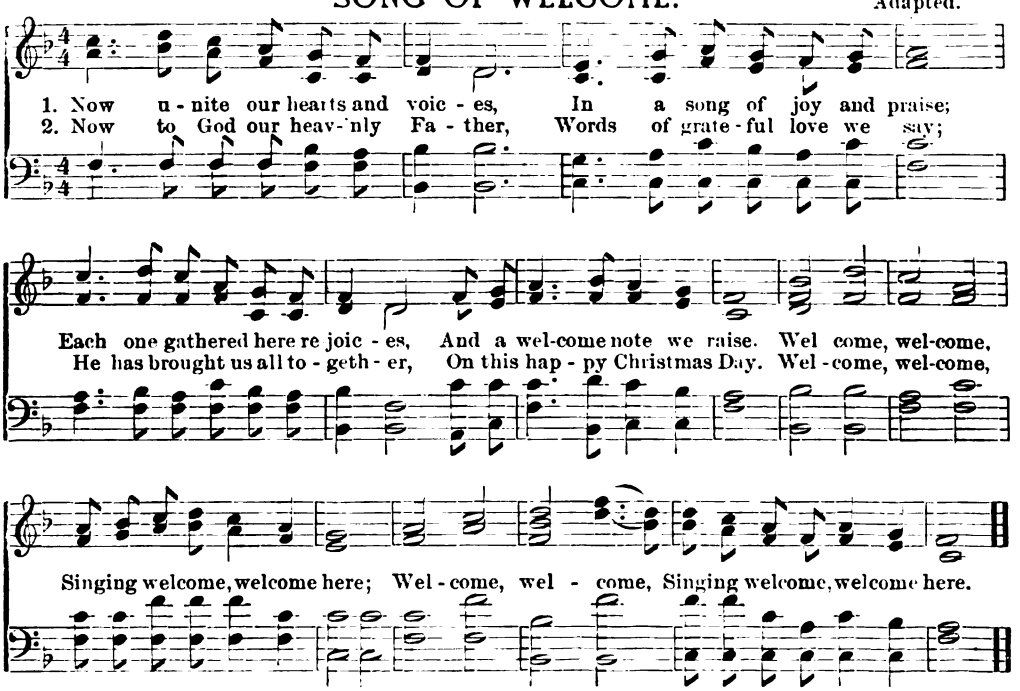


SONG OF WELCOME.

Adapted.



At the word "Welcome," all the children go down simultaneously to make the motion of welcome. If it is used at any other time, another word may be substituted for "Christmas."

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THE YARD GATE.

What can this be? A Gate, I see! With-in the yard it's

lead - ing me. The young colts are prancing. Hop, Hop, Hi, Hi, The

Pi-geons are fly - ing, koorr, koorr, koorr, koorr, The geese loud-ly cack - ling, The

ducks are all quack ing, Just hear the hens cluck - ing, And hear the cock crow, cock,

cock a - doo - dle doo,..... cock, cock a - doo - dle doo!.....

The bees are all hum - ming, summ, summ, summ, summ. And

hear the cow low moo— moo— The Calf there is leap - ing, The

Lamb there is baa - ing, The sheep yon-der bleats; The pig grunts and eats. We'll

close our Farm - yard for to - day. Oh! why? Please say, Not

one will run a - way, But each in its right place will stay.

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Make a bas-ket, we'll be-gin it, Pret-ty things we'll put with-in it; Flow'rs we'll carry,

mf *f*

you shall see, And they'll be glad as well as we..... Fa-ther! see what

p

flow'rs we're bringing; They're for you, and hear us singing; La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

mf *f* *pp*

Dear lit-tle flow'rs! La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Fa-ther's now, not ours.

f *f* *pp* *f*

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THREE LITTLE RATS.

With mock gravity.

1. Oh, three little rats took off their hats, And sat them down to read; Three bigger rats came and stole those hats— A very great shame, in - deed! A very great shame, indeed! Oh, no one knew, and yet 'tis true, A - bout those rats' three hats; You poor lit-tle rats, with no nice hats! Full soon you'll know your need, Full soon you'll know your need.
2. Soon these little rats look'd round for their hats (They'd read their papers thro'), Then these little rats, they miss'd their hats—They were just as good as new—They were just as good as new— "Oh, dear!" they cried, standing side by side, "Will nobody find our hats?" Oh, poor lit-tle rats, with-out your hats, The loss you'll sure - ly rue, The loss you'll sure - ly rue.
3. Well, these little rats, without their hats, Had toothache ver-y sore! And as these rats never found their hats, They had to buy some more, They had to buy some more. But from that day, so I've heard say, They never took off their hats; And these lit-tle rats, never lost their hats, As they did once be - fore, As they did once be - fore.

mf *p* *mf* *p* *mf* *p* *cres.* *mf* *p* *cres.* *p* *cres.* *p* *cres.* *rall.* *rall.*

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A BIRTHDAY SONG.

Words and Music by T. H. BERTENSHAW, B. A., B. Mus.

mf

1. Once there lived a lit - tle maid - en,
2. First the sun took up the no - tion,
3. Long - est day must have its end - ing,

Allegretto. (♪=144.)

f *mf*

Fair was she and full of grace; Ev'ry day with pleasure la - den, Hap-py moments fled a-pace.
And the brightest day he made; Then the trees, with graceful motion, Wav'd their branches in the shade.
Tho' a birthday it may be; Now the sunny light is spending—Farewell bird, and flow'r, and tree!

When her birth-day - morn was breaking, All the earth rejoiced to see; And her birth-day set to making,
All the birds did carol ditties, And the flow'rets heard the strain; Joyful song for birthday fit is,
But the lit - tle maiden's pleasure Not so quickly pass'd a - way; Long with-in her heart a treasure

rall. ..... *a tempo.* *D. C.*

Sun, and flow'r, and bird, and tree. Such a birthday ne'er was seen, Such be - fore had never been!
So all join'd the glad refrain. Such a birthday ne'er was seen, Such be - fore had never been!
Lived the mem'ry of that day. May such pleasure long re - main! May such birthday come again!

rall. ..... *a tempo.* *D. C.*

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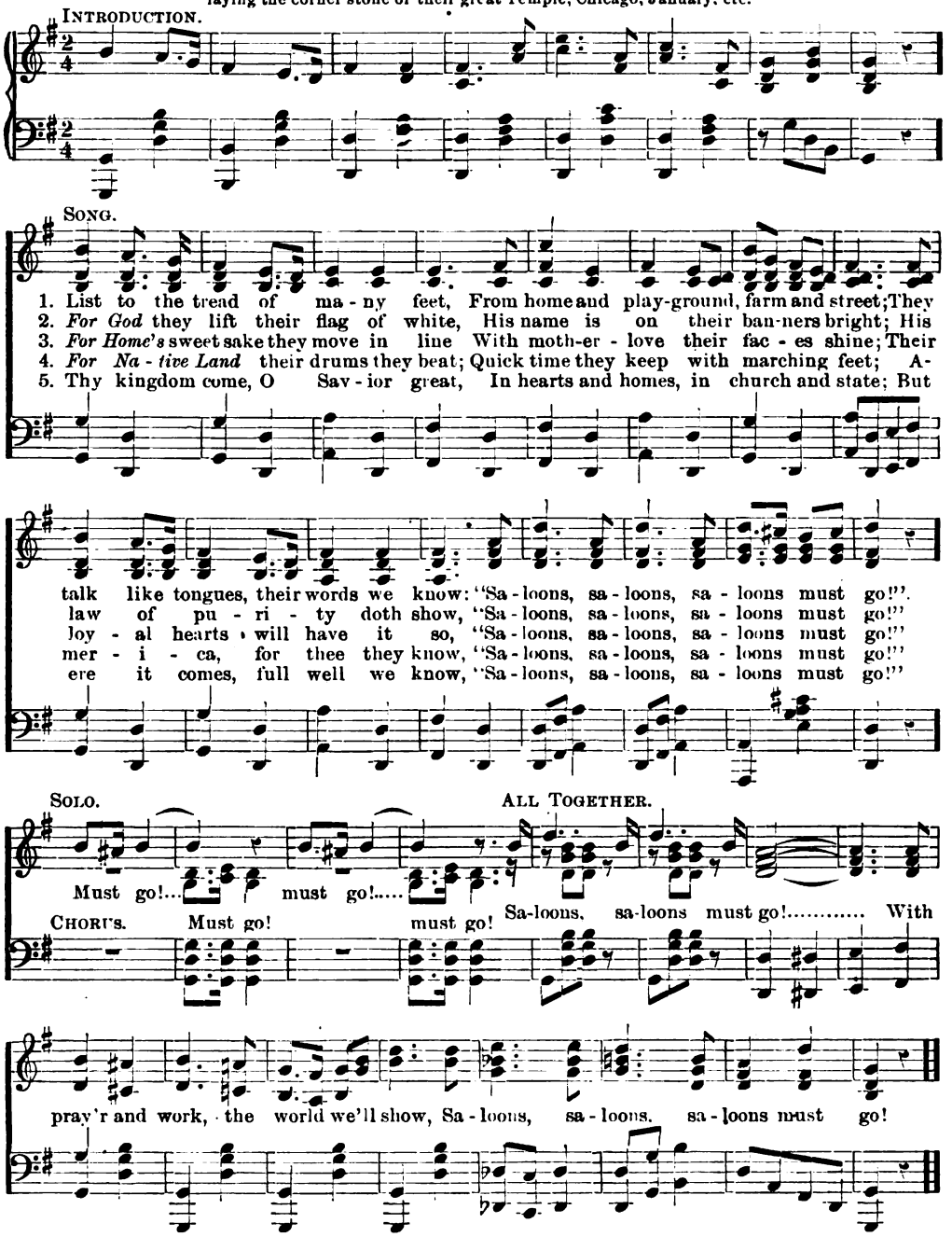
SALOONS MUST GO.

FRANCES E. WILLARD. CHAS. T. KIMBALL.

Composed especially and sung at the dedicatory services of the National Woman's Temperance Union, while laying the corner stone of their great Temple, Chicago, January, etc.



NOTE.—In the Chorus let the boys and girls mark time gently to the words, "Saloons, saloons, saloons must go!"

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MOTHER, KIND AND DEAR.

See Moth - er, al - ways so kind and dear, See Fa - ther, brave and mer - ry here;

See Broth - er, grown so tall and stout, See Sis - ter, tak - ing Dol - ly out. And

here is the Ba - by, still lit - tle and fair, We've seen such a nice, hap-py Fam-i-ly there.

THE NAUGHTY LITTLE MOUSE.

Words and Music by B. MANSELL RAMSEY.

1. In a pret - ty lit - tle house Lived a naught - y lit - tle mouse, Who
2. But one day there came a cat, That was ver - y sleek and fat; And when

used to steal the but - ter and the cheese; And of oth - er things so nice This
next the mouse peep'd out be - hind the door, Miss Puss put out her paws, And

mouse would take a slice, With - out so much as say - ing, "If you please, if you please."
caught him with her claws, And the naught-y lit - tle mouse could steal no more, no more.

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HOLIDAY.

1. We are com - ing, We are com - ing, With our songs in joy-ous meas - ure, With a
2. We are com - ing, We are com - ing, With a hap - py song of wel - come, With our

greet-ing Full of glad-ness, For our friends as-sem-bled here. There is joy in meet-ing
hearts as Full of glad-ness, As our lips are full of praise. For the past we all are

loved ones, In the tem - ple here be - low, But a great - er joy a - waits us, In the
grate-ful, And the fu - ture bright ap-pears. Still a bet - ter life a - waits us, Far be-

CHORUS.

land to which we go. We are com - ing, We are com - ing, With our songs in joy-ous
yond these fleeting years. We are com - ing, We are com - ing, &c.

meas - ure, With a greet - ing Full of glad - ness, For our friends as - sem-bled here.

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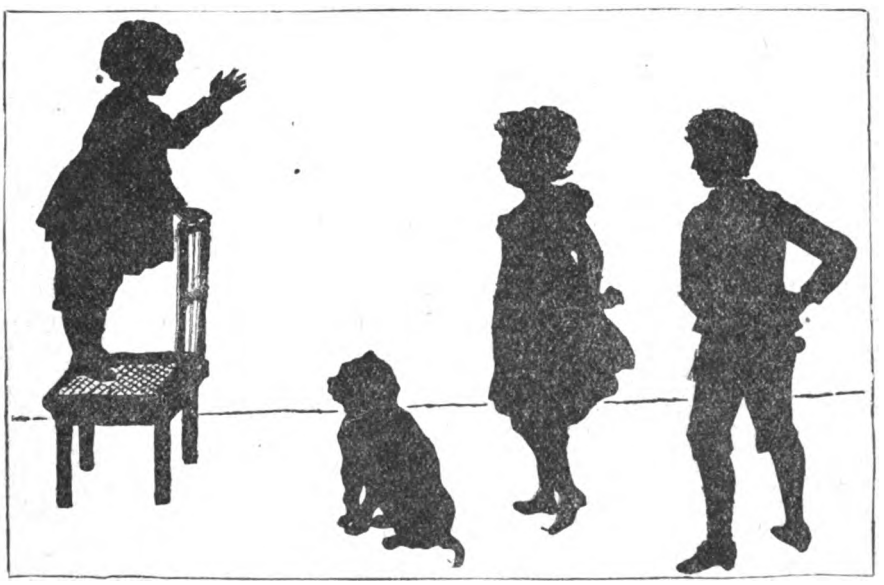
WHAT WILLIE SAID.

Hear what a little child would say,
  Who comes to school each pleasant day,
And tries to learn his lessons well,
  A good report at home to tell.

I love the school, and teacher dear,
  And all the scholars gathered here;



To each I say in simple rhyme,
  Be careful, do not waste your time.

For moments spent in life's young day,
  In useless or in thoughtless play,
Will cast a shade o'er future years,
  And cause you many sighs and tears.

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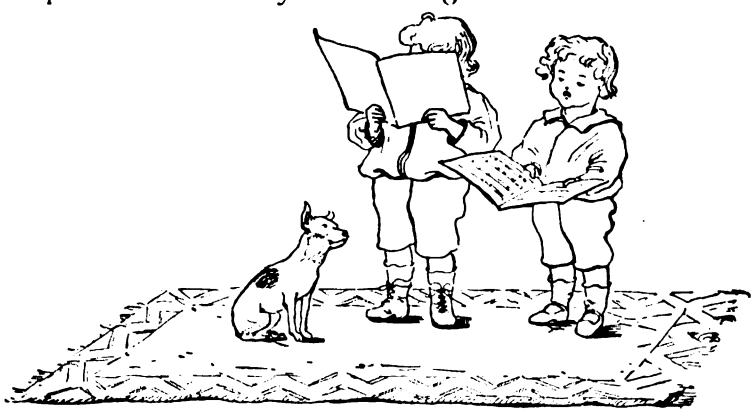
TROTTY AND DOTTY.

A STORY IN SIMPLE WORDS.

Trotty and Dotty were two little boys. They were very fond of singing, and nothing gave them more pleasure than getting some of their mamma's music-books, and singing as they stood on the great soft hearth-rug.

To be sure they did not sing the words that were in the book, for Trotty and Dotty could not read, but they sang words that they knew, and made up the tune as they went along. So that it was not much of



a tune; but that did not matter to Trotty and Dotty, as long as they shouted and made as much noise as they could. This is one of the songs they used to sing over and over again:

There was once a robin,
And he sat upon a tree;
He sang song after song
As merry as could be:
And he said, "Have not I
A fine scarlet vest?
That's why people call me
A robin redbreast."

A cat came so softly
When she heard him sing;
And when she got up near him
She made a sudden spring;
But the robin he saw her,
And quickly flew away,
Or else he'd have sung there
The whole of the day.

"Hurrah, is not that fine singing?"

They had sung the song five times, and were going to sing it again, for they liked it so much. But if they liked it, their little dog Nip did not, and when the brothers began the song for the sixth time, he lifted up his head and gave a dismal howl.

"Be quiet, Nip," said Trotty; but Nip took no notice of what was said.

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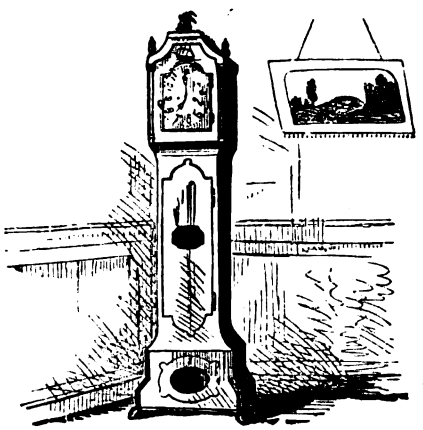
A NEW TIME-TABLE.



Sixty seconds make a minute:
How much good can I do in it?
Sixty minutes make an hour,—
All the good that's in my power.
Twenty hours and four, a day,—
Time for work, and sleep, and play.
Days, three hundred sixty-five
Make a year for me to strive
Right good things for me to do,
That I wise may grow, and true.

CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

The child that is born on the Sabbath day
Is blithe and bonny, and good and gay;
Monday's child is fair of face;
Tuesday's child is full of grace;
Wednesday's child is merry and glad;
Thursday's child is sour and sad;
Friday's child is loving and giving;
And Saturday's child must work for its living.

THE MONTHS.

Thirty days hath September,
April, June and November;
February hath twenty-eight alone.
All the rest have thirty-one,
Excepting Leap year, that's the time
When February's days are twenty-nine.

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DAYS OF THE WEEK.

Seven bright jewels our Father above
Hath given His children, in mercy and love:
Beautiful jewels set in gold
For the rich and the poor, the young and the old.
But one He asks may to Him be given,
That each may have some treasure in Heaven.
These jewels are days, and we are blest
With hours for labor, and hours for rest.
Let us work with all zeal, be fervent in spirit,
That we may the kingdom of Heaven inherit.

FACTS FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

Tea is prepared from the leaf of a tree;
Honey is gathered and made by the bee.
Butter is made from the milk of the cow;
Pork is the flesh of the pig or the sow.
Oil is obtained from fish and from flax;
Candles are made of tallow and wax.
Worsted is made from wool, soft and warm;
Silk is prepared and spun by a worm.

SCHOOL TIME.

Now Jenny, and Mollie, and Robert, and John,
Attend to your letters, I pray ;
For if with your reading you do not get on,
You'll never be ready for play.

Attention to lessons brings laughter at play,
Glad faces, with merriment bright,

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Good temper, and hearts full of sunshine by day,
  And sweet, peaceful slumbers at night.

Then on with your letters, a, e, i, o, u—
  The dullest can honestly try;
And who would not work with the prospect in view
  Of reading bright books by-and-by?

M. H. F. DONNE.

A GENTLE MAN.

"Be very gentle with her, my son," said Mrs. B—, as she tied on her little girl's bonnet, and sent her out to play with her elder brother.

They had not been out long before a cry was heard, and presently Julius came, and threw down his hat, saying:

"I hate playing with girls! There's no fun with them; they cry in a minute."

"What have you been doing to your sister? I see her lying there on the gravel walk; you have torn her frock, and pushed her down. I am afraid you forgot my caution to be gentle."

"Gentle! Boys can't be gentle, mother; it's their nature to be rough and strong. They are the stuff soldiers and sailors are made of. It's very well to talk of a gentle girl; but a gentle boy—it sounds ridiculous!"

"And yet, Julius, a few years hence, you would be angry if any one were to say you were not a gentle man."

"A gentle man! I had never thought of dividing the word that way before. Being gentle seems to me like being weak and soft."

"This is so far from being the case, my son, that you will always find the bravest men are the most gentle. The spirit of chivalry that you so much admire, is a spirit of the noblest courage and the utmost gentleness combined. Still, I dare say, you would rather be called a manly than a gentle boy."

"Yes, indeed, mother."

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"Well, then, my son, it is my greatest wish that you should endeavor to unite the two. Show yourself manly when you are exposed to danger, or see others in peril; be manly when called on to speak the truth, though the speaking of it may bring reproach upon you; be manly when you are in sickness or pain. At the same time be gentle, whether you are with women or men. By putting the two spirits together, you will deserve a name which, perhaps, you will not dislike."

"I see what you mean, mother, and I will try to be what you wish —a gentlemanly boy."

THE DUNCE'S BENCH.

Again we see the dunce's row,
The boys who never try to know;
Who application always shirk,
And never set their wits at work.
Yet George looks grave, his earnest face
Seems fitted for a better place.

Oh, boys! be wise; the precious hours
Are going fast, like fading flowers;
Oh, seek to learn in early days,
Walk carefully in wisdom's ways;
Fill up the moments as they fly,
For soon will come eternity.

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TWENTY LITTLE SCHOOL-MATES.

The roses had fallen, and the weather was cool,
Twenty little lassies, returning from school,
I thought were so pretty, and tidy, and neat,
To my house I would ask them, just over the street.
They played, and they danced, and they skipped, and they sang,
And the porches and parlors with laughter they rang,

And sweet as a picture the beautiful sight
Of twenty little ladies so happy and bright.
I called them my lambs, and the garden my fold;
And precious as silver, as good as the gold,
Were twenty little maidens, so tidy and neat,
Whom I asked to my house just over the street;
Though autumn be sad, and winter be wild,
'Tis summer for all in the heart of the child.

"All is not gold that glitters;"
Yet think not, children mine,
That all that glitters is not gold;
The true must ring and shine.

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HOW COLUMBUS FONUD AMERICA.

Columbus stood upon the deck;
"Go home!" the sailors cried;
'Not if I perish on the wreck,"
Great Christopher replied.

Next day the crew got out their knives
And went for Captain C.
"Go home!" they yelled, "and save our lives,"
"Wait one more day," said he.

"Then if I cannot tell how far
We're from the nearest land
I'll take you home." "Agreed, we are!"
Answered the sea-sick band.

That night when all were fast asleep
Columbus heaved the lead,
And measuring the water deep,
Took notes and went to bed.

To-morrow dawned. Naught could be seen
But water, wet and cold;
Columbus, smiling and serene,
Looked confident and bold.

"Now, Cap! How far from land are we?"
The mutineers out cried.
"Just ninety fathoms," Captain C.
Most truthfully replied.

"If you doubt it, heave the lead
And measure, same as I."
"You're right," the sailors laughed, "Great head!
We'll stick to you or die."

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And thus, in fourteen ninety-two,
  America was found,
Because the great Columbus knew
  How far off was the ground.

H. C. DODGE.

TRUST YOUR MOTHER.

Trust your mother, little one!
In life's morning just begun,
You will find some grief, some fears,
Which perhaps may cause you tears;
But a mother's kiss can heal
Many griefs that children feel.

Trust your mother, noble youth,
Turn not from the path of truth;
In temptation's evil hour,
Seek her, ere it gains new power.
She will never guide you wrong;
Faith in her will make you strong.

Trust your mother, maiden fair!
Love will guide your steps with care,
Let no cloud e'er come between—
Let no shadow e'er be seen
Hiding from your mother's heart
What may prove a poisoned dart.

Trust your mother to the end,
She will prove your constant friend;
If 'tis gladness wings the hour,
Share with her the joyful shower;
Or if sorrow should oppress,
She will smile and she will bless.

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WHICH IS THE BEST?

A DIALOGUE FOR FIVE LITTLE GIRLS.

1st Girl—I'm a little country lassie,
I can iron, churn and bake,
Wash the dishes, feed the poultry,
Mix a famous johnny-cake;
Ride the horses down to water,
Drive the cows to pastures green—
I would not exchange my station
For the throne of England's queen.

2d Girl—Mother calls me little student;
I can cipher, read and spell,
Draw a map or bound a country,
And in "mental" I excel.
I shall climb the hill of knowledge,
To its very top will go;
Then success will crown my efforts,
Teacher says—and ain't it so?

3d Girl—I am nothing but a noodle,
Mother told me so to-day.
But I really cannot study,
When the very fields are gay.
Birds are calling from the tree-tops—
Spring is waking lake and rill;
You may mope o'er prosy lessons,
I will be a noodle still.

4th Girl—I'm a little city maiden,
You would know this by my style,
Quite unlike those country rustics,
With their broad, uncourteous smile.

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I'll not soil my hands with labor,
Mine were made for higher things;
Papa calls me "little angel,"
All I lack, he says, is wings.

5th Girl—I'm my mother's little helper,
And am happy all day long;
I can bring dear papa's slippers,
Sing the baby's cradle song.
Rock him till the angels' whispers
Make him smile from dreamland shore;
Run a thousand ways for mother,
Can a little girl do more?

THE CLERK OF THE WEATHER.

Oh, please can you tell us the way
To the Clerk of the Weather? They say
He can stop all this rain, if he will,
And drive off the mists from the hill,
And make the sky sunny and blue,
And let out the butterflies too.
We're so tired of staying indoors,
While all day long it pours and pours.

Alas, but the journey was long,
And folks kept directing us wrong;
Our naughty shoes somehow would stray
Wherever the worst puddles lay;
So here we are back once again,
All weary and cross, in the rain;
For what little boys or girls, pray,
Could be good on such a wet day?

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ALL WEARY AND CROSS, IN THE RAIN.

We'll peep in the schoolhouse—oh dear!
Why, the Clerk of the Weather's been here,
And breathed on the glass, I declare,
And made it go up toward "fair."
Come on—there's the sun smiling out,
And a butterfly sailing about;
Good Clerk of the Weather — he knew,
All the time, without us, what to do!

"COME ON! THERE'S THE SUN SMILING OUT."

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VACATION SONG.

Come to the fields, little laddies, and lassies;
  Leave for awhile all the lessons and books,
Dance on the grass with the frolicsome breezes,
  Swing on the tree boughs, and play by the brooks.

Drive home the cows from the hillsides and hollows,
  Where they are pasturing all the day thro',
Gather wild berries that redden and ripen,
  Feed on the sunshine, the rain and the dew.

MEADOW FLOWERS.

Watch the brisk bees, roving hither and thither,
  Working and storing their harvest of sweets,
Follow the steps of the fleet-footed squirrels,
  Hieing away to their woodland retreats.

Pluck the gold buttercups, pluck the white daisies,
  Thick in the meadows as stars in the sky,
Listen and hear the gay bobolinks carol,
  Hear the soft notes of the thrush in reply!

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THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE.

RY RUTH KINGDON.

A crowdea church—a sheltered seat,
  A shield from the winter's cold,
Two pair of tired, noiseless feet,
  Two homeless children bold:
The music soft, the heads devout,
  The psalms and solemn prayer,
Made chill and homelessness die out,
  For love divine was there.

His text the pastor slowly read,
  And valiantly he preached;
But just one thought of all he said,
  The hearts of the newsboys reached;
"Of all the gems in all the earth
  This pearl is far the best;
'Twill feed, and clothe, and fill with mirth,
  'Twill furnish perfect rest."

The service closed—the boys stole out
  Awestruck and wonder wrapt;
This priceless gem they'd heard about
  All business handicapped.
"Let's start and go the world around,
  And see what we can do;
We'll seek this gem until 'tis found,
  By either me or or you."

They traveled many a country through
  'Mid hardships keen and toil;
Sometimes the quest their hearts did rue,—
  Slight med the coveted spoil,

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But on they'd toil with hopes renewed
  For many, many days;
And oft their fateful pathway stood
  In the gospel's holy ways.

And when the way seemed rough and long,
  God's cheer gleamed through the gloom;
It changed their sadness into song,
  And set the way a-bloom.
At last they found the treasure—
  'Twas nearer than they thought;
For with surprise and wonder,
  Each found it in his heart!

A SONG OF THE SEASON.

Bring out the rusty garden rake,
  Hunt up the hoe and spade,
For spring is here, and it is time
  To have the garden made.

Your wife will lean upon the fence,
  And watch you while you work,
She's always prompt to give advice,
  She'll never let you shirk.

Don't waste your time in trying to tell
  The bulbs from worthless weeds;
Dig them all up; that's easiest, and
  You'll need the room for seeds.

Work hard, man, you won't break your back,
  Though you may fear you may.
Don't stop to lean upon your spade—
  Think what your wife will say.

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Then when you've got the garden dug,
  The seeds all out of sight,
You'd better hire a gardener
  To do it over right.

SOMERVILLE JOURNAL.

A BOY'S BELIEF.

It isn't much fun a livin',
  If grandpa says what's true—
That this is the jolliest time o' life
  That I'm a-passing through.
I'm 'fraid he can't remember—
  It's been so awful long;
I'm sure if he could recollect
  He'd know that he was wrong.

Did he ever have, I wonder,
  A sister just like mine,
Who'd take his skates, or break his kite,
  Or tangle up his twine?
Did he ever chop the kindling,
  Or fetch in coal and wood,
Or offer to turn the wringer?
  If he did, he was awful good!

How can grandpa remember
  A fellow's grief or joy?
'Twixt you and me, I don't believe
  He ever was a boy.
Is this the jolliest time o' life?
  Believe it I never can;
Nor that it's as nice to be a boy
  As really a grown-up man.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

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A NATION'S STRENGTH.

BY WILLIAM RALPH EMERSON.

What builds a nation's pillars high,
  And its foundations strong?
What makes it mighty to defy
  The foes that round it throng?

It is not gold. Its kingdoms grand
  Go down in battle's shock;
Its shafts are laid on sinking sand,
  Not on abiding rock.

Is it the sword? Ask the red dust
  Of empires passed away;
The blood has turned their stones to rust,
  Their glory to decay.

And is it pride? Ah! that bright crown
  Has seemed to nations sweet;
But God has struck its luster down
  In ashes at His feet.

Not gold, but only man, can make
  A people great and strong;
Men who, for truth and honor's sake,
  Stand fast and suffer long.

Brave men who work while others sleep,
  Who dare while others fly,—
They build a nation's pillars deep,
  And lift them to the sky.

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THE ORPHAN TURKEYS.

Twenty-two little turkeys
  Were hatched by two hens,
And, one by one, some of them
  Came to bad ends;

'Till only six turkeys
  Were shivering with cold.
The old hens had weaned them
  When scarce a month old.

It was time for a venture,
  So the poor little things
Crept up for a shelter
  'Neath the old rooster's wings.

And not only then
  But the next rainy day,
He sheltered them all
  In the same friendly way.

The farmer's wife saw it,
  And said, "I declare,
Kind-hearted old fellow,
  Your life I will spare.

"I fully intended
  To take off your head;
But those two old hens
  Shall lose theirs instead."

My dear little children,
  You always will find,
With folks or with fowls,
  It pays to be kind.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

We're little lads and lassies gay,
  Pray to our song give ear;
We've come a long and snowy way
  To sing of Christmas cheer.

There's no day half so dear and glad,
  Alike to young and old;
We pray that no one may be sad,
  Or want for lack of gold.

That each may have a merry heart,
  To greet this cheery day,
And pass a happy greeting on
  To all who come their way.

For Christmas is no time for woe,
  'Tis a day for joy and cheer;
It comes with wreathing greens and snow
  To round the happy year.

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THE WIND.

"What is the wind, mamma?"
"'Tis air in motion, child;"
"Why can I never see the wind
That blows so fierce and wild?"

"Because the gases, dear,
Of which the air is made,
Are quite transparent, that is, we
See through, but see no shade.

"And what are gases, ma?"
"Fluids, which, if we squeeze
In space too small, will burst with force;"—
"And what are fluids, please?"

"Fluids are what will flow,
And gases are so light
That when we give them room enough,
They rush with eager flight."

"What gases, dear mamma,
Make up the air or wind?"
"'Tis oxygen and nitrogen
That chiefly there we find;

"And, when the air is full
Of oxygen, we're gay;
But when there is not quite enough
We're dull, or faint away."

"What makes the rain, mamma?"
"The mists and vapors rise
From land, and stream, and rolling sea,
Up toward the distant skies;

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"And there they form the clouds
  Which, when they're watery, dear,
Pour all the water down to earth,
  And rain afar or near."

"What makes the snow, mamma?"
  When very cold above,
The mists are frozen high in air,
  And fall as snow, my love."

"And hail?" "'Tis formed the same;
  Cold streams of air have come
And frozen all the water-drops,
  And thus the hail stones form."

THE COUNTRY SCHOOLHOUSE.

The schoolhouse stood beside the way,
A shabby building, old and gray,
With rattling sash, and loose-hung door,
And rough, uneven walls and floor;
And why the little homespun crew
It gathered were some ways more blest
Than others, you would scarce have guessed,
It is a secret known to few.

I'll tell it you. The high road lay
Stretched all along the township hill,
Whence the broad lands sloped either way,
And smiling up did strive to fill
At every window, every door,
The schoolhouse, with that gracious lore
That God's fair world would fain instil.

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So softly, quietly it came,
The children never knew its name,
Its various, unobtrusive looks
They counted not as study-books;
And yet they could not lift an eye
From play or labor, dreamily,
And not find writ in sweetest speech,
The tender lessons it would teach:
"Be gentle, children, brave and true,
And know the great God loveth you."

Only the teacher, wise of heart,
Divined the landscape's blessed art;
And when she felt the lag and stir
Of her young idlers fretting her,
Out-glancing o'er the meadows wide,
The ruffling woods, the far hillside,
She drew fresh breath of God's free grace,
A gentler look came in her face,
Her kindly voice caught in its own
An echo of that pleasant tone
In which the great world sang its song—
"Be cheerful, patient, still and strong."

M. E. BENNETT.

THE WATERMILL.

Listen to the watermill, through the livelong day,
How the clicking of its wheel wears the hours away.
Languidly the autumn wind stirs the greenwood leaves,
From the fields the reapers sing, binding up the sheaves;
And a proverb haunts my mind, as a spell is cast—
The mill will never grind with the water that is past.

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Autumn winds revive no more leaves that once are shed,
And the sickle cannot reap corn once gathered ;
And the rippling stream flows on, tranquil, deep, and still,
Never gliding back again to the watermill.
Truly speaks the proverb old, with a meaning vast—
The mill will never grind with the water that is past.

Take the lesson to thyself, loving heart, and true ;
Golden years are fleeting by ; youth is passing, too ;
Learn to make the most of life, lose no happy day,
Time will never bring thee back chances swept away ;
Leave no tender word unsaid, love, while love shall last—
The mill will never grind with the water that is past.

Work while yet the daylight shines, man of strength and will,
Never does the streamlet glide useless by the mill ;
Wait not till to-morrow's sun beams upon thy way,
All that thou canst call thine own lies in thy to-day ;
Power, intellect, and health may not always last—
The mill will never grind with the water that is past.

Oh ! the wasted hours of life that have drifted by ;
Oh ! the good we might have done, lost without a sigh !
Love that we might once have saved by a single word,
Thoughts conceived, but never penned, perishing, unheard.
Take the proverb to thine heart, take and hold it fast—
The mill will never grind with the water that is past.

Oh ! love thy God and fellow-man, thyself consider last ;
For come it will, when thou must scan dark errors of the past :
And when the fight of life is o'er, and earth recedes from view,
And heaven in all its glory shines, 'midst the pure, the good, the true—
Then you'll see more clearly the proverb deep and vast—
The mill will never grind with the water that is past.

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ASTRONOMY MADE EASY.

Hi-diddle-diddle,
The sun's in the middle
And planets around him so grand
Are swinging in space.
Held forever in place
In the zodiac girdle or band.

Hi-diddle-diddle,
The sun's in the middle,
And Mercury's next to the sun;
While Venus so bright,
Seen at morning or night,
Comes second to join in the fun.

Hi-diddle-diddle,
The sun's in the middle,
And third in the group is our earth;
While Mars with his fire,
So warlike and dire,
Swings around to be counted the fourth

Hi-diddle-diddle,
The sun's in the middle,
While Jupiter's next to Mars;
And his four moons at night
Show the speed of the light;
Next golden-ringed Saturn appears.

Hi-diddle-diddle,
The sun's in the middle,
After Saturn comes Uranus far;
And his antics so queer,
Let astronomers near
To old Neptune, who drives the last car.

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STRAUSS' BOEDRY.

Vagation dime vas coom again,
  Vhen dher vas no more shgool:
I goes to boardt, der coundtry oudt,
  Vhere id vas nice und cool,
I dakes Katrina und Loweeze,
  Und Leedle Yawcob Strauss;
Bud at der boarding house dhey dakes
  "No shildren in der house."

I dells you vot! some grass don'd grow
  Under old Yawcob's feet
Undil he gets a gouble a miles
  Or so vay down der shtreet.
I foundt oudt all I vanted,—
  For the rest I don'd vould care,—
Dot boarding blace vas nix for me
  Vhen dhere been no shildren dhere.

Vot vas der hammocks und der shvings,
  Grokay, und dings like dhese,
Und der hoogleperry bicnics,
  Midoudt Yawcob und Loweeze?
It vas von shdrange conondrum,
  Dot vos too much for Strauss,
How all dhose beople stand it
  Mid no shildren in der house.

"Oh, vot vas all dot eardthly bliss,
  Und vot vas man's soocksess;
Und vot vas various kindt of dings,
  Und vot vas habbiness?"

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Dot's vot Hans Breittmann ask, von dime—
  Dhey all vas embty soundt!
Dot eardthly bliss vas nodings
  Vhen dhere vas no shildren roundt.

CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

THE AXIS.

Child, you ask, "What is tne Axis?"
  With an apple I will show;
Place your thumb upon the stem-place,
  And your finger at the blow;
Now we'll just suppose the apple
  Has a stem that passes through,
And this stem would be the Axis;
  Now we'll whirl the apple, true.

Holding fast 'twixt thumb and finger,—
  That's the way the earth goes round
On its Axis, as we call it,
  Though no real stem is found.
And the two ends of the Axis
  Have been called the Poles, my dear;
Yes, the North Pole and the South Pole,
  Where 'tis very cold and drear.

Now we'll hold a bigger apple
  At a distance, for the sun:
Tip the smaller one a little,
  And then slowly wheel it round
All around the larger apple,
  And it represents the earth
Circling round the Sun that holds it,
  Ceaseless, in its yearly path.

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Wondrous is the strong attraction
  Of the Sun which holds in place
All the Planets and their turnings,
  All the Stars that see His face;
But more wondrous far, the power
  That created Sun and us,
And that gave a form and being
  To this mighty Universe.

"The Universe!" now you exclaim;
  "By the Universe, what do you mean?"
'Tis the Sun and the Planets, and everything known
  That we call by this Universe name.

Now the "Planets," you ask,
  "What are Planets?" They're globes,
Some larger, some smaller than earth,—
  Which are swinging in space,
And are held in place,
  By the God-power that first gave them birth.

NOT READY FOR SCHOOL.

Pray, where is my hat? It is taken away,
  And my shoe-strings are all in a knot,
I can't find a thing where it should be to-day,
  Though I hunted in every spot.

Do, Rachel, just look for my speller up-stairs—
  My reader is somewhere there, too;
And sister, just brush down these troublesome hairs,
  And mother, just fasten my shoe.

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And sister, beg father to write an excuse ;—
But stop ! he will only say " No ;"
And go on with a smile and keep reading the news,
While everything bothers me so.

My satchel is heavy and ready to fall,
This old pop-gun is breaking my map ;
I'll have nothing to do with the pop-gun or ball,
There's no playing for such a poor chap.

The town-clock will strike in a minute, I fear,
Then away to the foot I will sink ;
There ! look at my Carpenter tumbled down here,
And my Worcester covered over with ink.

I wish I'd not lingered at breakfast the last,
Though the toast and the butter were fine ;
I think that our Edward must eat pretty fast,
To be off when I haven't done mine.

Now Edward and Henry protest they wont wait,
And beat on the door with their sticks ;
I suppose they will say I was dressing too late ;
To-morrow I'll be up at six.

CAROLINE GILMAN.

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THE FIRST POCKET.

What is this tremendous noise?
  What can be the matter?
Willie's coming up the stairs
  With unusual clatter.
Now he bursts into the room,
  Noisy as a rocket:
"Auntie! I am five years old—
  And I've got a pocket!"

Eyes as round and bright as stars;
  Cheeks like apples glowing;
Heart that this new treasure fills
  Quite to overflowing.
"Jack may have his squeaking boots;
  Kate may have her locket:
I've got something better yet,—
  I have got a pocket!"

All too fresh the joy to make
  Emptiness a sorrow:
Little hand is plump enough
  To fill it—till to-morrow.
And ere many days were o'er,
  Strangest things did stock it:
Nothing ever came amiss
  To this wondrous pocket.

Leather, marbles, bits of string,
  Licorice-sticks and candy,
Stones, a ball, his pennies too:
  It was always handy.

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And, when Willie's snug in bed,
  Should you chance to knock it,
Sundry treasures rattle out
  From this crowded pocket.

Sometimes Johnny's borrowed knife
  Found a place within it:
He forgot that he had said,
  "I want it just a minute."
Once the closet-key was lost;
  No one could unlock it:
Where do you suppose it was?—
  Down in Willie's pocket.

ELIZABETH SILL.

NUMBER.

A noun or name that means but one,
  Is called in the singular number;
But when it stands for more than one,
  'Tis plural, child, remember.

A LITTLE CHILD'S FANCY.

I think that the world was finished at night,
  Or the stars would not have been made;
For they wouldn't have thought of having the light,
  If they hadn't first seen the shade.

And then, again, I alter my mind,
  And think perhaps it was day,
And the starry night was only designed
  For a little child tired of play,

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And I think that an angel, when nobody knew,
With a window pushed up very high,
Let some of the seeds of the flowers fall through
From the gardens they have in the sky.

For they couldn't think here of lilies so white,
And such beautiful roses, I know;
But I wonder when falling from such a height,
The dear little seeds should grow!

And then, when the face of the angel has turned,
I think that the birds flew by,
And are singing to us the songs they learned
On the opposite side of the sky.

And a rainbow must be the shining below
Of a place in Heaven's floor that is thin.
Right close to the door where the children go
When the dear Lord lets them in.

And I think that the clouds that float in the skies
Are the curtains that they drop down,
For fear when we look we should dazzle our eyes,
As they each of them put on their crown.

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I do not know why the water was sent,
  Unless, perhaps, it might be
God wanted us all to know what it meant
  When we read of the "Jasper Sea."

Oh! the world where we live is a lovely place,
  But it oftentimes makes me sigh,
For I'm always trying causes to trace,
  And keep thinking "Wherefore?" and "Why?"

Ah! dear little child, the longing you feel
  Is the stir of immortal wings,
But infinite love will one day reveal
  The most hidden and puzzling things.

You have only your duty to try and do,
  To be happy, and rest content;
For by being good and by being true
  You will find out all that is meant!

MRS. L. C. WHITON.

LESSON IN ARITHMETIC.

Four robin redbreasts on the old apple tree,
Whose pink and white blossoms are as thick as can be—
If two of these birds should quick fly away,
How many redbreasts would be left? tell me, pray.

(ANSWER.)

Only two would be left but they would not stay,
For they never will—I have watched them to-day.

Tom's six frisky kittens are chasing their tails,
As the milkmaid passes with o'erflowing pails—
If two of the kittens remain at their play,
Then how many have followed the milkmaid; say?

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(ANSWER.)

Four dear little kittens have followed the maid,
And—the others will follow, if they're not afraid.

Eight fleecy white lambkins yonder are seen
Just over the brook, in the pasture green,

If eight of them leap over the low, stone wall,
Then, how manv lambkins do not jump at all?

(ANSWER.)

Were they Bo-peep's lambkins, mamma? O, I know,
If one lamb leaped the wall, all the rest would go.

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If out of the water and dark mud below,
Rise ten water lilies as white as the snow,
And five laddies row out to gather the ten,
How many apiece have the brave little men?
(ANSWER.)
They would have two apiece, if Tom had his way,
But Archie'd have more—he's so mean, Archie Gray.

Suppose I am forty and you are but five,
In ten sunny years—if we still keep alive—
Winter and summer, in all sorts of weather,—
Pray how many years can we count together?
(ANSWER, counting slowly.)
Why, you would be f-f-fifty and I'd be f-fifteen.
There'd be ever so many years between.
Count them together? Mamma, wait till I grow

A LITTLE TRAVELER.

I'm but a little girl, you know—
I'm only five years old or so—
And yet I traveled quite a lot
For one so young, I tell you what!

When I get mad, and won't mind ma,
When I won't kiss my dear, kind pa,
My head is filled with ire, and
Of course, I am in Ireland.

When I in the city go,
I don't act like those folks, you know;
They say I'm "green," and naturally
I think I must in Greenland be.

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When I get cross at Sadie Trem,
Or Billy Bliff, or some of them,
They say I act so coldly. Why,
No doubt, in Iceland then am I.

When mamma takes and nestles me
Against her breast so restfully,
I think I'm right in telling you
That I'm in Lapland. Isn't that true?

H. R. MAGINLEY.

THE CHILDREN'S KING.

There once was a merry old monarch
Who ruled in a frolicsome way.
He cut high jinks with the children,
And played with them all through the day.

GOOD-MORNING.

"A king always gets into trouble
When trying to govern," he said,
"So nothing but marble and leap-frog
And tennis shall bother my head."

Ah, well! The wise people deposed him.
"You may govern the children," said they;
"Why, that is exactly wh at suits me,"
He replied, and went on with his play.

But it wasn't a year till the people
All wanted the king back again;
They had learned that a ruler of children
Makes a pretty good ruler of men.

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THE BOYS WE NEED.

Here's the boy who's not afraid
To do his share of work,
Who never is by toil dismayed,
And never tries to shirk.

The boy whose heart is brave to meet
All lions in the way;
Who's not discouraged by defeat,
But tries another day.

The boy who always means to do
The very best he can;
Who always keeps the right in view,
And aims to be a man.

Such boys as these will grow to be
The men whose hands will guide
The future of our land; and we
Shall speak their names with pride.

All honor to the boy who is
A man at heart, I say;
Whose legend on his shield is this,
"Right always wins the day."

THE PROPER TIME.

"Will you play with me? Will you play with me?"
A little girl said to the birds on a tree.
"Oh, we have our nests to build," said they:
"There's a time for work, and a time for play."

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Then meeting a dog, she cried "Hallo!
Come play with me, Jip, and do as I do."
Said he, "I must watch the orchard to-day:
There's a time for work, and a time for play."

A boy she saw; and to him she cried,
"Come, play with me, John, by the green-
wood side.
"Oh, no!" said John, "I've my lesson to say:
There's a time for work, and a time for play."

Then thoughtful awhile stood the little
miss,
And said, "It is hard, on a day like this,
To go to work; but, from what they all
say,
'Tis a time for work, and not for play."

So homeward she went, and took her book,
And first at the pictures began to look;
Then said, "I think I will study to-day:
There's a time for work, and a time for play."

EMILY CARTER.

THE FIRST RUBBER BOOTS.

That precious pair of rubber boots,
So tall, so black, so shining!
They're just the things, the very things,
For which our Ned's been pining.

And now he calls them all his own,
A happy thought comes o'er him,
And when he kneels to say his prayers,
He sets the boots before him.

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Then into bed our darling goes,
  His treasures near him keeping;
For on the pillow one small head
  Between two boots is sleeping.

Through snow, through slush, and in the rain,
  O never mind the weather!—
The rubber boots, the little Ned,
  They trudge along together.

His feet go dabbling in the brook,
  Just like two little fishes,
And then he runs to tell mamma
  The funniest of wishes.

"I wish I was a puss-tat, ma,
  Just like our old gray Molly,
Then I could wear four rubber boots,
  Oh, wouldn't that be jolly!"

AN ALPHABET OF RIVERS.

Streams, the Names of Which Run the Gamut of the Letters.

A stands for the Amazon, mighty and grand,
And the B's Beresina, on Muscovy's strand.
The placid Charles River will fit for the C,
While the beautiful blue Danube is ready for D.
The E is the Elbe, in Deutschland far north,
And the first F I find, strange to say, is the Forth.
The great river Ganges can go for the G,
And for H our blue Hudson will certainly be.
The quaint Irrawaddy for I has its claims,
And the J is the limpid and beautiful James.

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The K is for Kama, I know in a jiffy,
And the L is the Loire and the prosperous Liffey.
For M we have plenty to choose from, and—well,
There's the noble Missouri, the gentle Moselle.
For N we have Nile, and the Onion is O,
While for P you can choose the gray Pruth or the Po.
The Q is the Quinebaug, one of our own,
But the R comes to front with the Rhine and the Rhone.
For the S there's the Shannon, a beautiful stream,
And the T is the Tiber, where Rome reigns supreme.
The Ural, I think, will with U quite agree,
And the turbulent Volga will fit for the V.
The W's Weser, and the Xeni is X
(You may find it spelled with a J, to perplex).
Then for Y Yang-tse-kiang is simple and easy,
And to end the long list with a Z take Zambesi.

"THE TRAVELER," ST. NICHOLAS.

HIS PROFESSION.

My boy and I rode in a train
  One morning bright and clear.
"When I'm a grown up man," said he,
  "I'll be an engineer."
But soon the dust flew in his eyes,
  And heavy grew his head.
"I wouldn't be an engineer
  For all the world," he said.

My boy was at a seaport town,
  And saw the rolling sea.
"Mamma," he said one evening,
  A sailor I shall be!"

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We took him to a yacht race—
  He had to go to bed!
"I wouldn't be a sailor, now,
  For all the world," he said.

We read him stirring stories
  Of soldiers and their fame.
"I'll go and fight," cried Freddie,
  "And put them all to shame!"
We told him of a soldier's life;
  He shook his little head,
"I wouldn't be a soldier, now,
  For all the world," he said.

And thus to each profession
  He first said "yes," then "no."
"To make a choice is hard," he said,
  "At least, I find it so."
"But what, then, will you be?" I asked,
  "When you are grown-up, Fred?"
"I really think I'll only be
  A gentleman," he said.

DR. MALCOLM MCLEOD, ST. NICHOLAS.

THE CHILD'S CENTENNIAL.

Around the purple clover-flowers,
  The butterflies were flitting;
And on a stone beside the road
  A little boy was sitting.

The fragrant air his yellow hair
  Around his face was blowing,
And down his pretty rosy cheeks,
  The great, round tears were flowing.

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His breeches were of coarse, brown cloth;
  His frock was made of tow;
For little Ebenezer lived
  A hundred years ago.

Along the road, upon a horse,
  Two men came, riding double;

BUTTERFLY WEDDING.

And one spoke out, "My pretty lad,
  Pray tell me, what's the trouble?"

But, at his friendly words, the boy
  Began to sob the louder:
"O, sir," said he, "my father took
  His gun, and horn of powder,

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"And rode away this very morn
  To help to fight the foe!"
For there was war within the land
  A hundred years ago.

The foremost man drew in his rein
  (His horse was somewhat skittish)
And said, "My dear, I would not fear:
  We hope to beat the British.

"And when the Yankees win the day,
  And send the Red-coats flying,
And home again your father comes,
  You will not feel like crying:

"You'll be a happy fellow then."
  "Oh, that I shall, I know!"
Poor little Ebenezer said
  A hundred years ago.

"But if he should not come at all,
  And we should find, instead, sir,
A musket-ball had shot him down,
  A sword cut off his head, sir?"

"Oh, even then," the man replied,
  "You'd proudly tell his story,
And say, 'He died for freedom's sake,
  And for his country's glory.'

"But brave must oe the little son
  Whose father fights the foe:
We need stout hearts." And so they did,
  A hundred years ago.

The man rode on, and home again
  Ran little Ebenezer;

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"Now I must share my mother's care,"
He said, "and try to please her;

And I must work in every way,—
Rake hay, and feed the cattle,
And hoe the corn, since father's gone
To give the British battle."

Oh! looking backward, let us not
Forget the thanks we owe
To those good little boys who lived
A hundred years ago!

MARIAN DOUGLAS.

LETTING THE OLD CAT DIE.

Not long ago I wandered near
A playground in the wood;
And there heard words from a youngster's lips
That I never quite understood.

"Now let the old cat die," he laughed;
I saw him give a push,
Then gaily scamper away as he spied
A face peep over the bush.

But what he pushed, or where he went,
I could not well make out,
On account of the thicket of bending boughs,
That bordered the place about.

"The little villain has stoned a cat,
Or hung it upon a limb,
And left it to die alone," I said,
"But I'll play the mischief with him."

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I forced my way between the boughs,
  The poor old cat to seek;
And what did I find but a swinging child,
  With her bright hair brushing her cheek.

IN THE SWING.

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Her bright hair floated to and fro,
  Her little red dress flashed by,
But the liveliest thing of all, I thought,
  Was the gleam of her laughing eye.

Swinging and swaying back and forth
  With the rose-light in her face,
She seemed like a bird and a flower in one,
  And the wood her native place.

"Steady! I'll send you up, my child!"
  But she stopped me with a cry:
"Go 'way! go 'way! Don't touch me, please;
  I'm letting the old cat die!"

"You letting him die!" I cried, aghast;
  "Why, where is the cat, my dear?"
And lo! the laughter that filled the woods
  Was a thing for the birds to hear.

"Why, don't you know," said the little maid,
  The flitting, beautiful elf,
"That we call it 'letting the old cat die,'
  When the swing stops all by itself?"

Then floating and swinging, and looking back
  With merriment in her eye,
She bade me "good-day," and I left her alone,
  A-letting the old cat die.

MARY MAPES DODGE.

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A STORY FOR BOYS.

If you are fond of cats, if you have a dear little pussy of your own, you will like this story, for it is true.

Phil was a French lad, and his pet and favorite was a white cat, with a bushy tail and long thick fur. She followed him about the fields when he went to plow, and sat on his knee by the fire-side, and slept on his pillow at night.

But a sad day came to pussy and her master. Phil, who was now a strong lad of sixteen, was selected for a soldier. It was at the time when the French and English joined to fight the Russians in the Crimea.

"Farewell" is the hardest of words to us all. Phil's heart ached sorely as he marched away with his regiment for the first time. But a soldier's pride was stirring in his bosom. The roll of the drum called up exultant thoughts of the honor and glory his own dear France was sure to gain.

On, on they marched along the dusty road, between the rows of limes and chestnuts, and Phil could hear the beating of the waves upon the sandy shore of the bay, where the transport ships were waiting.

How many leagues already separated him from his boyhood's home! His heart grew heavy at the thought, and happening to turn his head he saw his snow-white beauty, his cat of cats, drab with dust, and panting with heat, watching the soldiers as they marched by. When she caught sight of her master's face puss sprang up joyously and ran steadily by his side. Phil was touched to think how faithfully and how far she had followed him. But what was he to do with her? He could not send her back; he could not leave her by the way. She would run on by his side until her little feet grew sore and weary, and her legs dragged painfully after her master. Phil glanced at the stern sergeant, but he was looking another way. He lifted up his cat quickly, and

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set her on his knapsack. She clung to him, happy and content. Her point was gained: they were not to be parted. Through all the hurry and bustle of embarking, pussy kept her place.

Whoever before heard of a cat going to the wars of her own free will? The soldiers might well laugh, but no one interfered with her. At meals she munched a corner of Phil's ration, and at night she slept in his arms.

When the soldiers left the ships, and were landed on Turkish soil, the weary march began again. Puss coiled herself up on her master's knapsack, and journeyed with him.

How fondly Phil loved his little pussy friend! She grew more precious every day, as she shared and cheered the many toils and dangers of the young soldier's life; sometimes standing quiet by his side, and purring lovingly, when the duties of the day were over, and her master cooked such supper as he could get by the camp fires. For the poor soldiers had often little to eat, and many hardships to endure, before they won the battle.

As first he had to work in the trenches with pickaxe and spade, but when his regiment was ordered into active service, and he must face the cannon's mouth, he left his puss with a sick comrade. The poor sick fellow promised to take good care of her.

The troops were about a mile from camp, when Phil caught sight of his pet running steadily after him. He lifted her up on her customary seat on his knapsack, for the battle was beginning. The Russian cannon began fire, and the thundering noise deadened every other sound; but those little white paws only clung the closer to her soldier's belt. There was fighting all around him, and men were falling. But the soldiers closed their ranks and still pressed onward. Twice poor Phil went down, but pussy never loosed her hold. She clung to his coat, determined not to be parted from the master she loved so dearly.

At last a severe wound in the breast threw him senseless on the ground. No sympathetic friend dared to stop during the battle to raise him up or speak one pitying word. The thick cloud of

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smoke from the cannon on both sides turned the daylight into darkness.

But a cat's keen eye, which can see in the dimmest light, enabled the faithful puss to distinguish the dark stream of blood flowing from her master's breast.

With an intelligent comprehension of his danger, the devoted little creature seated herself upon him, and began to wash away the blood.

Think of the dreadful wound in the poor young soldier's breast,

and that little cat, with nothing but her tiny tongue, trying so hard to close it. Remember how the cannon-balls were rattling around her. How scared and terrified she must have been; for we know all animals, except the trained war-horse, fly in terror from the battle-field. But the great love that filled the darling pussy's heart was greater than all

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the danger. Her snowy fur was soaked in blood. Her tiny tongue was aching, as hour after hour went by and Phil still lay unconscious.

When the conflict was over, the army surgeon came round with the ambulance, to look for the wounded, and there he found them.

Poor Phil was carried back to the hospital. His wound was bound up and he slowly revived.

"Shall I live?" were the first words that passed his lips, as he looked into the surgeon's face.

"Yes, my good fellow, thanks to your little cat; if she had not used her tongue so intelligently you would have bled to death," was the reply.

A soft, low purr in his ear sounded sweetly to the grateful lad; and many a worn, white face was lifted from the beds around him to look at his pussy.

Through all the faintness occasioned by the loss of blood, through all the burning fever brought on by the wound in his breast, Phil never ceased to ask that his cat might stay with him.

It was contrary to all hospital rules, but the officer said:

"Yes, let her stay."

The little creature's devoted love won all hearts. She was sent with her master to the regular hospital. She was fed with the choicest morsels from his plate. She was petted by all around her; and was pointed out with proud admiration to every new-comer.

VACATION.

Vacation is coming,
We all will be gay,
We leave our worn school books
For sport and for play.

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We'll off to the country,
  To visit our friends,
And spend our time finely,
  Till vacation ends.

And then to our studies
  We'll cheerfully 'tend,
Performing our duties,
  Thus please our dear friends.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

Between the dark and the daylight,
  When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
  That is known as the Children's Hour.

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A MERRY DANCE.

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FATHER AT PLAY.

Such fun as we had one rainy day,
When father was home and helped us play,
And made a ship and hoisted sail,
And crossed the sea in a fearful gale!

But we hadn't sailed into London town,
When the captain and crew, and vessel went down,
Down, down in a jolly wreck,
With the captain rolling under the deck.

But he broke out again with a lion's roar,
And we on two legs, he on four,
Ran out of the parlor and up the stair,
And frightened mamma and the baby there.

So mamma said she would be p'liceman now,
And tried to 'rest us. She didn't know how.
Then the lion laughed, and forgot to roar,
Till we chased him out of the nursery door;

And then he turned to a pony gay,
And carried us all on his back away.
Whippsty, lickity, kickity, ho!
If we hadn't fun, then I don't know.

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TRUE LOVE.

"How much I love you, mother dear!"
A little prattler said:
"I love you in the morning bright,
And when I go to bed.

"I love you when I'm near to you,
And when I'm far away:
I love you when I am at work,
And when I am at play."

And then she slily, sweetly raised
Her lovely eyes of blue:
"I love you when you love me best,
And when you scold me, too."

The mother kissed her darling child,
And stooped a tear to hide:
"My precious one, I love you most
When I am forced to chide.

"I could not let my darling child
In sin and folly go,
And this is why I sometimes chide,
Because I love you so."

THE RABBIT ON THE WALL.

The cottage work is over,
The evening meal is done;
Hark! through the starlit stillness
You hear the river run;

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The cotter's children whisper,
  Then speak out one and all,
"Come, father, make for Johnny
  A rabbit on the wall."

He smilingly assenting,
  They gather round his chair:
"Now, grandma, you hold Johnny;
  Don't let the candle flare."
So speaking, from his fingers
  He throws a shadow tall,
That seems the moment after
  A rabbit on the wall.

The children shout with laughter,
  The uproar louder grows,
E'en grandma chuckles faintly,
  And Johnny chirps and crows.
There ne'er was gilded painting
  Hung up in lordly hall,
Gave half the simple pleasure,
  As this rabbit on the wall.

Ah! who does not remember
  When humble sports like these
Than many a costlier pastime,
  Had greater power to please?
When o'er life's autumn pathway,
  The sere leaves thickly fall,
How oft we sigh, recalling
  The rabbit on the wall.

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"LITTLE CHILDREN, LOVE ONE ANOTHER."

A little girl, with a happy look,
Sat slowly reading in a ponderous book
All bound with velvet, and edged with gold,
And its weight was more than the child could hold;
Yet dearly she loved to ponder it o'er,
And every day she prized it more;
For it said—and she looked at her smiling mother—
It said, "Little children, love one another."

She thought it was beautiful in the book,
And the lesson home to her heart she took;
She walked on her way with a trusting grace,
And a dove-like look in her meek young face,
Which said, just as plain as words could say,
"The Holy Bible I must obey;
So, mamma, I'll be kind to my darling brother,
For 'Little children must love each other.'

"I'm sorry he's naughty, and will not play;
But I'll love him still, for I think the way
To make him gentle and kind to me
Will be better shown if I let him see
I strive to do what I think is right;
And thus, when I kneel in prayer to-night,
I will clasp my hands around my brother,
And say, 'Little children love one another."

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The little girl did as her Bible taught,
And pleasant indeed was the change it wrought;
For the boy looked up in glad surprise,
To meet the light of her loving eyes:
His heart was full, he could not speak,
But he pressed a kiss on his sister's cheek;
And God looked down on that happy mother
Whose little children loved each other.

NEVER OUT OF SIGHT.

I know a little saying,
  That is altogether true ;
My little boy, my little girl,
  The saying is for you.
'Tis this, O blue and black eyes,
  And gray—so deep and bright—
No child in all this careless world
  Is ever out of sight.

No matter whether fields or glen,
  Or city's crowded way,
Or pleasure's laugh or labor's hum,
  Entice your feet to stay,
Some one is always watching you ;
  And, whether wrong or right,
No child in all this busy world
  Is ever out of sight.

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Some one is always watching you ;
And marking what you do,
To see if all your childhood's acts
Are honest, brave, and true ;
And, watchful more than mortal kind,
God's angels pure and white,
In gladness and in sorrowing,
Are keeping you in sight.

O, bear in mind, my little one,
And let your mark be high !
You do whatever thing you do,
Beneath some seeing eye.
O, bear in mind, my little ones,
And keep your good name bright,
No child upon this round, round earth
Is ever out of sight.

LITTLE THINGS.

A cup of water timely brought,
An offered easy chair,
A turning of the window-blind,
That all may feel the air ;
An early flower bestowed unasked,
A light and cautious tread,
A voice to softest whispers hushed
To spare an aching head—
Oh, things like these, though little things,
The purest love disclose,
As fragrant atoms in the air
Reveal the hidden rose.

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PERSEVERANCE.

The boy who does a stroke, and stops—
Will ne'er a great man be ;
'Tis the aggregate of single drops
That makes the sea the sea.

Not all at once the morning streams
Its gold above the gray,
It takes a thousand little beams
To make the day the day.

The farmer needs must sow and till,
And wait the wheaten head,
Then cradle, thresh, and go to mill,
Before his bread is bread.

Swift heels may get the early shout,
But, spite of all the din,
It is the patient holding out
That makes the winner win.

PUSSY'S CLASS.

"Now, children," said Puss, as she shook her head,
"It is time your morning lesson was said."
So her kittens drew near with footsteps slow,
And sat down before her, all in a row.

"Attention, class!" said the cat-mamma,
"And tell me quick where your noses are."
At this all the kittens sniffed the air
As though it were filled with a perfume rare.

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"Now what do you say when you want a drink?"
The kittens waited a moment to think,
And then the answer came clear and loud—
You ought to have heard how those kittens meowed!

"Very well. 'Tis the same, with a sharper tone,
When you want a fish or bit of bone;
Now what do you say when children are good?"
And the kittens purred as soft as they could.

"And what do you do when children are bad—
When they tease and pull?" Each kitty looked sad.
"Pooh!" said their mother, "that isn't enough;
You must use your claws when children are rough.

"And where are your claws? no, no my dear
(As she took up a paw). See! they're hidden here;"
Then all the kittens crowded about
To see their sharp little claws brought out.

They felt quite sure they should never need
To use such weapons—oh, no, indeed!
But the wise mamma gave a pussy's "Pshaw!"
And boxed their ears with her softest paw.

"Now, 'Sptiss!' as hard as you can," she said;
But every kitten hung down its head;
"'Sptiss!' I say," cried the mother cat,
But they said, "Oh, mammy, we can't do that!"

"Then go and play," said the fond mamma;
"What sweet little idiots kittens are!
Ah well! I was once the same, I suppose,"
And she looked very wise and rubbed her nose.

MARY MAPES DODGE.

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SEVEN TIMES ONE.

There's no dew left on the daisies and clover,
  There's no rain left in heaven:
I've said my "seven times" over and over,
  Seven times one are seven.

SEVEN TIMES ONE.

I am old, so old I can write a letter;
  My birthday lessons are done;
The lambs play always, they know no better;
  They are only one times one.

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O, moon, in the night I have seen you sailing
  And shining so round and low;
You were bright—ah bright! but your light is failing;
  You are nothing now but a bow.

You moon, have you done something wrong in heaven,
  That God has hidden your face?
I hope if you have, you will soon be forgiven,
  And shine again in your place.

O, velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow,
  You've powdered your legs with gold!
O, brave marshmary buds, rich and yellow,
  Give me your money to hold.

O, columbine, open your folded wrapper,
  Where two twin turtle-doves dwell!
O, cuckoo-pint, toll me the purple clapper
  That hangs in your clear green bell.

And show me the nests with the young ones in it;
  I will not steal them away:
I am old! You may trust me, linnet, linnet,
  I am seven times one to-day.

JEAN INGELOW.

GOOD-NIGHT.

"Good night!" said the plow to the weary old horse;
  And Dobbin responded, "Good-night!"
Then, with Tom on his back, to the farm-house he turned,
  With a feeling of quiet delight.

"Good-night!" said the ox, with a comical bow,
  As he turned from the heavy old cart,
Which laughed till it shook a round wheel from its side,
  Then creaked out, "Good-night, from my heart!"

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"Good-night!" said the hen, when her supper was done,
To Fanny, who stood in the door;
"Good-night!" answered Fanny; "come back in the morn,
And you and your chicks shall have more."

"Quack, quack!" said the duck, "I wish you all well.
Though I cannot tell what is polite."
"The will for the deed," answered Benny the brave;
"Good-night, Madam Ducky, good-night!"

TWO LITTLE GIRLS.

I know a little girl
(You? O, no!)
Who, when she's asked to go to bed,
Does just so:
She brings a dozen wrinkles out,
And takes the dimples in;
She puckers up her pretty lips,
And then she does begin:
"Oh, dear me! I don't see why—
All the others sit up late,
And why can't I?"

Another little girl I know,
With curly pate,
Who says: "When I'm a great big girl,
I'll sit up late;
But mamma says 'twill make me grow
To be an early bird."
So she and dolly trot away
Without another word.
Oh, the sunny smile and the eyes so blue!
And—and—why, yes, now I think of it,
She looks like you!

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BE ACTIVE.

Be active, be active, find something to do
In digging a clam-bank or tapping a shoe,
Don't stop at the corner to drag out the day,
Be active, be active, and work while you
may.

THE CHILDREN'S BEDTIME.

The clock strikes seven in the hall,
The curfew of the children's day,
That calls each little pattering foot
From dance and song and lively play;
Their day that in a wider light
Floats like a silver day-moon white,
Nor in our darkness sinks to rest,
But sets within a golden west.

Ah, tender hour that sends a drift
Of children's kisses through the house,
And cuckoo notes of sweet "Good night,"
That thoughts of heaven and home arouse
And a soft stir to sense and heart,
As when the bee and blossoms part;
And little feet that patter slower,
Like the last droppings of a shower.

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BEDTIME.

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And in the children's room aloft,
  What blossom shapes do gaily slip
Their daily sheaths, and rosy run
  From clasping hand and kissing lip,
A naked sweetness to the eye—
Blossoms and babe and butterfly
In witching one, so dear a sight!
An ecstacy of life and light.

Then lily-drest, in angel white,
  To mother's knee they trooping come.
The soft palms fold like kissing shells,
  And they and we go singing home—
Their bright heads bowed and worshiping,
As though some glory of the spring,
Some daffodil that mocks the day,
Should fold his golden palms and pray.

The gates of paradise swing wide
  A moment's space in soft accord,
And those dread angels, Life and Death,
  A moment veil the flaming sword,
As o'er this weary world forlorn
From Eden's secret heart is borne
That breath of Paradise most fair,
Which mothers call "the children's prayer."

Then kissed, on beds we lay them down,
  As fragrant white as clover'd sod,
And all the upper floors grow hushed
  With children's sleep, and dews of God.
And as our stars their beams do hide,
The stars of twilight, opening wide,
Take up the heavenly tale at even,
And light us on to God and heaven.

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MOTHER KNOWS.

Nobody knows of the work it makes
  To keep the home together ;
Nobody knows of the steps it takes,
  Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody listens to childish woes
  Which kisses only smother ;
Nobody's pained by naughty blows,
  Nobody—only mother.

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Nobody knows of the sleepless care
  Bestowed on baby brother;
Nobody knows of the tender pray'r,
  Nobody—only mother.

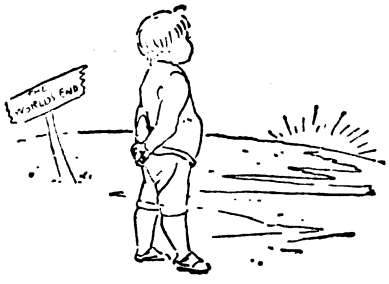
Nobody knows of the lessons taught
  Of loving one another;
Nobody knows of the patience sought,
  Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the anxious fears
  Lest darlings may not weather
The storm of life in after years;
  Nobody knows—but mother.

H. C. DODGE.

BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY.

In speaking of a person's faults,
  Pray don't forget your own;
Remember those in houses, glass,
  Should never throw a stone.
If we have nothing else to do
  But talk of those in sin,
'Tis better we commence at home,
  And from that point begin.



We have no right to judge a man,
  Until he's fairly tried;
Should we not like his company,
  We know the world is wide.
Some may have faults—and who has not?
  The old as well as young;
We may, perhaps, for aught we know,
  Have fifty to their one.

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I'll tell you of a better plan,
  And find it works full well;
To try my own defects to cure,
  Before of others tell;
And though I sometimes hope to be
  No worse than some I know,
My own shortcomings bid me let
  The faults of others go.

Then let us all when we commence
  To slander friend and foe,
Think of the harm one word may do,
  To those we little know;
Remember curses, sometimes, like
  Our chickens, "roost at home;"
Don't speak of other's faults until
  We have none of our own.

THE TWO FRIENDS.

My dog and I are faithful friends;
  We read and play together;
We tramp across the hills and fields,
  When it is pleasant weather.

And when from school with eager haste
  I come along the street,
He hurries on with bounding step,
  My glad return to greet.

Then how he frisks along the road,
  And jumps up in my face!
And if I let him steal a kiss,
  I'm sure it's no disgrace.

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Oh, had he but the gift of speech
  But for a single day,
How dearly should I like to hear
  The funny things he'd say!

Yet, though he cannot say a word
  As human beings can,

He knows and thinks as much as I,
  Or much as any man.

And what he knows, and thinks, and feels,
  Is written in his eye;
My faithful dog cannot deceive,
  And never told a lie.

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Come here, good fellow, while I read
  What other dogs can do;
And if I live when you have gone,
  I'll write your history too.

SUSAN JEWETT.

THE LAZY BOY.

The lazy lad! and what's his name?
  I should not like to tell;
But don't you think it is a shame
  That he can't read nor spell?

He'd rather swing upon a gate,
  Or paddle in the brook,
Than take his pencil and his slate,
  Or try to con his book.

There! see he's lounging down the street,
  His hat without a rim;
He rather drags than lifts his feet—
  His face unwashed and grim.

He's lolling now against a post,
  But if you've seen him once,
You'll know the lad amongst a host;
  For what he is—a dunce.

Don't ask me what's the urchin's name,—
  I do not choose to tell;
But this you'll know—it is the same
  As his who does not blush for shame that he don't read or spell.

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A SHOCKING TEASE.

HE.

"Oh, dear! that aggravating cat,
She drives me nearly crazy;
She steals my bones when I'm asleep,
And laughs and calls me lazy!

"My appetite's not what it was;
I'm daily growing thinner,
Because, you see, the worry's such,
I can't enjoy my dinner!

"If I could only bite her well
'Twould be a different matter!
But, oh, she's such a nimble thing
A fellow can't get at her!"

SHE.

"You poor old Toby, good old dog,
You don't know how I love you!
You little thought that tiresome cat
Was listening just above you."

THE CASTLE BUILDERS.

Building castles all the day,
Are you never weary, say?
Though the sun is sinking fast,
Still another! This the last?

Build it strong, and build it steep,
Print the doors and windows deep,
Border it with stones of white,
Trees and flowers of seaweed bright.

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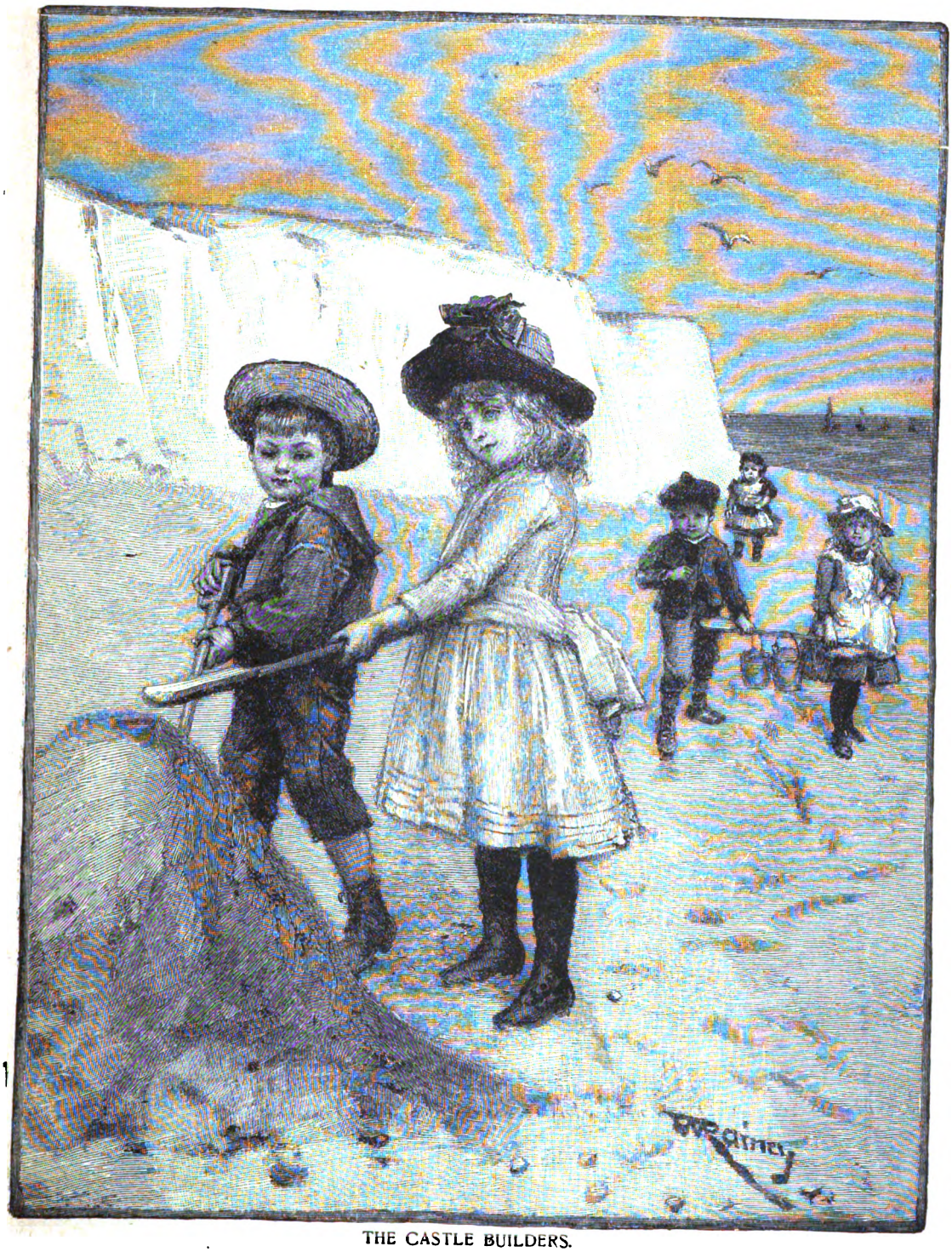

THE CASTLE BUILDERS.

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When it rises proud and high,
From the top a flag shall fly—
Stay; what need for all this pains,
When to-morrow nought remains?

Hear the wild waves what they sing,
"Whether at your work or play,
Little people, come what may,
Always do your best!"

ELLIS WALTON.

MAKING MUD-PIES.

Under the apple tree, spreading and thick,
Happy with only a pan and a stick,
On the soft grass in the shadow that lies,
Our little Fanny is making mud-pies.

On her brown apron and bright drooping head
Showers of pink and white blossoms are shed;
Tied to a branch that seems meant just for that,
Dances and flutters her little straw hat.

Dash, full of joy in the bright summer day,
Zealously chases the robins away,
Barks at the squirrels, or snaps at the flies,
All the while Fanny is making mud pies.

Sunshine and soft summer breezes astir,
While she is busy, are busy with her;
Cheeks rosy glowing and bright sparkling eyes
Bring they to Fanny, while making mud-pies.

Dollies and playthings are all laid away,
Not to come out till the next rainy day;
Under the blue of these sweet summer skies
Nothing's so pleasant as making mud-pies.

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Gravely she stirs, with a serious look
"Making believe" she's a true pastry cook;
Sundry brown splashes on forehead and eyes
Show that our Fanny is making mud-pies.

But all the soil of her innocent play
Soap and clean water will soon wash away;
Many a pleasure in daintier guise
Leaves darker traces than Fanny's mud-pies.

NOVEMBER.

Oh! dear old dull November,
  They don't speak well of you,
They say your winds are chilling,
  Your skies are seldom blue.
They tell how you go sighing
  Along the leafless trees,
You have no warmth or brightness—
  All kinds of things like these.

But dearie me! November,
  They quite forgot to speak
About the wealth of color
  On each round apple's cheek.
How yellow is each pumpkin
  That in the meadow lies,
Almost as good as sunshine,
  And better still for pies.

Why, yes, dear old November,
  You've lots of pleasant things;
All through the month we're longing
  To taste your turkey wings!

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What if you're dull a trifle
Or just a little gray,
If not for you we'd never have
Dear old Thanksgiving Day.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

The other sheep have all gone on,
The sheep boy never looks behind;
And here you sit, so tired and wan,
Poor thing, with none to care or mind.

You don't quite like the dusty road,
And all the busy fold that pass;
You're thinking of some stream that flowed
So cool and fresh, through meadow grass.

Look here, then— see, I've come to bring
A draught of water, sweet and clear
(It really is a handy thing,
That drinking-fountain just near here).

I'm glad I had my Sunday hat,
The other one would never do;
There is no crown at all to that,
This only lets a little through!

I know of such a lovely place
Beyond the town, where meadows lie;
And when you're ready for a race,
We'll go and find it, you and I.

There's no one there that can annoy,
Or see my shoes so old and worn,

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Or call me "little beggar boy,"
  And point to where my coat is torn.

I'll be your shepherd kind and true,
  And never let you go astray;
I'll whistle merry tunes to you,
  You'll nibble at the grass all day.

"LOOK HERE, THEN—SEE, I'VE COME TO BRING A DRAUGHT OF WATER, SWWET AND CLEAR."

And when the night comes down in peace,
  And stars are peeping from the sky,
My head upon your soft, soft fleece—
  We'll rest together, you and I.

ELLIS WALTON.

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CHRISTMAS ON THE "POLLY."

It was the good ship "Polly," and she sailed the wintry sea,
For ships must sail, tho' fierce the gale, and a precious freight had she;
'Twas the captain's little daughter that stood beside her father's chair.
And illumed the dingy cabin with the sunshine of her hair.

With a yo-heave-ho, and a yo-heave-ho!
For ships must sail
Tho' fierce the gale
And loud the tempests blow.

The captain's fingers rested on the pretty, curly head.
"To-morrow will be Christmas day," the little maiden said;
"Do you suppose that Santa Claus will find us on the sea,
And make believe the stove-pipe is a chimney—just for me?"

Loud laughed the jovial captain, and "By my faith," he cried,
"If he should come we'll let him know he has a friend inside!"
And many a rugged sailor cast a loving glance that night
At the stove-pipe where the lonely little stocking fluttered white.

With a yo-heave-ho, and a yo-heave-ho!
For ships must sail
Tho' fierce the gale
And loud the tempests blow.

On the good ship "Polly" the Christmas sun looked down,
And on a smiling little face beneath a golden crown,
No happier child he saw that day, on sea or on the land,
Than the captain's little daughter with her treasures in her hand.

For never was a stocking so filled with curious things!
There were bracelets made of pretty shells, and rosy coral strings;
An elephant carved deftly from a bit of ivory tusk,
A fan, an alligator's tooth, and a little bag of musk,

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Not a tar aboard the "Polly" but felt the Christmas cheer,
For the captain's little daughter was to every sailor dear.
They heard a Christmas carol in the shrieking wintry gust,
For a little child had touched them by her simple, loving trust.

With a yo-heave-ho, and a yo-heave-ho!
For ships must sail
Tho' fierce the gale
And loud the tempests blow.

GRACE F. COOLEDGE, in "St. Nicholas."

"IF I WERE YOU."

How do I look in your collar?
How does it suit me, Roy?
Suppose I now were a big brave dog,
And you were a little boy!

I should go to sleep in your kennel,
Outside on the courtyard stones;
And you would take me for walks and swims,
And give me biscuits and bones.

And you would sleep in my bed, Roy,
And eat with my fork and spoon:
It isn't easy to hold them right,
But I'm sure you would learn it soon.

And you would have to learn reading,
And learn how the figures go
Up to 12 times 12—I forget what that is—
I always forget, you know.

Would you forget, I wonder?
When your paws got inky and black,

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I believe you'd cry sometimes, and wish
For your dog-days to come back.

And I'm sure if I lived in a kennel,
And wore a collar like this,
I should never have kisses, or sweets, or toys,
So perhaps it's best as it is!

E. N.

A RHYME FOR A RAINY DAY.

With pitter-patter, pitter-patter on my window pane,
Tapped chipper little visitors, the tiny drops of rain;
They did not ask to enter, but in liquid tones I heard
This story, which, as told to me, I tell you word for word:

"Within a cool, deep well we lived, quite happy, side by side,
Until an empty bucket came, and asked us out to ride;
Then springing in, away we went, drawn up into the air,
And a pretty china pitcher stood waiting for us there.

"Beneath that pitcher's brim we thought much happiness to see;
But soon a lump of ice popped in, with whom we can't agree,
For though ice claimed relationship before it married frost,
With such a hard, cold-hearted thing all sympathy is lost.

"Ice tried to steal our heat away, but air was on our side,
And when it felt how cold we were, it just sat down and cried;
You might have seen the tears upon the pitcher where they prest,
Till ice itself was forced to melt, and mingle with the rest.

"But next I have to tell you of a most amazing thing,—
Above a blazing fire we were made to sit and sing,
Till bubbles brought the message up, that heat would set us free;
When, boiling hard, we just steamed off, and gained our liberty!

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A MERRY TRIO.

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"We bounded off with motion swift, but met a colder wind,
Which blew so fast that everything grew cloudy to our mind.
We cared not to go higher then, we felt a heavy chill,
And down we came quite suddenly upon your window sill."

Now little people everywhere, there is a saying old
That "Truth lies at the bottom of the well;' and we make bold
To say: Within this bucketful of water you may find
Some grains of truth drawn up to store within each busy mind.

ST. NICHOLAS.

A CHRISTMAS DAY DREAM.

For years I have been haunted by a day-dream of a Christmas morning when in all our great rushing, wonderful cities, there should not be a single hungry, cold, or neglected child; when we could know that it was a merry Christmas morning to all the children; more than this, when not a single human being in our midst would be cold or hungry, or, what is worse, friendless.

I have dreamed of a true holiday week, during which every church, parlor, and kitchen in the city would be warmed, lighted and filled with heart-felt welcoming cheer, where every great organ would be beguiled of its sweetest notes for the benefit of all who would listen.

Think how blessed it would be to know that every pair of little feet would be warmly clothed, and all little childish fingers snugly mittened; yes, and that each little girly heart had a "dolly all her own," and that every boy was the proud possessor of a pair of skates.

Such a work as this is possible. There is enough money, enough time, strength and love to accomplish it. And who can estimate the good results of such a festival of love, or realize the value of such an object lesson?

Let us hope that the time will come when all hearts can be made glad. Let us remember also that this work must be accomplished slowly. Suppose you, my little children, think about this, and save

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your pennies for next Xmas, so as to make happy the little boys and girls around you who have no papas and mammas to provide them with comforts. A toy, a pair of shoes, a jacket which you may have used, and which is still warm, will give a sparkling eye and a happier heart than you can imagine: if the recipient is made to feel it is all his own, and given in love.

THE MUSHROOM FAIRIES.

Many, many years ago,
  Shining in the morning dew,
Where the mushrooms used to grow
  In a field we knew,

Fairies in a circle bright
  Had been dancing round and round,
Hand-in-hand, with footsteps light,
  Where these rings were found.

When the world was wrapped in sleep,
  They were bold enough, no doubt—
When the stars began to peep,
  And the moon was out.

Once five fairies, by mischance,
  After all the rest had gone,
At the dawn in joyful dance
  Still were sporting on.

Two stout boots, immense and black,
  Scattering the drops of dew
Right and left along their track,
  Near and nearer drew!—

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There, beneath the mushroom's shade,
  Huddled close, as you may guess,
Till the vision passed they staid,
  Filled with sore distress.

"THERE, BENEATH THE MUSHROOM'S SHADE, HUDDLED CLOSE, AS YOU MAY GUESS."

When the giant's heavy tread,
  Fainter growing, died away,
Back to Fairyland they sped,
  With white cheeks that day.

J. R. EASTWOOD.

HANGING THE STOCKINGS.

Three little worsted stockings hanging all in a row,
And I have patched two scarlet heels, and darned a crimson toe,
Over the eyes of azure, over the eyes of brown,
Seemed as though the eyelids could never be coaxed down.

I sang for a good long hour before they were shut quite tight;
For to-morrow will be Christmas, and St. Nick comes to-night;
We laughed as we dropped the candies into heel and toe,
For not one little stocking was missing from the row.

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And when our work was ended, we stood a little apart,
Silently praying the Father to soothe that mother's heart
Who looks on her unworn stockings amid her falling tears,
Whose darling is keeping Christmas in Christ's eternal years.

A GUESS FOR THE CHILDREN.

Children, there's somebody coming,
  So try to think sharply and well,
And when I get through with my story
  Just see if his name you can tell.

His hair is white as the snowdrift,
  But then he is not very old;
His coat is of fur at this season,
  The weather, you know, is so cold.

He'll bring all the children a present,
  The rich, and I hope, too, the poor;
Some say he comes down the chimney;
  I think he comes in at the door.

His coat is all stuffed full of candy,
  While all sorts of beautiful toys
You'll see sticking out of his pockets,
  For girls just as well as for boys.

And presents he brings for the mothers,
  And fathers and aunts with the rest;
But most he will bring for the children,
  Because he likes little folks best.

I think you will know when you see him,
  He is dressed up so funny and queer,
And you'll hear every one shouting,
  Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!

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CHRISTMAS.

Oh! the dawn of the Christmas morning!
  Oh! the ring of the Christmas bells!
Oh! the joy and the loving gladness
  Which the song of the steeple tells.

Oh! the laugh of the happy children!
  Oh! the shine of their sparkling eyes!
Opening out of the night-time's shadow
  Into the light of the Christmas skies.

Oh! the rows of the stockings hanging,
  Brimming full of the dainty toys!
Oh! the hurry, the rush, the scramble,
  Here and there, of the girls and boys!

Dear old Santa! a thousand welcomes
  Greet thee ever throughout the land;
Thou who goest with mirth and gladness,
  Songs and merriment hand in hand.

Oh! ye steeples, be ever ringing
  Your glad song of the Christmas time;
And the music of children's voices
  Soft and sweet with the bells will chime.

"Peace on earth and good will!" aye tell it
  Loud and clear from the steeple's height,
Till all hearts shall have caught the message
  Born with the Christmas dawn so bright.

THE SECRET WITH SANTA CLAUS.

Dear Santa Claus, up in the chimney,
  Won't you please listen to me?
Nurse put me in bed so early,
  I ain't a bit sleepy, you see.

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The big folks are down in the parlor,
Laughing and making a noise,
And I cannot sleep just for thinking
Of Christmas and all the new toys.

So I've got out of bed, just a minute,
To tell you—I'll whisper it low—
The stockings I've hung by the fire
Are for me—not mamma, you know.

For mine are so awfully little,
Dear Santa Claus, don't you see?
And I want, oh! so many playthings,
They won't hold enough for me.

So I want you to surely remember,
And fill these as full as you can;
'Cause I haven't been very naughty,
And you're such a nice kind man!

I like a live doll, if you please, sir,
That can talk and call me "mamma;"
Not one that is full of old sawdust,
As all my other dolls are.

There; now I'm through with my secret,
I must scramble back into bed;
But first, Mr. Santa Claus, promise
You won't tell a word I have said.

And please, don't forget the big stockings
Are not for mamma, but for me:
And please, sir, you'll try to remember,
To fill them as full as can be!

MARY D. BRINE.

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THE HOT ROASTED CHESTNUT.

A PARODY.

How dear to my heart is the hot-chestnut vender,
  Who comes with cold weather, and goes with the snow!
What finds he to do in the summer, I wonder?
  To the North or the South, which way does he go?
He stands on the corner when chill winds are blowing,
  His fingers alternately burning and cold,
And stirs up the chestnuts to keep them from burning—
  I wish he would pick out the bad and the old!
The sweet toothsome chestnut, the brown-covered chestnut,
  The hot roasted chestnut I remember of old!

The scent of the roasting—what rose can surpass it?
  So fragrant and tempting, the nuts sweet and brown!
About eleven in the morning I never could pass it,
  With change in my pocket, without coming down.
How eager I seized on the little tin measure,
  And quick in my pockets the contents did pour.
No language could tell all the sweets of the treasure;
  Just try it yourself, and you'll quickly want more.
The tempting ripe chestnut, the soft mealy chestnut,
  The hot roasted chestnut we cherished of yore!

The home-made Italians from whom we receive it,
  Some male and some female, my blessings to all!
They may be a nuisance, but I'll not believe it,
  They'd rather roast chestnuts than not work at all.
Although I'm no longer a dear little urchin,
  I cherish the memory of pleasure so sweet;
And while in the season I still will keep munchin'
  The hot roasted chestnut with the sweetest of meat.
The sweet toothsome chestnut, the brown-covered chestnut,
  The hot roasted chestnut that's bought on the street!

J. ED. MILLIKEN.

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CHRISTMAS DAY.

What's this hurry, what's this flurry,
  All throughout the house to-day?
Everywhere a merry scurry,
  Everywhere a sound of play.
Something too's the matter, matter,
  Out-of-doors as well as in,
For the bell goes clatter, clatter,
  Every minute—such a din!

Everybody winking, blinking,
  In a queer, mysterious way;
What on earth can they be thinking,
  What on earth can be to pay?
Bobby peeping o'er the stairway,
  Bursts into a little shout;
Kitty, too, is in a fair way,
  Where she hides, to giggle out.

As the bell goes cling a-ling-ing
  Every minute more and more,
And swift feet go springing, springing,
  Through the hallway to the door,
Where a glimpse of box and pocket,
  And a little rustle, rustle,
Make such sight and sound and racket—
  Such a jolly bustle, bustle—

That the youngsters in their places,
  Hiding slily out of sight,
All at once show shining faces,
  All at once scream with delight.

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A RIDE IN STATE.

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Go and ask them what's the matter,
  What the fun outside and in—
What the meaning of the clatter,
  What the bustle and the din.
Hear them, hear them laugh and shout then,
  All together hear them say,
"Why, what have you been about, then,
  Not to know it's Christmas Day?"

THE FALLING LEAVES.

A blithe red squirrel sat under a tree,
  When the leaves were falling adown, adown;
Some were golden and some were red,
  And some were a russet brown.
"If only these leaves were nuts," thought he,
"What a rich little squirrel I should be!"

A sweet little baby sat under a tree,
  When the leaves were falling adown, adown;
They fell in his lap, they danced on his toes,
  And they tickled his little bald crown.
He lifted his arms, and crowed with glee:
"They're birdies, mamma, all flying to me."

Some poor little flowers lay under a tree,
  When the leaves were falling adown, adown;
And they thought of the cold, bleak wintry days,
  And the snow-king's angry frown.
But the leaves called out, "We're coming, you see,
To tuck you in as snug as can be."

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A shy little bunny sat under a tree,
  But the snow-flakes were falling adown, adown;
The wise red squirrel had scampered away,
  And the baby had gone to town.
So he lifted the cover a trifle to see,
And the flowers were sleeping as sound as could be.

NOT APPRECIATED.

"I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO STOP."

I'm very fond of drawing; I shouldn't know what to do
Without my slate and pencil, and my box of colors too;
I can make the nicest drawings that you almost ever saw;
Indeed, there's hardly anything I don't know how to draw:
Men and women, little boys and girls, in cloaks and capes and hats;

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Horses and dogs, and sheep and bears, and elephants and cats;
Wagons and carts, and houses with chimneys on top—
I'm so very fond of drawing that I don't know where to stop.
But—I'm sure I don't know why it is: perhaps because I'm small—
The folks that see my drawings don't know what they are at all!

EMMA A. OPPER.

TWO LITTLE ARTISTS.

Lucy sat with her pencil against her lips, looking at what she had drawn on her new slate. She nodded her head, and said to Ella—

"Here is the ink-pot, there is the glass of flowers, there is the book. I have drawn them all, and they are so good that I do not know which is best. What are you doing?"

LUCY SAT WITH HER PENCIL AGAINST HER LIPS.

Ella was leaning over her slate, and she did not look up. She did not say anything at first, but Lucy saw that two large tears were rolling down her cheeks.

"What is the matter?" said Lucy.

"I can't do them. I have tried and tried, but I cannot draw them right. So I've rubbed them out, and there is nothing on my slate."

"I shall make pictures when I am a woman," said Lucy, "and I shall sell them for a great deal of money. So I shall be very rich. Should you not like to draw pictures for people to buy?" And Lucy looked at her slate.

"Yes," sobbed Ella. Then she said—

"Let me look at your drawing, Lucy."

So Lucy gave the slate to Ella, and to her great surprise, Ella left off crying, and burst out laughing.

"I don't call that drawing—they are quite as funny as mine were."

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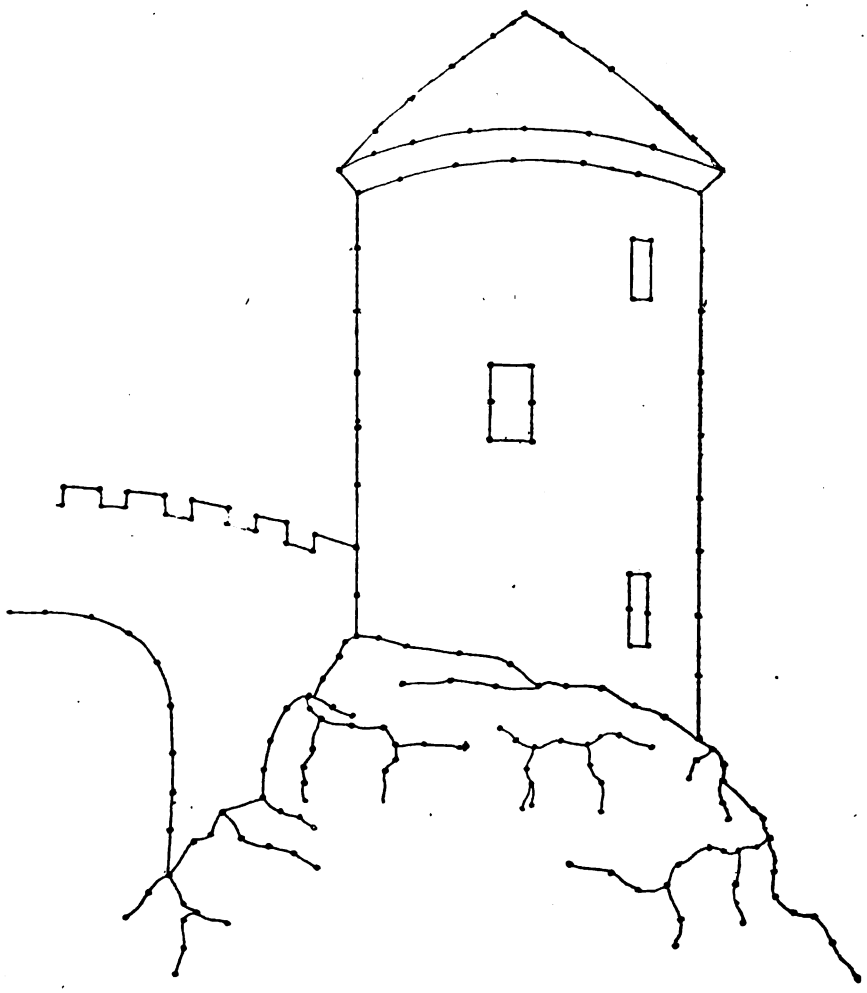

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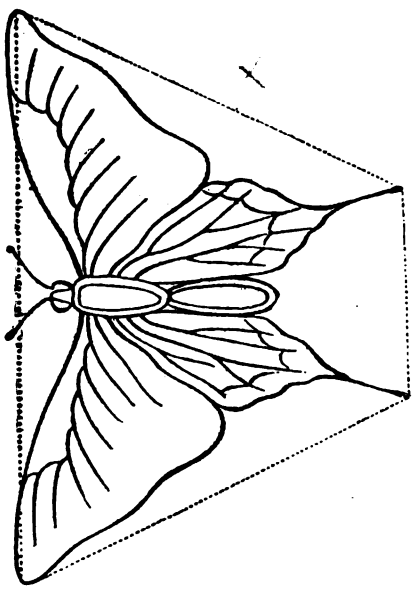

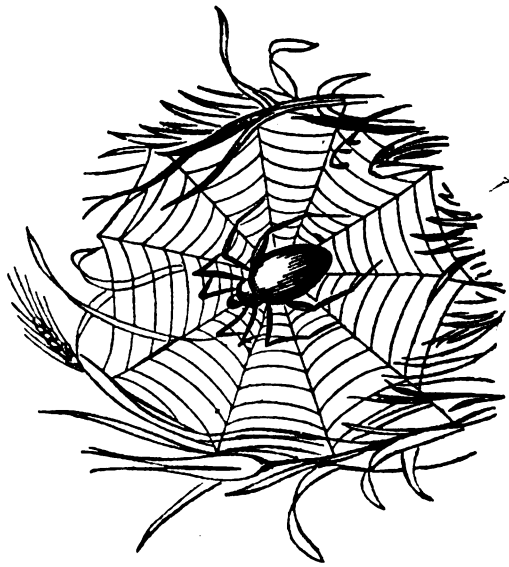

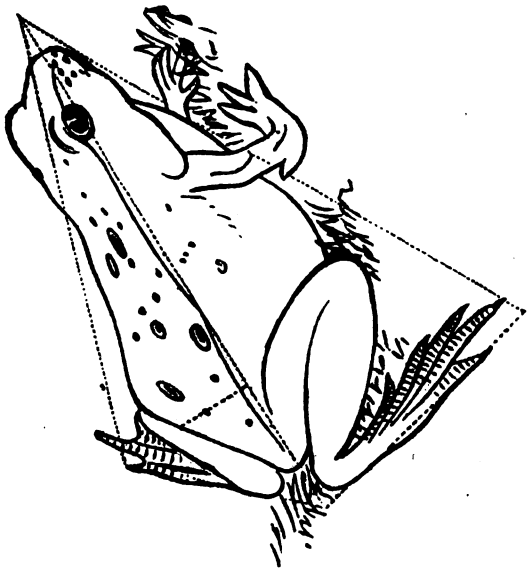

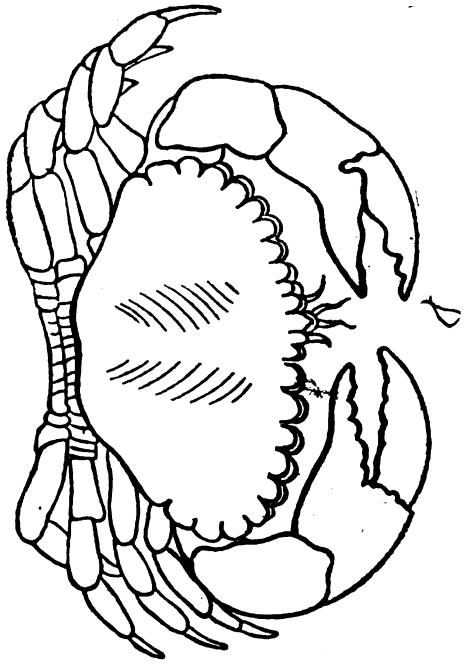

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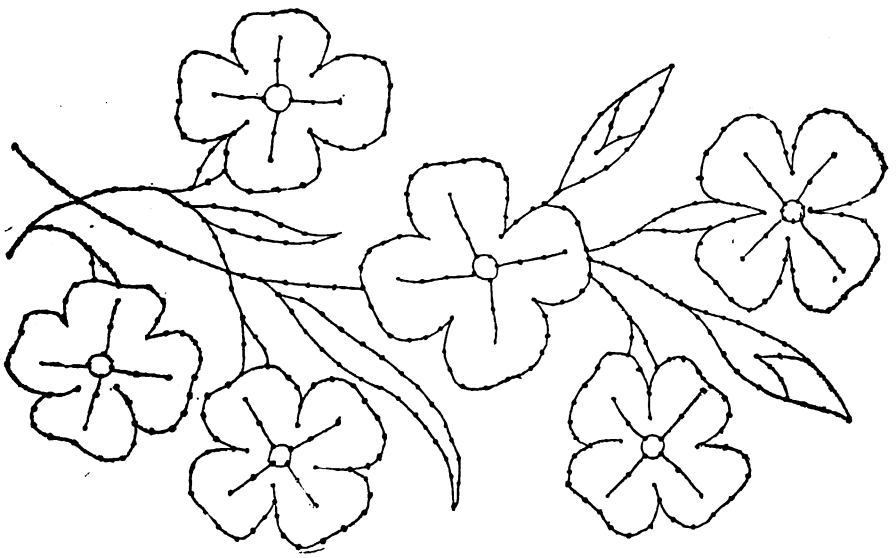

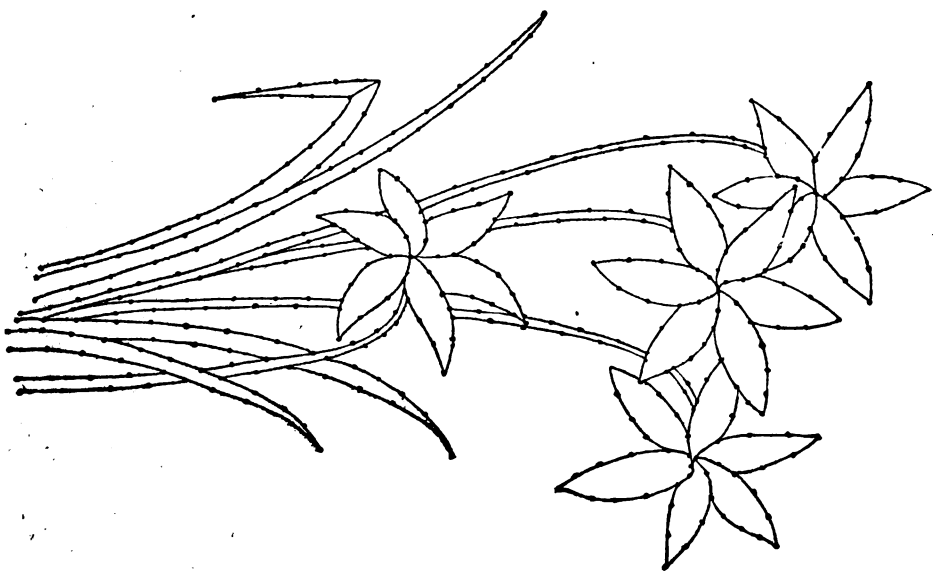

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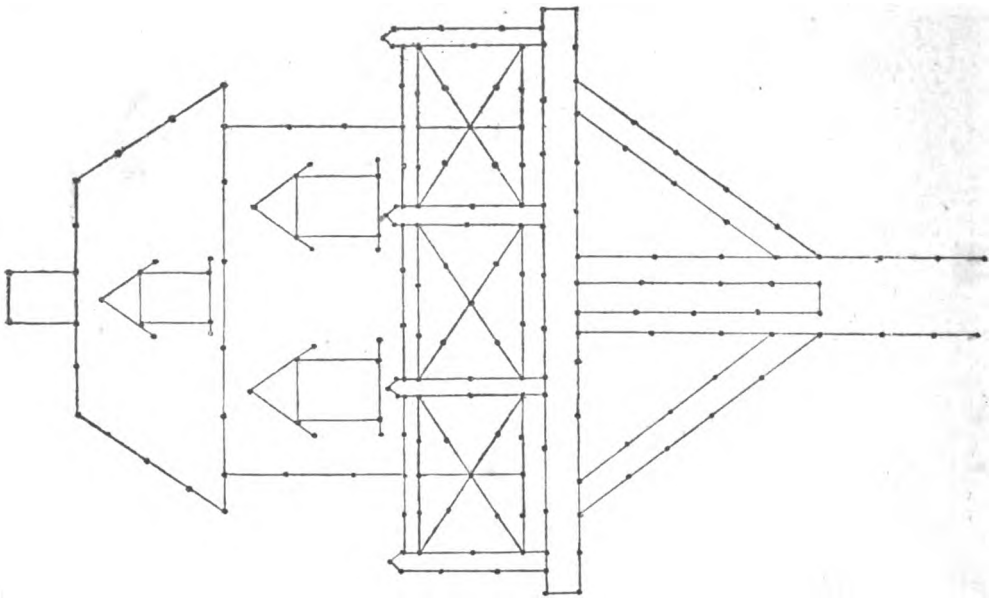

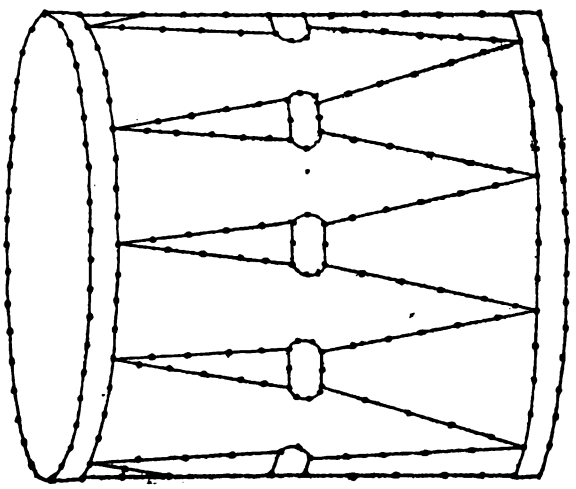

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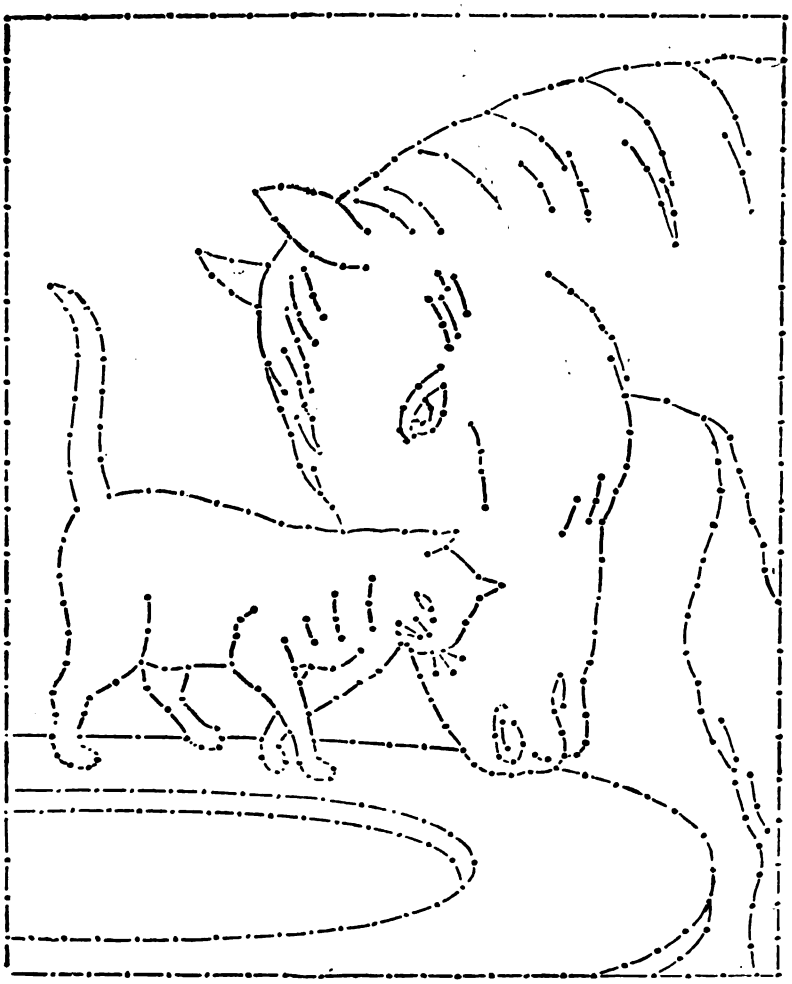

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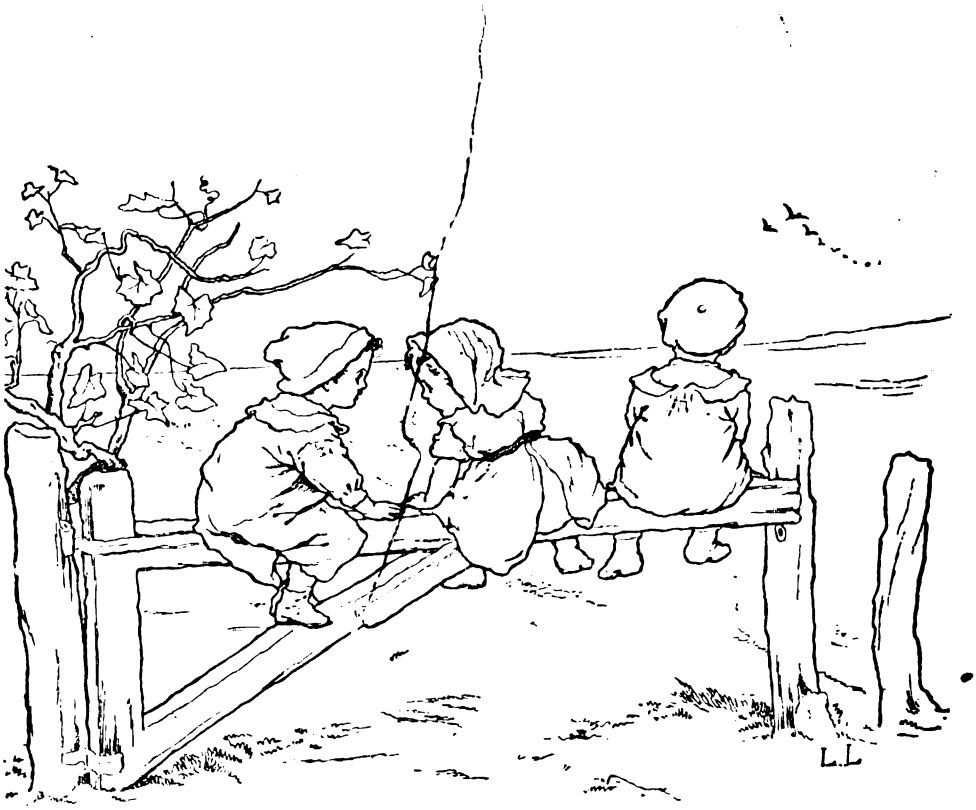

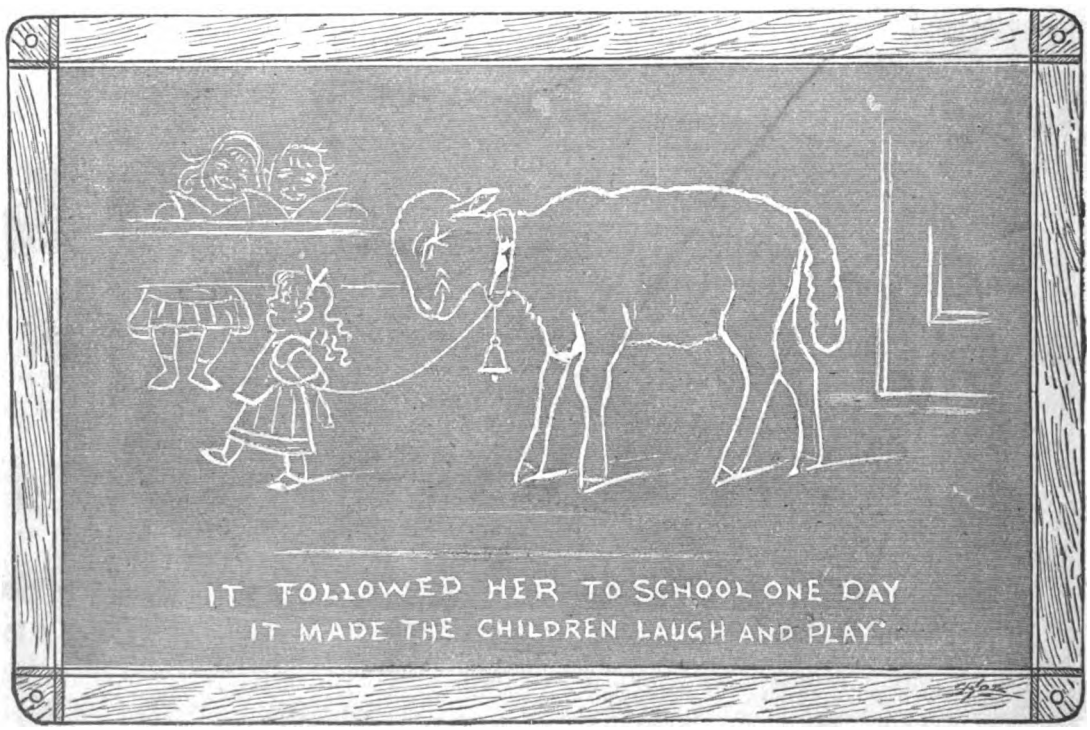

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A DRAWING LESSON.

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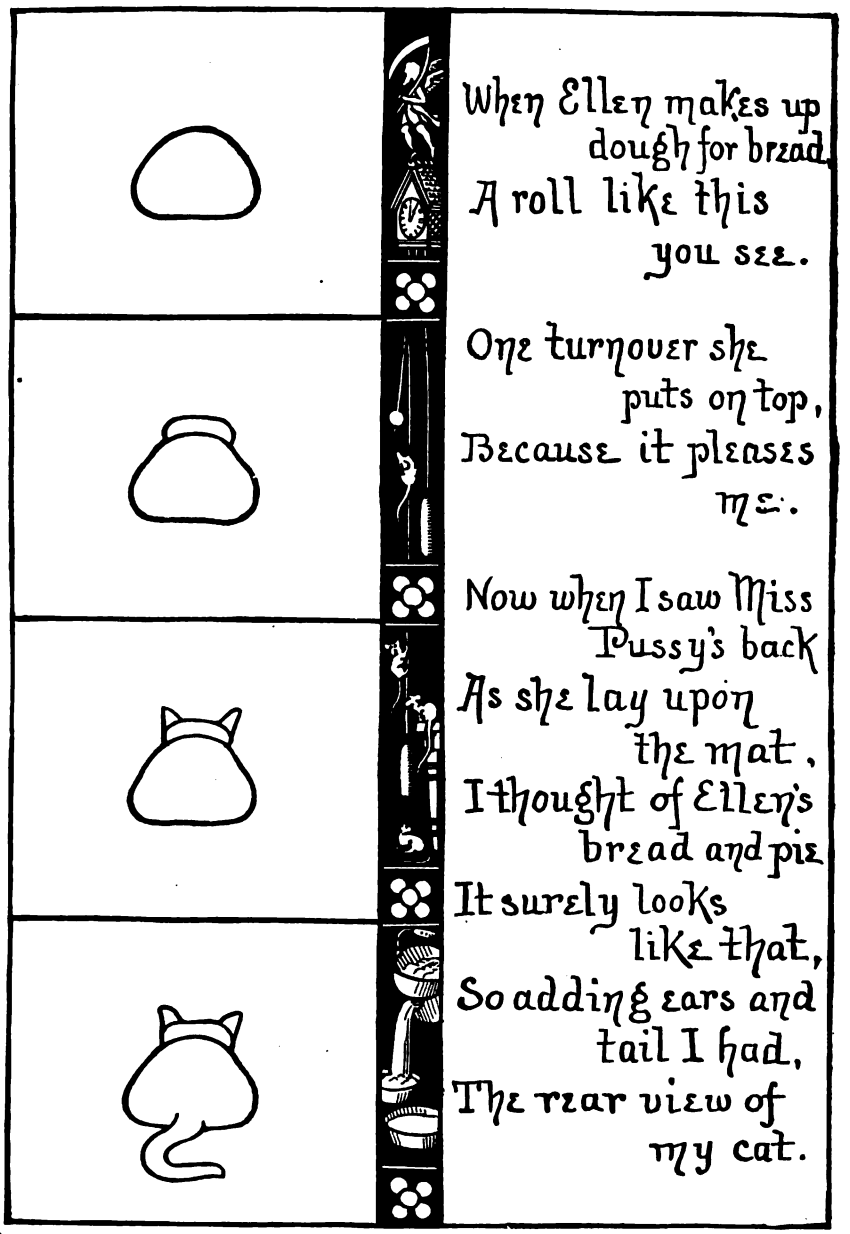

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ELOCUTIONARY SELECTIONS.

1st. The highest art in Elocution is to be natural.

2d. Pure tone covers the great field of ordinary conversation, simple narrative, and plain description.

3d. Correct and natural conversation we find our purest models from which to copy in our reading.

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A HERO.

In the cosy chimney corner, with his rosy cheeks aglow,
Little Hans was safely sheltered from the driving hail and snow;
Back and forward went the mother, dropping now and then a word,
While she paused to rock the cradle, where the year old baby stirred.
"Yes, my lad," she softly answered to a question of her son,
"Duty is the best of heroes, duty well and bravely done.
Never mind how hard; a hero faces hardness like a man;
God rewards the boy who ever does the very best he can."
Came the day when slow and stealthy, all unseen by mortal eyes,
In the cold northwestern heavens, did a little cloud arise,
Frowning on the fair horizon, gathering with the angry blast,
Till the snow came hurtling downward, white and blinding, keen and fast.
Not beside the chimney corner, but in school a mile away,
Little Hans with sturdy courage faced the dark and bitter day.
Gold-haired Mabel stood beside him; "I will take her home," he said,
Tying close the scarlet hood about the sunny, curly head.
Well we know the hapless story, how the children struggled on,
Whirled like driftwood in a torrent, till the wintry light was gone,
Stumbling, sobbing, praying, calling, in the darkness and the snow,
While the rescue party sought them, waving torches to and fro;
While the mothers at the windows watched and waited, sick with dread,
And the frantic tempest battled, like an army overhead.
When they found him Hans was sleeping, with a smile upon his face,
Just as if an angel passing, lowly bent, had kissed the place,
Holding Mabel's dimpled fingers very tightly in his own,
His warm jacket for protection o'er her little shoulders thrown.
Did the mother-heart remember, grieving for her hero-lad,
What she said to him of duty; did she know how well he had

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Done the noblest and the simplest work 'twas given him to do,
Dying in his happy childhood, while his joyous life was new?
Through the fierce Dakota blizzard many a valiant soul and brave,
Found its way to Him who triumphed once for all above the grave!
None was stronger, none sublimer than the little hero child,
Who, in doing what he could, faced a bitter death, and smiled.

AN APRIL JOKE.

Master Ned on the doorstep sat,
  Busily thinking away;
"Now, what shall I plan for a clever trick,
  For an April-fool to play?
There's Tom he's mean as a boy can be,
  And he never can pass me by
Without a word that is rude and cross,
  And maybe a punch on the sly.

"Some trick I'll find that'll pay him off,
  And teach him a lesson, too."
So master Ned he pondered awhile,
  Till the dimples grew and grew;
And he laughed at last as away he ran,
  "I'll make him sorry," thought he,
"For the many times he has done his best
  To tease and to trouble me."

On April first with the early dawn,
  Was found at Tommy's door
A package tied, and "Master Tom"
  The only address it bore.
"'Tis only a trick of Ned's," said Tom;
  "He owes me many a one;
But I'll match him yet—he'd better beware—
  Before the day is done."

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Then Tom peeped in at his package,
  Oh, what a shamefaced fellow was he!
A handsome book, and line which read,
  "Accept this, Tom, from me."
And this is the way in which Tom was "fooled;"
  And afterward, meeting Ned,
"Your trick has beaten all mine for good:
  Forgive me, old fellow," he said.

WHERE DO THE WRINKLES COME FROM?

"Where do the wrinkles come from?"
  And joyous little Grace
Looked gravely in the mirror
  At her rose-tinted face.

"Where do the wrinkles come from?
  Why first, dear, I suppose,
The heart lets in a sorrow,
  And then a wrinkle grows.

"Then anger comes a-tapping,
  And the heart's door opens wide;
Then hasten naughty envy
  And discontent and pride.

"And the wrinkles follow slowly;
  For the face has for its part
To tell just what is doing
  Down in the secret heart.

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"And the red lips lose their sweetness,
And draw down so," said Grace,
"And the lovely youthful angel
Goes slowly from the face.

READY FOR THE PARTY.

"Watch the gate of the heart, my darling,
For the heart is the dwelling-place
Of the magical angel of beauty,
Whose smile is seen in the face."

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A COBWEB MADE TO ORDER.

A hungry spider made a web
  Of thread so very fine,
Your tiny fingers scarce could feel
  The little tender line.
Round about and round about,
  And round about it spun,
Straight across, and back again,
  Until the web was done.

Oh, what a pretty shining web
  It was when it was done!
The little flies all came to see
  It hanging in the sun.
Round about and round about,
  And round about they danced,
Across the web, and back again,
  They darted, and they glanced.

The hungry spider sat and watched
  The happy little flies;
It saw all round about its head,
  It had so many eyes.
Round about and round about,
  And round about they go,
Across the web, and back again,
  Now high—now low.

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"I'm hungry, very hungry,"
  Said the spider to a fly.
"If you were caught within the web
  You very soon should die."
But round about and round about,
  And round about once more,
Across the web, and back again,
  They flitted as before.

For all the flies were much too wise
  To venture near the spider;
They flapped their little wings and flew
  In circles rather wider.
Round about and round about,
  And round about went they,
Across the web, and back again,
  And then they flew away.

AUNT EFFIE'S RHYMES.

THE YOUNG HUSBAND TO HIS WIFE.

What do I want for breakfast, dear?
My wants are all in my mind quite clear:
You, with your cheerful morning smile
And a pretty dress, my thoughts to beguile
Into thinking of flowers; an earnest word
That will all through my busy day be heard,
And make me sure that my morning light
Beams strongly true e'en while dancing bright.
Be certain to give me these, all these,
And anything else that you can or please.

But dinner, what will I have for that?
Well dear, when I enter, doff my hat,

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And turn to the table, I want to see you,
Standing just as you always do,
To make me lose all the forenoon's fret
And cheer for the afternoon work to get.
Tell me all your news, and I'll tell mine,
And with love and joy and peace we'll dine.
Be certain to give me these, all these,
And anything else that you can or please.

And what for tea? Have I any choice?
Yes, dear; the sound of your gentle voice,
And your gentle presence. I always feel
The cares of the day like shadows steal

Away from your soul, light; and evening rest
Comes just in the way that I love best,
So, when you are planning our twilight tea
With a special thought in your heart for me,
Be certain to give me these, all these,
And anything else that you can or please.

THE UNFINISHED PRAYER.

"Now I lay"—repeat it, darling—
"Lay me," lisped the tiny lips
Of my daughter, kneeling, bending
O'er her folded finger-tips.

"Down to sleep." "To sleep," she murmured,
And the curly head bent low;
"I pray the Lord," I gently added;
"You can say it all, I know."

"Pray the Lord"—the sound came faintly,
Fainter still, "My soul to keep;"

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FOR JESUS' SAKE, AMEN.

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Then the tired head fairly nodded,
  And the child was fast asleep.

But the dewy eyes half opened
  When I clasped her to my breast,
And the dear voice softly whispered,
  "Mamma, God knows all the rest."

ROVER IN CHURCH.

'Twas a Sunday morning in early May,
A beautiful, sunny, quiet day,
And all the village, old and young,
Had trooped to church when the church bell rung.
The windows were open, and breezes sweet
Fluttered the hymn-books from seat to seat.
Even the birds, in the pale-leaved birch,
Sang as softly as in church!

Right in the midst of the minister's prayer
There came a knock at the door. "Who's there,
I wonder?" the gray-haired sexton thought,
As his careful ear the tapping caught.
Rap-rap, rap-rap—a louder sound,
The boys on the back seats turned around.
What could it mean? for never before
Had any one knocked at the old church door.

Again the tapping, and now so loud,
The minister paused (though his head was bowed).
Rappety-rap! This will never do,
The girls are peeping, and laughing too!

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So the sexton tripped o'er the creaking floor,
Lifted the latch, and opened the door.
In there trotted a big black dog,
As big as a bear! With a solemn jog

Right up the center aisle he pattered;
People might stare, it little mattered.
Straight he went to a little maid,
Who blushed and hid, as though afraid,
And there sat down, as if to say,
"I'm sorry that I was late to-day;
But better late than never, you know,
Besides, I waited an hour or so,

"And couldn't get them to open the door,
Till I wagged my tail and bumped the floor;
Now, little mistress, I'm going to stay
And hear what the minister has to say."
The poor little girl hid her face, and cried!
But the big dog nestled close to her side,
And kissed her, dog fashion, tenderly,
Wondering what the matter could be!

He sat through the sermon and heard it all,
The dog being large, and the sexton small,
As solemn and wise as any one there,
With a very dignified, scholarly air!
And instead of scolding, the minister said,
As he laid his hand on the sweet child's head,
After the service, "I never knew
Two better list'ners than Rover and you!"

JAMES BUCKHAM.

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TIME TURNS THE TABLES.

Ten years ago, when she was ten,
  I used to tease and scold her;
I liked her, and she loved me then,
  A boy some five years older.

I liked her, she would fetch my book,
  Bring lunch to stream or thicket;
Would oil my gun, or bait my hook,
  And field for hours at cricket.

She'd mend my cap, or find my whip.
  Ah! but boys' hearts are stony!
I liked her rather less than "Gyp,"
  And far less than my pony.

She loved me then, though heaven knows why,
  Small wonder had she hated,
For scores of dolls she's had to cry,
  Whom I decapitated.

I tore her frocks, I pulled her hair,
  Called "red" the sheen upon it;
Out fishing I would even dare
  Catch tadpoles in her bonnet.

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Well, now I expiate my crime;
  The Nemesis of fables
Came after years—to-day Old Time
  On me has turned the tables.

I'm twenty-five, she's twenty now,
  Dark-eyed, pink-cheeked and bonny,
The curls are golden round her brow;
  She smiles, and calls me "Johnny."

Of yore I used her Christian name,
  But now, through fate or malice,
When she is by my lips can't frame
  Five letters to make "Alice."

I, who could joke with her and tease,
  Stand silent now before her;
Dumb, through the very wish to please,
  A speechless, shy adorer.

Or, if she turns to me to speak,
  I'm dazzled by her graces;
The hot blood rushes to my cheek,
  I babble commonplaces.

She's kind and cool—ah! heaven knows how
  I wish she blushed and faltered;
She likes me, and I love her now;
  Dear, dear! how things have altered.

GOOD-NIGHT.

"Good-night, dear mamma," a little girl said,
"I'm going to sleep in my trundle-bed;
Good-night, dear papa, little brother and sis!"
And to each one the innocent gave a sweet kiss.

"Good-night, little darling," her fond mother said;
"But remember, before you lie down in your bed,
With a heart full of love, and a tone soft and mild,
To breathe a short prayer to Heaven, dear child."

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"Oh yes, dear mother!" said the child with a nod,
"I love, oh, I love to say good-night to God!"

Kneeling down, "My father in Heaven," she said,
"I thank thee for giving me this nice little bed;
For though mamma told me she bought it for me,
She says that everything good comes from Thee;

"I thank Thee for keeping me safe through the day;
I thank Thee for teaching me, too, how to pray;"
Then bending her sweet little head with a nod,
"Good-night, my dear father, my Maker, and God;

"Should I never again on earth ope mine eyes,
I pray Thee to give me a home in the skies!"

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'Twas an exquisite sight as she meekly knelt there,
With her eyes raised to heaven, her hands clasped in prayer;

And I thought of the time when the Saviour, in love,
Said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven above;"
And I inwardly prayed that my own heart the while
Might be cleansed from its bitterness, freed from its guile.

Then she crept into bed, that beautiful child,
And was soon lost in slumber, so calm and so mild
That we listened in vain for the sound of her breath,
As she lay in the arms of the emblem of death.

WHEN WE WERE GIRLS.

"Do you mind the Widow Martin's quiltin'?
  Her daughter Sue was a flighty thing;
Always laughin', an' flirtin' an' jiltin',
  An' wearin' this'n an' t'other's ring.
She's dead this twenty year, poor creeter:
  She had soft blue eyes an' a head o' curls,
Seems like the maids an' flowers were sweeter
  When we were girls.

"How it snowed that day, though 'twas just November!
  Was the quilt 'Log Cabin,' or 'Irish Chain'?
I have forgot. But I well remember
  The widow's nephew from down in Maine.
When he shook the cat, he set her yellin',
  An' bounced her out in about three whirls.
They had many ways o' fortune-tellin'
  When we were girls.

"Don't you remember the spellin' battle—
  'Twas summer then, and the weather fine—
When Polly Jenks spelt 'C-a-t-l, cattle,'
  An' Temp'rance Trimble 'v-i-g-n, vine'?

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But what did it matter, word or letter?
  They had cheeks like roses, teeth like pearls,
Men were the same—no worse, no better
  When we were girls.

"'Twas the master himself that Polly married.
  Why, Jane, what ails ye? What makes ye sigh?
You could not wed while the grandsire tarried;
  So youth, an' roses, an' love went by.
They tell me Polly is fine and haughty
  In boughten roses, an' boughten pearls,
An' the master, just the same that taught ye
  When we were girls.

"Oh, the winter time, full o' rides an' dances;
  The summer days when we sang and spun;
The meetin'-house, an' the stolen glances
  Across the aisle when the prayer was done!
Fifty year since we two were twenty;
  But it all comes back as the smoke upcurls—
The joy, an' hope, an' love, an' plenty
  When we were girls.

GOOD AND BETTER.

A father sat by the chimney-post
On a winter's day, enjoying a roast;
By his side a maiden young and fair,
A girl with a wealth of golden hair;
And she teases the father stern and cold,
With a question of duty trite and old,—
"Say, father, what shall a maiden do
When a man of merit comes to woo?
And, father, what of this pain in my breast?
Married or single—which is the best?"

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Then the sire of the maiden young and fair,
The girl with the wealth of golden hair,
He answers as ever do fathers cold,
To the question of duty trite and old,
"She who weddeth keeps God's letter:
She who weds not, doeth better."
Then meekly answered the maiden fair,
The girl with the wealth of golden hair,
"I'll keep the sense of the holy letter,
Content to do well without doing better."

THE HUSKIN'.

Ole "Cross-roads Brown," he give a bee,
  An' 'vited all the neighbors,
Until a rig'ment fought his corn,
  With huskin'-pegs fur sabers.

The night was clear as Em Steele s eyes,
  The moon as mild as Nancy's,
The stars was winkin 's if they knowed
  All 'bout our loves and fancies,

The breeze was sharp, an' braced a chap,
  Like Minnie Silver's laughin';
The cider in the gallon jug
  Was jes tip-top fur quaffin'.

The gals sung many a ole-time song,
  Us boys a-jinin' chorus—
We'd no past shames to make us sad,
  Nor dreaded ones afore us.

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The shock was tumbled on the ground,
  Each one its own direction,
An' ears was droppin' all around,
  Like pennies at collection.

On one side o' the shock a boy,
  His sweetheart on the other,
A kind o' timid like an' coy,
  But not so very, nuther.

The fodder rustles dry and clean,
  The husks like silver glisten,
The ears o' gold shine in between,
  As if they try to listen.

An' when a red ear comes to light,
  Like some strange boy a-blushin',
The gal she gives a scream o' fright,
  An' jukes her pardner, rushin'

To git a kiss, the red ear's prize,
  Till, conquered most completely,
She lifts her lips and brightened eyes,
  And gives him one so sweetly.

They had a shock off from the rest—
  Tom Fell an' Lizzie Beyer,
An' Tom he wouldn't say a word,
  Got mute in getting nigh her.

But Liz, she knowed jes by his move,
  Tom loved her like tarnation,
An' every time she said a word,
  She seen him blush carnation.

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She seen him husk the red ears out,
  The bashful, foolish fellow,
As if each red one wasn't worth
  A dozen piles o' yellow.

Their shock was jes 'bout finished up,
  An' Liz was busy twistin'
A great big ear, to get it off,
  An' it was still resistin',

Until she said, "Do break it, Tom,"
  She didn't know she hed one,
Till lookin' down she blushed an' cried,
  "Oh! gracious, Tom, 't's a red one!"

An' Tom he gave her such a kiss—
  Stretched out 'twould make me twenty,
An' all that night, in all their shocks,
  Red ears seemed mighty plenty.

WILL F. MCSPARRAN.

LEEDLE YAWCOB STRAUSS.

I haf von funny leedle poy
Vot gomes schust to my knee,—
Der queerest schap, der createst rogue
As ever you did see.
He runs, und schumps, und schmashes dings
In all barts off der house.
But vot off dot? He vas mine son,
Mine leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He get der measels und der mumbs,
Und eferyding dot's oudt;

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He sbills mine glass ob lager bier,
Poots schnuff indo mine kraut;
He fills mine pipe mit Limburg cheese—
Dot vos der roughest chouse.
I'd dake dot vrom no oder poy
But leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He dakes der milk-ban for a dhrum,
Und cuts mine cane in dwo
To make der schticks to beat it mit—
Mine cracious, dot vas drue!
I dinks mine head vas schplit abart
He kicks oup such a touse;
But nefer mind, der poys was few
Like dot young Yawcob Strauss.

He asks me questions sooch as dese—
Who baints mine nose so red?
Who vas it cuts dot schmoodth blace out
Vrom der hair ubon mine hed?
Und vhere der plaze goes vrom der lamp
Vene'er der glim I douse?
How gan I all dese dings eggsblain
To dot schmall Yawcob Strauss?

I somedimes dink I schall go vild
Mit sooch a grazy poy,
Und vish vonce more I gould have rest
Und beaceful dimes enshoy.
But ven he vas ashleep in ped,
So quiet as a mouse,
I brays der Lord, "Dake anydings,
But leaf dot Yawcob Strauss."

CHARLES F. ADAMS.

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A PICTURE.

The farmer sat in his easy chair
  Smoking his pipe of clay,
While his hale old wife, with busy care,
  Was clearing the dinner away;
A sweet little girl with fine blue eyes,
On her grandfather's knee was catching flies.

The old man laid his hand on her head,
  With a tear on his wrinkled face;
He thought how often her mother dead
  Had sat in the self-same place.
As the tear stole down from his half-shut eye,
"Don't smoke," said the child, "how it makes you cry!"

LITTLE AGNES' MISTAKE.

The house-dog lay stretched out on the floor,
  Where the shade after noon used to steal;
The busy old wife, by the open door,
  Was turning the spinning wheel;
An' the old brass clock on the mantel-tree
Had plodded along to almost three.

Still the farmer sat in his easy chair,
  While close to his heaving breast
The moistened brow and the cheek so fair
  Of his sweet grandchild were prest;
His head, bent down, on her soft hair lay:
Fast asleep were they both that summer day!

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THE CHILD MUSICIAN.

He had played for his lordship's levee,
  He had played for her ladyship's whim,
Till the poor little head was heavy,
  And the poor little brain would swim.

And the face grew peaked and eerie,
  And the large eyes strange and bright,
And they said, too late, "He is weary!
  He shall rest for, at least, to-night!"

But at dawn, when the birds were waking,
  As they watched in the silent room,
With the sound of a strained chord breaking,
  A something snapped in the gloom.

'Twas the string of his violoncello,
  And they heard him stir in his bed;
"Make room for a tired little fellow,
  Dear God!" was the last that he said.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

TWO FISHERS.

One morning when Spring was in her teens—
  A morn to a poet's wishing,
All tinted in delicate pinks and greens—
  Miss Bessie and I went fishing.

I in my rough and easy clothes,
  With my face at the sun-tan's mercy;
She with her hat tipped down to her nose,
  And her nose tipped—vice versa.

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I with my rod, my reel, and my hooks,
  And a hamper for lunching recesses;
She with the bait of her comely looks,
  And the seine of her golden tresses.

So we sat us down on the sunny dike,
  Where the white pond-lilies teeter,
And I went fishing like quaint old Ike,
  And she like Simon Peter.

All the noon I lay in the light of her eyes,
  And dreamily watched and waited,
But the fish were cunning, and would not rise,
  And the baiter alone was baited.

And when the time of departure came,
  My bag hung flat as a flounder;
But Bessie had neatly hooked her game—
  A hundred-and-fifty pounder.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

FAMILIAR TALK.

The kettle began it! Don't tell me what Mrs. Perrybingle said; I know better. Mrs. Perrybingle may leave it on record till the end of time that she couldn't say which of them began it, but I say the kettle did; I ought to know, I hope.

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh as boyhood can!

O, the spring, the beautiful spring!
She shineth and smileth on everything.

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Ho, ho! ha, ha! the merry fire!
It sputters and it crackles!
Snap, snap! flash, flash!
Old oak and ash
Send out a million sparkles.

'Tis education forms the common mind;
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.

On a bridge I was standing, one morning,
And watching the current roll by,
When suddenly into the water
There fell an unfortunate fly.

"Ho! ho!"
Said the crow;
"So I'm not s'posed to know
Where the rye and the wheat
And the corn-kernels grow—
Oh! no!
Ho! ho!
He! he!
Farmer Lee,
When I fly from my tree,
Just you see where the tops
Of the corn-ears will be;
Watch me!
He! he!"
Switch-swirch,
With a lurch,
Flopped the bird from his perch,
As he spread out his wings
And set forth on his search—
His search—
Switch-swirch.

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Click! bang!
How it rang;
How the small bullet sang,
As it sped through the air—
And the crow, with a pang,
Went spang,
Chi-bang!

Now know,
That to crow
Often brings one to woe;
And so,
Don't crow!

A NEW YEAR'S RESOLVE.

Good-bye, old year. You might, perhaps,
Have treated me a little better.
You might have softened some hard raps,
You might have eased up on some better.

And yet if I'd bestowed more thought,
Had tasted more of self denial,
More happiness I might have bought,
And stronger might I be for trial.

If I'd return but half the bliss
That others gave me for my folly,
I would not now feel so amiss,
And steeped in New Year's melancholy.

Had I repaid in golden grains
Of charity, so much of kindness,
I might not now have mental pains
Upbraiding me for all my blindness.

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Therefore, resolved, I'll start anew
(I'll try how sweet unselfish bliss is)
To pay my debts (I mean it, too);
I'll take right back to Maud her kisses.

TOM MASSON.

WHAT HE SAID.

"The wife for me," said he, said he,
As he gave his moustache a curl,
With a look that he meant should be eloquent,
"Is the good old-fashioned girl.
The girl who wakes when the morning breaks
As fresh as the dew is sweet,
Who bread can make, or broil a steak
Fit for a man to eat.

"She must be wise to economize—"
As he lighted a cigarette—
Pretty and neat from head to feet,
With a horror of waste or debt.
For economy," said he, said he,
"Of virtues the very pearl,
Was always found to well abound
In the good old-fashioned girl.

"Pure must she be," said he, said he,
"As the snow, and all the while,
Must be warm and true as the skies are blue,
With a soul that is free from guile.
And she must give me," said he, said he,
As he gave his cane a twirl,
"The whole, not part, of her loving heart,
Like a good old-fashioned girl."

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"And yet, and yet, I should much regret,
  If learning she lacked, or wit;
If she could not unite quick thought and bright
  With speech that was fair and fit.
For of course you see," said he, said he,
  "It would put me to open scorn,
If anywhere she should lack the air
  Of one to the manner born.

"Yes, this," said he, "is the wife for me,
  I've quite made up my mind;
But when shall I see the face," said he,
  "Of the girl that I fain would find?"
A glance he bent that he vainly meant
  Should set her true heart awhirl,
As he asked again, "O tell me when,
  When will I find this girl?"

WHAT SHE SAID.

"When will you find this girl," said she,
  "This girl whom you call old fashioned,
This marvel of muscle and heart and head,
  Practical, shy, impassioned?
I do not know, but I think you can,
  If faithful and fond your trying,
About the time that I find the man
  For whom my soul is sighing.

"When I find that wonder of manhood
  Who can rise when the day is breaking
And saw and split and bring in the wood
  For the good wife's daily baking.
Who can build the fire, the field can plow,
  Can sow the grain and reap it;
Who having gold in his purse knows how
  Wisely to keep and use it.

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"Who can buy and sell and just as well
  Paint pictures or write a sermon;
And then at night with the season's belle,
  With gay step lead the german.
Whose speech is brave and pure and sweet,
  Swift confidence compelling,
Whose true heart is a temple meet
  For love's supreme indwelling.

"I think you will find—so I should judge—
  Your pattern of love and duty,
Your cook and laundress and household drudge,
  Yet the lady of grace and beauty,
About the time—or my judgment errs—
  When I find—by his own confessing—
The man who can match each gift of hers,
  With those of his own possessing."

"Ah," he said, "what a fool I've been!"
  She smiled in a sweet agreeing,
"There's been a wonderful light let in
  Somehow on my mental being;
I'll cease my search for the girl," said he,
  "And thanks for your just reminder."
I think 'tis the thing to do," said she,
  "Until you are fit to find her."

CARLOTTA PERRY.

THAT LINE FENCE.

Old Farmer Smith came home in a miff
  From his field the other day,
While his sweet little wife, the pride of his life,
  At her wheel was spinning away.

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And ever anon a gay little song
  With the buzz of her wheel kept time;
And his wrathful brow is clearing now,
  Under her cheerful rhyme.

"Come, come, little Turk, put away your work,
  And listen to what I say:
What can I do, but a quarrel brew
  With the man across the way?

"I have built my fence, but he won't commence
  To lay a single rail;
His cattle get in, and the feed gets thin,—
  I am tempted to make a sale!"

"Why, John, dear John, how you do go on!
  I'm afraid it will be as they say."
"No, no, little wife, I have heard that strife
  In a lawyer's hands don't pay.

"He is picking a flaw, to drive me to law,
    I am told that he said he would,—
And you know, long ago, law wronged me so,
  I vowed that I never should.

"So what can I do, that I will not rue,
  To the man across the way?"
"If that's what you want, I can help you haunt
  That man with a spectre gray.

"Thirty dollars will do to carry you through,
  And then you have gained a neighbor;
It would cost you more to peep in the door
  Of a court, and as much more labor.

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"Just use your good sense—let's build him a fence,
And shame bad acts out of the fellow."
They built up his part, and sent to his heart
Love's dart, where the good thoughts mellow.

That very same night, by the candle light,
They opened with interest a letter:
Not a word was there, but three greenbacks fair,
Said, the man was growing better.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND THE POOR WOMAN.

"I'd like to see the President,"
A timid woman said,
A poor and tidy gown she wore,
And on her whitening head
A bonnet, faded as her hair,
But comely still, with decent care.

Around, on costly couches, sat
Statesmen of high degree,
And, conscious of their greatness, she
Stood back most patiently,
Till some coarse menial, with a smile,
Whispered that she must wait awhile—

Then muttered "green," with many a wink,
Till every glance was turned
On the poor woman, gray and old,
While hot her thin cheeks burned
With wounded feelings, griefs and fears,
And her dim eyes were filled with tears.

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And still the hours rolled onward—still
  The mighty came and went—
But all neglected stood the dame,
  Nor saw the President;
While those whom fortune favors told
Their pompous tales of fame and gold.

And so the sun came fainter down
  Upon the brilliant floor;
The aged woman started at
  The opening of a door,
And one who caught her haggard eye
All sudden stopped, through sympathy.

"Oh, sir," she said, "these many hours
  I've waited patiently;
Perhaps the President cannot
  Be seen by such as I;
I'm poor, and old, and careworn, too,
And he has burdens not a few."

The stranger turned—a sudden light
  Seemed kindled in his eye;
He spoke with kindly tone and mien,
  With gentle gravity—
"They should have sent you in to me
Before they did the rest," said he.

The old dame flushed with quick surprise,—
  Was this the nation's chief?
This grave, tall man, who, pitying, said,
  "Come—tell me all your grief,
The poor and needy never went,
Unaided from the President."

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She told her simple tale—he heard
With royal gentleness;
Then, as her wrongs his interest woke,
He promised her redress;
And, gazing on the silvered head,
He smiled to see her comforted.

"Thank God!" and freely fell her tears;
"Our land is blest," she said,
"When one who honors poverty
Stands nobly at its head.
If an old woman's benison be
Of any weight or worth to thee,

"I give it, from a grateful heart,
And Heaven will surely hear.
God bless thee, Abraham Lincoln—bless
All that thou holdest dear,
And make thee glorious in the land
Now smitten by the oppressor's hand.

And make thee strong to dare to do,
Even though the proud condemn,
And keep thee honest, brave and true,
Till thou hast conquered them;
And ere thou diest thou shalt see
Through God's good grace, a nation free."

THE MAGICAL ISLE.

There's a magical isle in the river of Time,
Where softest of echoes are straying ;
And the air is as soft as a musical chime,
Or the exquisite breath of a tropical clime
When June with its roses is swaying.

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'Tis where Memory dwells with her pure golden hue,
  And music forever is flowing:
While the low-murmured tones that come trembling through
Sadly trouble the heart, yet sweeten it too,
  As the south wind o'er water when blowing.

There are shadowy halls in that fairy-like isle,
  Where pictures of beauty are gleaming;
Yet the light of their eyes, and their sweet, sunny smile,
Only flash round the heart with a wildering wile,
  And leave us to know 'tis but dreaming.

And the name of this isle is the Beautiful Past,
  And we bury our treasures all there:
There are beings of beauty, too lovely to last;
There are blossoms of snow, with the dust o'er them cast;
  There are tresses and ringlets of hair,

There are fragments of song only memory sings,
  And the words of a dear mother's prayer;
There's a harp long unsought, and a lute without strings—
  Hallowed tokens that love used to wear.

E'en the dead,—the bright, beautiful dead—there arise,
  With their soft, flowing ringlets of gold:
Though their voices are hushed, and o'er their sweet eyes,
The unbroken signet of silence now lies,
  They are with us again, as of old.

In the stillness of night, hands are beckoning us there,
  And, with joy that is almost a pain,
We delight to turn back, and in wandering there,
Through the shadowy halls of the island so fair,
  We behold our lost treasures again.

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Oh! this beautiful isle, with its phantom-like show,
  Is a vista exceedingly bright:
And the River of Time, in its turbulent flow,
Is oft soothed by the voices we heard long ago,
  When the years were a dream of delight.

WILD WEATHER OUTSIDE.

Wild weather outside where the brave ships go,
And fierce from all quarters the four winds blow,—
Wild weather and cold, and the great waves swell,
With chasms beneath them as black as hell.
The waters frolic in Titan play,
They dash the decks with an icy spray,
The spent sails shiver, the lithe masts reel,
And the sheeted ropes are as smooth as steel.
And oh, that the sailors were safe once more,
Where the sweet wife smiles in the cottage door.

The little cottage, it shines afar
O'er the lurid seas, like the polar star.
The mariner tossed in the jaws of death
Hurls at the storm a defiant breath;
Shouts to his mates through the rising foam,
"Courage! please God, we shall yet win home!"
Frozen and haggard, and wan and gray,
But resolute still, 'tis the sailor's way.
And perhaps—at the fancy the stern eyes dim—
Somebody is praying to-night for him.

Ah, me, through the drench of the bitter rain,
How bright the picture that rises plain!
Sure he can see, with her merry look,
His little maid crooning her spelling-book;

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The baby crows from the cradel fair;
The grandam nods in her easy chair;
While hither and yon, with a quiet grace,
A woman flits, with an earnest face.

The kitten purrs, and the kettle sings,
And a nameless comfort the picture brings.
Rough weather outside, but the winds of balm
Forever float o'er that Isle of Calm,
Oh, friends who read over tea and toast
Of the wild night's work on the storm-swept coast,
Think, when the vessels are overdue,
Of the perilous voyage, the baffled crew,
Of stout hearts battling for love and home,
'Mid the cruel blasts and curdling foam,
And breathe a prayer from your happy lips
For those who must go "to the sea in ships;"
Ask that the sailor may stand once more
Where the sweet wife smiles in the cottage door.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

WHERE ARE WICKED FOLKS BURIED?

"Tell me, gray-headed sexton," I said,
"Where in this field are the wicked folks laid?
I have wandered the quiet old graveyard through,
And studied the epitaphs, old and new;
But on monument, obelisk, pillar or stone
I read of no evil that men have done."

The old sexton stood by a grave newly made,
With his chin on his hand, and his hand on a spade;
I knew by the gleam of his eloquent eye
That his heart was instructing his lips to reply:

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"Who is to judge when the soul takes its flight?
Who is to judge 'twixt the wrong and the right?
Which of us mortals shall dare to say
That our neighbor was wicked who died to-day.

"In our journey through life, the farther we speed
The better we learn that humanity's need
Is charity's spirit, that prompts us to find
Rather virtue than vice in the lives of our kind.

"Therefore, good deeds we record on these stones;
The evil men do, let it die with their bones.
I have labored as sexton this many a year,
But I never have buried a bad man here."

AS JACOB SERVED FOR RACHEL.

'Twas the love that lightened service!
  The old, old story sweet
That yearning lips and waiting hearts
  In melody repeat.
As Jacob served for Rachel
  Beneath the Syrian sky,
Like golden sands that swiftly drop,
  The toiling years went by.

Chill fell the dews upon him,
  Fierce smote the sultry sun;
But what were cold or heat to him,
  Till that dear wife was won!
The angels whispered in his ear,
  "Be patient and be strong!"
And the thought of her he waited for
  Was ever like a song.

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Sweet Rachel, with the secret
  To hold a brave man leal;
To keep him through the changeful years,
  Her own in woe and weal;
So that in age and exile,
  The death damp on his face,
Her name to the dark valley lent
  Its own peculiar grace.

And "There I buried Rachel,"
  He said of that lone spot
In Ephrath, near to Bethlehem,
  Where the wife he loved was not;
For God had taken from him
  The brightness and the zest,
And the heaven above thenceforward kept
  In fee his very best.

Of the love that lightens service,
  Dear God, how much we see,
When the father toils the lifelong day
  For the children at his knee;
When all night long the mother wakes,
  Nor deems the vigil hard,
The rose of health on the sick one's cheek
  Her happy heart's reward.

Of the love that lightens service
  The fisherman can tell,
When he wrests the bread his dear ones eat
  Where the bitter surges swell;
And the farmer in the furrow,
  The merchant in the mart,
Count little worth their weary toil
  For the treasures of their heart.

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And, reverently we say it,
  Dear Lord, on bended knee,
For the love that lightened service most
  The pattern is with Thee.
Oh, the love, the love of Heaven,
  That bowed our load to bear;
The love that mounted to the cross,
  And saved the sinner there!

What shall we give? How offer
  Our small returns, to tell
That we have seen the Saviour,
  And are fain to serve Him well?
Take, Lord, our broken spirits,
  And have them for Thine own;
And as the bridegroom with the bride,
  Reign Thou, with us alone.

As Jacob served for Rachel
  Beneath the Syrian sky;
And the golden sands of toiling years
  Went sailing swiftly by,
The thought of her was music
  To cheer his weary feet;
'Twas love that lightened service,
  The old, old story sweet.

THE BROWNIES' XMAS.

The Brownie who lives in the forest,
  Oh, the Christmas bells they ring!
He has done for the farmer's children
  Full many a kindly thing:

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When their cows were lost in the gloaming
  He has driven them safely home;
He has led their bees to the flowers,
  To fill up their golden comb;

At her spinning the little sister
  Had napped till the setting sun—
She awoke, and the kindly Brownie
  Had gotten it neatly done;

Oh, the Christmas bells they are ringing!
  The mother she was away,
And the Brownie'd played with the baby
  And tended it all the day;

'Tis true that his face they never
  For all their watching could see;
Yet who else did the kindly service,
  I pray, if it were not he!

But the poor little friendly Brownie,
  His life was a weary thing;
For never had he been in holy church
  And heard the children sing;

And never had he had a Christmas;
  Nor had bent in prayer his knee;
He had lived for a thousand years,
  And all weary-worn was he.

Or that was the story the children
  Had heard at their mother's side;
And together they talked it over,
  One merry Christmas-tide.

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The pitiful little sister
  With her braids of paly gold,
And the little elder brother,
  And the darling five-year-old,

All stood in the western window—
  'Twas toward the close of day—
And they talked about the Brownie
  While resting from their play.

"The Brownie, he has no Christmas,"
  The dear little sister said,
And a-shaking as she spoke
  Her glossy, yellow head;

"The Brownie, he has no Christmas;
  While so many gifts have we,
To the floor last night they bended
  The boughs of the Christmas-tree."

Then the little elder brother,
  He spake up in his turn,
With both of his blue eyes beaming,
  While his cheeks began to burn:

"Let us do up for the Brownie
  A Christmas bundle now,
And leave it in the forest pathway
  Where the great oak branches bow.

"We'll mark it, 'For the Brownie,'
  And 'a Merry Christmas Day!'
And sure will he be to find it,
  For he goeth home that way."

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Then the tender little sister
  With her braids of paly gold,
And the little elder brother,
  And the darling five-year old,

Tied up in a little bundle
  Some toys, with a loving care,
And marked it "For the Brownie,"
  In letters large and fair,

And "We wish a Merry Christmas!"
  And then, in the dusk, the three
Went to the wood and left it
  Under the great oak tree.

While the farmer's fair little children
  Slept sweet on that Christmas night,
Two wanderers through the forest
  Came in the clear moonlight,

And neither one was the Brownie,
  But sorry were both as he;
And their hearts with each fresh footstep,
  Were aching steadily.

A slender man with an organ
  Strapped on by a leathern band,
And a girl with a tambourine
  A-holding close to his hand.

And the girl with a tambourine,
  Big sorrowful eyes she had,
In the cold white wood she shivered
  In her ragged raiment clad.

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"And what is there here to do?" she said;
"I'm froze i' the light o' the moon!
Shall we play to these sad old forest trees,
Some merry and jigging tune?

"And, father, you know it is Christmas-time,
And had we stayed i' the town,
And I gone to one o' the Christmas-trees,
A gift might have fallen down!

"You cannot certainly know it would not!
I'd ha' gone right under the tree!
Are you sure that none o' the Christmases
Were meant for you or me?"

"These dry dead leaves," he answered her, sad,
"Which the forest casteth down,
Are more than you'd get from a Christmas-tree
In the merry and thoughtless town.

"Though to-night be Christ's own birthday night,
And all the world hath grace,
There is not a home in all the world
Which holdeth for us a place."

Slow plodding adown the forest path,
"And now, what is this?" he said;
And the children's bundle he lifted up,
And "For the Brownie," read.

And "We wish a Merry Christmas Day!"
"Now if this be done," said he,
"Somewhere in the world perhaps there is
A place for you and me!"

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And the bundle he opened softly :
"This is children's tender thought ;
Their own little Christmas presents
They have to Brownie brought.

"If there liveth such tender pity
Toward a thing so dim and low,
There is kindness sure remaining
Of which I did not know.

"Oh children, there's never a Brownie—
That sorry uncanny thing ;
But nearest and next are the homeless
When the Christmas joy-bells ring."

Out laughed the little daughter,
And she gathered the toys with glee,
"My Christmas present has fallen !
This oak was my Christmas-tree !"

Then away they went through the forest,
The wanderers, hand in hand ;
And the snow, they were both so merry,
It glinted like golden sand.

Down the forest the elder brother,
In the morning clear and cold,
Came leading the little sister,
And the darling five-year-old.

"Oh," he cries, "he's taken the bundle !"
As carefully round he peers ;
"And the Brownie has gotten a Christmas
After a thousand years !"

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AIR CASTLES.

A girl is standing with careless feet
At the point where the brook and the river meet;
In her eyes there gleams a lambent fire
As the castle she's building, towers higher.
"I will earn," said she to herself, "a name
That will make the world acknowledge its fame;
On my head shall be placed the laurel crown
That the Muses wreathe for their favored own;
I will visit the lands of story and song;
In the palace of Genius I'll tarry long.
There will come to me a lover as bold
And as strong as the fabled princes of old;
And in his brave heart the first I'll be,
For true beauty and grace in me he'll see.
Thus smooth shall I weave my web of life,
With love to untangle its cares and strife."

In a vine-wreathed casement stands a bride;
Her brown eyes shine with loving pride
As afar she sees the manly form
Of the one whose heart for her beats warm.
And she dreams a dream as she waits him there
Which more than a poem, is even a prayer;
And the angel Sandalphon wafts it on
Till it reaches up to the great white throne.
"I care not for princes of olden story,
Nor for palaces grand, nor for fame or glory;
But give me a cot with its vine-clad door
And the glinting sunshine warm on the floor,
With the dear ones' voices when day is done,
And its duties are ended, one by one.

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All these will be dearer by far to me
Than the castles I dreamed of once could be.
And many a crown come to me unsought
That by love's labors shall be wrought;
This sphere in life is the one I would fill,—
A faithful wife, through good and ill."

A mother is sitting with busy hand
At the door where the bride's fair face was fanned
By the long ago breezes that came through the vine
Which had clambered there, and doth still entwine
The door, where now children with busy feet
Pass in and out: and their voices sweet
Ring loud and clear on the evening air,
To greet the mother who toileth there.
The work drops out of her hands so worn,
And a far-away look in her eyes is born,
While her thoughts go back to the time passed by,
When her girlhood's castles loomed so high.
With a sigh she says to herself, "For me
No crown awaits from the laurel tree,
But in my children my life I live,
And 'tis sweeter far than fame could give."
Her eyes grow bright again with joy
As she dreams of a crown for her darling boy.
And she murmurs, "Ah, me! 'tis better so,
That the web of my life such a pattern should grow."

The grandam sits in her easy chair
With the sunlight soft on her silver hair,
And thus she speaks to the bonny throng
Of maidens fair, and youths so strong,
Who have gathered about her to heed the thought
Of wisdom that comes to a long life fraught

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With happy faith, and with loving deeds
For each whose path such comfort needs.
"In the days of our youth our dreams are bright,
For life is filled with spring-time light,
And we build gay castles with towers grand,
With self as the monarch to rule the land.
But, my children dear, our lives grow on,
And the castles fade out of them, one by one.
But if we obey the commandment golden,
That is told us in language sweet and olden,
Their places will fill with thoughts like beams
From the sun, and we'll know our castles were dreams,
And our lives will grow wider, and still more wide,
Till we reach our home on the 'other side.'"

The sweet voice stops and the dim eyes close,
To the tired mind comes a dream of repose;
'Tis a dream of heaven so clear and bright
That the earth life is filled with its glorious light,
And it brings the sweet call of "Peace, well done,"
To the life whose web for self was begun,
But whose pattern changed as the years rolled on,
And was woven for others at set of sun.

THE NEW CHURCH DOCTRINE.

There's come a sing'lar doctrine, Sue,
  Into our church to-day;
These cur'us words are what the new
  Young preacher had to say:
That literal everlastin' fire
  Was mostly in our eye;
That sinners dead, if they desire,
  Can get another try;

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He doubted if a warmer clime
  Than this world could be proved;
The little snip—I fear sometime
  He'll get his doubts removed.

I've watched my duty, straight an' true,
  An' tried to do it well;
Part of the time kept heaven in view,
  An' part steered clear o' hell;
An' now half of this work is naught,
  If I must list to him,
An' this 'ere devil I have fought
  Was only just a whim;
Vain are the dangers I have braved,
  The sacrifice they cost;
For what fun is it to be saved,
  If no one else is lost?

Just think!—Suppose, when once I view
  The heaven I toiled to win,
A lot of unsaved sinners, too,
  Come walkin' grandly in!
An' acts to home, same as if they
  Had read their titles clear,
An' looks at me, as if to say,
  "We're glad to see you here!"
As if to say, "While you have b'en
  So fast to toe the mark,
We waited till it rained, an' then
  Got tickets for the ark!"

Yet there would be some in that crowd
  I'd rather like to see;
My boy Jack—it must be allowed,
  There was no worse than he!

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I've always felt somewhat to blame,
  In several different ways,
That he lay down on thorns o' shame
  To end his boyhood's days;
An' I'd be willin' to endure,
  If that the Lord thought best,
A minute's quite hot temperature,
  To clasp him to my breast.

Old Captain Barnes was evil's son—
  With heterodoxy crammed;
 used to think he'd be the one
  If any one was damned;
Still, when I saw a lot o' poor,
  That he had clothed and fed,
Cry desolately round his door
  As soon as he was dead,
There came a thought I couldn't control,
  That in some neutral land,
I'd like to meet that scorched-up soul,
  An' shake it by the hand.

Poor Jennie Willis, with a cry
  Of hopeless, sad distress,
Sank sudden down, one night to die,
  All in her ballroom dress;
She had a precious little while
  To pack up and away;
She even left her sweet, good smile—
  'Twas on her face next day;
Her soul went off unclothed by even
  One stitch of saving grace;
How could she hope to go to heaven,
  An' start from such a place?

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But once, when I lay sick and weak,
  She came and begged to stay;
She kissed my faded, wrinkled cheek—
  She soothed my pain away;
She brought me sweet bouquets of flowers,
  As fresh as her young heart;
Through many long and tedious hours
  She played a Christian part;
An' ere I long will stand aroun'
  The singing saints among,
I'll try to take some water down
  To cool poor Jennie's tongue.

But tears can never quench my creed,
  Nor smooth God's righteous frown,
Though all the preachers learn to read
  Their Bibles upside down.
I hold mine right side up with care
  To shield mine eyes from sin,
An' coax the Lord, with daily prayer,
  To call poor wanderers in;
But if the sinners won't draw nigh,
  An' take salvation's plan,
I'll have to stand, an' see 'em try
  To dodge hell if they can.

THE OLD FARM HOME.

If you've been a happy rover
  Through the fields of fragrant clover,
Where life is all a simple round of bliss,
  Where at eve the sun is sinking
  And the stars are faintly winking,
You can call to mind a picture such as this:

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Hark! The cows are homeward roaming
Through the woodland pasture's gloaming,
I can hear them gently lowing through the dells,
And from out the bosky dingle
Comes the softly tangled jingle,
And the oft-repeated echo of the bells.

Strange how memory will fling her
Arms about the scenes we bring her,
And the fleeting years that make them stronger grow;
Though I wander far and sadly
From that dear old home, how gladly
I recall the cherished scenes of long ago.

Hark! The cows are homeward roaming
Through the woodland's pasture's gloaming,
I can hear them gently lowing through the dells,
And from out the bosky dingle
Comes the softly tangled jingle
And the oft-repeated echo of the bells.

GERMANTOWN TELEGRAPH.

THE MOTHERLESS TURKEYS.

The white turkey was dead! the white turkey was dead!
How the news through the barnyard went flying!
Of a mother bereft, four small turkeys were left,
And their case for assistance was crying.

E'en the peacock respectfully folded his tail
As a suitable symbol of sorrow,
And his plainer wife said, "Now the old bird is dead,
Who will tend her poor chicks on the morrow?"

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"I have so much to do! For the bugs and the worms
In the garden 'tis tiresome pickin';
I have nothing to spare—for my own I must care,"
Said the hen with one chicken.

"How I wish," said the goose, "I could be of some use,
For my heart is with love over-brimming!
The next morning that's fine they shall go with my nine
Little yellow-backed goslings out swimming."

"I will do what I can," the old Dorking put in,
"And for help they may call on me too,
Though I've ten of my own that are only half grown,
And a great deal of trouble to see to.

"But those poor little things they are all heads and wings,
And their bones through their feathers are stickin'!"
"Very hard it may be, but oh, don't come to me!"
Said the hen with one chicken.

"Half my care, I suppose, there is nobody knows—
I'm the most overburdened of mothers!
They must learn, like the elves, how to scratch for themselves,
And not seek to depend upon others."

She went by with a cluck, and the goose to the duck
Exclaimed, in surprise, "Well, I never!"
Said the duck, "I declare, those who have the least care,
You will find, are complaining forever!

"And when all things appear to look threatening and drear,
And when troubles your pathway are thick in,
For aid in your woe, oh, beware how you go
To a hen with one chicken!"

MARIAN DOUGLAS.

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THE SHEPHERD'S DOG.

No dandy dog poor Rover was,
  So sleek and fair to see;
No ears of beauty graced his head,
  No dainty limbs had he;
No pretty tail he had to wag
  When master came in sight;
No glossy silken curls adorned
  His coat of black and white.

But Rover was a gentle dog,
  A faithful dog, and true;
The little children loved him well,
  He loved the children, too;
He licked their little hands so soft,
  He trotted at their heels,
He played with them upon the grass,
  And helped them at their meals.

When Rover was a tiny pup,
  And scarce could run about,
His master found him in a ditch
  One day, and brought him out;
And little thought the good lad then,
  As, pleased, he turned away,
In saving Rover's humble life
  He saved his own that day.

And tenderly he bore him home,
  And nursed him well and long,
And day by day, and week by week,
  The dog grew big and strong;

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And late or soon, in house or field,
  The two were ne'er apart;
The neighbors said the lad had tied
  The dog up to his heart.

And Rover—well, he loved to lie
  With Colin 'neath the trees,
And lay his great and shaggy head
  Upon his master's knees;
And had he had the power to speak,
  The power to shed a tear,
I think he would have wept and said,
  "I love you, master dear."

And cunning tricks he knew as well:
  He feigned a broken leg;
He tumbled down as he were shot,
  And then stood up to beg;
He chased the butterflies about,
  He barked at bird and bee,
And sniffed the flowers as if he loved
  The pretty things to see.

No shepherd's dog the country round
  Could better watch the sheep;
His bright black eyes were everywhere—
  He never seemed to sleep;
And when the flock went once astray,
  He soon was on its track,
And ere the sun had gone to rest
  He brought the wanderers back.

He watched them thro' the silent night,
  For he was brave and bold;
And once he killed a hungry wolf
  He caught beside the fold.

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But better still I love to hear
  The story that they tell
Of what, upon a stormy night,
  His master dear befell.

The snow was falling fast and thick—
  So thick you scarce could see—
And Colin's mother lay abed,
  As ill as she could be;
So Colin must to town away,
  And fetch the doctor straight;
No matter though the wind may blow,
  The night be dark and late.

He kissed his mother's cheek so pale,
  Then turned in haste to go;
His faithful dog was at his side,
  And leapt out on the snow.
Fierce blew the wind across the heath
  As Colin shut the door,
But bravely turned he to the blast,
  And Rover went before.

No moon shed down her gentle light
  To guide them on their way;
They could not tell the road that night
  They knew so well by day.
And weary miles they struggled through,
  And sore was Colin's heart,
To think his mother lay abed,
  And he so far apart.

"Good dog! good dog!" at length he said,
  "God keep us both from ill!
Though wild the night, we'll take the path
  That lies across the hill."

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They clambered up the steep hillside,
  They left the vale below,
But louder howled the storm above,
  And faster fell the snow.

The blood froze in poor Colin's veins,
  The tear froze in his eye;
He scarce could breathe, so cold he was—
  He felt as he would die.
His heart beat faint and fainter still,
  His head swam round and round;
He reeled, and with a cry of pain
  Sank helpless to the ground.

And Rover licked his icy face,
  And licked his frozen hand;
Why master lay so cold and still
  He could not understand.
But soon a thought, a happy thought,
  Lit up his lowly mind;
He shook the snow off from his back,
  And sped off like the wind.

A shepherd dwelt upon the hill—
  A goodly man, tho' poor—
And he that night was roused from sleep
  By something at his door.
He looked from out his window high,
  And something black he saw,
That stood beside his cottage door,
  And scraped it with its paw.

With speedy step the old man came,
  The door he opened wide,
And, panting in the howling storm,
  Poor Rover he espied.

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"Come in, good dog, come in," he said,
"And tell me why you grieve."
Poor Rover looked up in his face,
And pulled him by the sleeve.

The shepherd took his staff in hand,
And Rover led the way,
And up the giddy heights they went
To where young Colin lay.
They found him lying stiff and cold;
The good man raised his head.
He breathed, he murmured Rover's name;
Thank God, he was not dead.

The shepherd bore him to his cot,
And well he nursed him there;
And Colin soon had cause to bless
The good man for his care.
And Rover now is old and gray,
But Colin loves him still,
And ne'er forgets the night he saved
His life upon the hill.

MATTHIAS BARR.

LITTLE ROCKET'S CHRISTMAS.

I'll tell you how the Christmas came
To Rocket—no, you never met him,
That is, you never knew his name,
Although 'tis possible you've let him
Display his skill upon your shoes;
A bootblack—Arab, if you choose.
Has inspiration dropped to zero
When such material makes a hero?

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And who was Rocket? Well, an urchin,
  A gamin, dirty, torn, and tattered,
Whose chiefest pleasure was to perch in
  The Bowery gallery; there it mattered
But little what the play might be—
Broad farce or point-lace comedy–
He meted out his just applause
By rigid, fixed, and proper laws.

A father once he had, no doubt,
  A mother on the Island staying,
Which left him free to knock about
  And gratify a taste for straying
Through crowded streets. 'Twas there he found
Companionship, and grew renowned.
An ash-box served him for a bed—
  As good, at least, as Moses' rushes—
And for his daily meat and bread,
  He earned them with his box and brushes.

An Arab of the city's slums,
  With ready tongue and empty pocket,
Unaided left to solve life's sums,
  But plucky always—that was Rocket!
'Twas Christmas eve, and all the day
  The snow had fallen fine and fast;
In banks and drifted heaps it lay
  Along the streets. A piercing blast
Blew cuttingly. The storm was past,
And now the stars looked coldly down
Upon the snow-enshrouded town.
Ah, well it is if Christmas brings
Good will and peace which poet sings!

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How full are all the streets to-night
With happy faces, flushed and bright!
The matron in her silks and furs,
  The pompous banker fat and sleek,
The idle, well-fed loiterers,
  The merchant trim, the churchman meek,
Forgetful now of hate and spite,
For all the world is glad to-night!
All, did I say? Ah, no, not all,
For sorrow throws on some its pall;
And here, within the broad, fair city,
  The Christmas time no beauty brings
To those who plead in vain for pity,
  To those who cherish but the stings
Of wretchedness and want and woe,
Who never love's great bounty know,
Whose grief no kindly hands assuage,
Whose misery mocks our Christian age.
Pray ask yourself what means to them
That Christ is born in Bethlehem!

But Rocket? On this Christmas eve
  You might have seen him standing where
The city's streets so interweave
  They form that somewhat famous square
Called Printing House. His face was bright,
  And at this gala festive season
You could not find a heart more light—
  I'll tell you in a word, the reason:
By dint of patient toil in shining
  Patrician shoes and Wall street boots,
He had within his jacket's lining,
  A dollar and a half—the fruits

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Of pinching, saving, and a trial
Of really Spartan self-denial.

That dollar and a half was more
Than Rocket ever owned before.
A princely fortune, so he thought,
  And with those hoarded dimes and nickels
What Christmas pleasures may be bought!
  A dollar and a half! It tickles
The boy to say it over, musing
Upon the money's proper using;
"I'll go a gobbler, leg and breast,
  With cranberry sauce and fixin's nice,
And pie, mince pie, the very best,
  And puddin'—say a double slice!
And then to doughnuts how I'll freeze;
With coffee—guess that ere's the cheese!
And after grub I'll go to see
The 'Seven Goblins of Dundee.'
If this yere Christmas ain't a buster,
I'll let yer rip my Sunday duster!"

So Rocket mused as he hurried along,
  Clutching his money with grasp yet tighter,
And humming the air of a rollicking song,
  With a heart as light as his clothes—or lighter.
Through Centre street he makes his way,
  When, just as he turns the corner at Pearl,
He hears a voice cry out in dismay,
  And sees before him a slender girl,
As ragged and tattered in dress as he,
With hand stretched forth for charity.

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In the street-light's fitful and flickering glare
  He caught a glimpse of the pale, pinched face—
So gaunt and wasted, yet strangely fair,
  With a lingering touch of childhood's grace
On her delicate features. Her head was bare,
  And over her shoulders disordered there hung
A mass of tangled, nut-brown hair.
  In misery old as in years she was young,
She gazed in his face. And, oh! for the eyes—
The big, blue, sorrowful, hungry eyes,—
  That were fixed in a desperate, frightened stare.

Hundreds have jostled her by to-night—
  The rich, the great, the good, and the wise,
Hurrying on to the warmth and light
Of happy homes—they have jostled her by,
And the only one who has heard her cry,
Or, hearing, has felt his heart-strings stirred,
  Is Rocket—this youngster of coarser clay,
This gamin, who never so much as heard
  The beautiful story of Him who lay
  In the manger of old on Christmas day!

With artless pathos and simple speech,
  She stands and tells him her pitiful tale;
Ah, well if those who pray and preach
  Could catch an echo of that sad wail!
She tells of the terrible battle for bread,
  Tells of a father brutal with crime,
Tells of a mother lying dead,
  At this, the gala Christmas time;
Then adds, gazing up at the star-lit sky,
"I'm hungry and cold, and I wish I could die."

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What is it trickles down the cheek
  Of Rocket—can it be a tear?
He stands and stares, but does not speak;
  He thinks again of that good cheer
Which Christmas was to bring; he sees
  Visions of turkey, steaming pies,
The play-bills—then, in place of these,
  The girl's beseeching, hungry eyes;

One mighty effort, gulping down
  The disappointment in his breast,
A quivering of the lip, a frown,
  And then, while pity pleads her best,
He snatches forth his cherished hoard,
And gives it to her like a lord!

"Here, freeze to that; I'm flush, yer see,
And then you needs it more 'an me!"
With that he turns and walks away,
So fast the girl can nothing say;
So fast he does not hear the prayer
That sanctifies the winter air.
But He who blessed the widow's mite
Looked down and smiled upon the sight,

No feast of steaming pies or turkey,
  No ticket for the matinee,
All drear and desolate and murky,
  In truth, a very dismal day.
With dinner on a crust of bread,
  And not a penny in his pocket,
A friendly ash-box for a bed—
  Thus came the Christmas day to Rocket,

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And yet—and here's the strangest thing—
As best befits the festive season,
The boy was happy as a king—
I wonder can you guess the reason?

VANDYKE BROWN.

CHRISTMAS WITH MY OLD MOTHER.

Scenes Upon Which Grown Folks Look Back with the Fondest Recollection.

Oh, I never felt so happy as upon last Christmas night,
Coming near the little home where mother lives,
The familiar scenes of boyhood, and the window with the light,
And the joy anticipation ever gives.
Eager fingers tingled gladly as I opened the old gate,
And my feet, impatient, hurried to the door;
But her ear had caught my footsteps, and her love remembered well;
On the threshold mother met me as of yore.

Oh, I clasped her to my bosom, as she used to clasp her boy,
While her tears and loving kisses answered mine.
Then she led me to the table, where the good things kept for me
Were all waiting with the chair of auld lang syne.
She remembered ev'rything I liked, and how to make it best,
Serving me as though my place were still a child's;
Cakes and jellies, home-made candy, and ev'ry choicest thing,
Heaped before me with caresses and her smiles.

Oh, I seemed a very boy again, as we sat talking there,
And she told me how she had thought of, prayed for me,
How I'd been a joy and comfort to her all her widowed life;
And her spirit, like an angel's, I could see,

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How in ev'ry whistling boy that passed she heard me coming home,
So she had love-waited for me all the years;
Then, arising from the table, she would stand caressing me,
As she breathed on me a blessing through her tears.

When I went to bed she came to me and tucked the covers round,
In the dear old way that only mothers know.
Oh, I felt so blissful, peaceful, and so full of tender love
That all silent came my glad heart's overflow.
Happy, grateful, joyful tears I shed; aye, cried myself to sleep,
Dreaming in a heav'nly dreamland free from cares;
In my boyhood home and bed again, the covers tucked around,
Safely guarded by my dear old mother's prayers.

LU B. CAKE.

A PASSING CLOUD.

Donald and May had fallen out,
As little people sometimes do;
And, bit by bit, it came about,
A cloud between them grew!

She, with her doll and picture-books,
Marched primly to the garden seat;
Whilst he, with proud and stubborn looks,
Ran off with rapid feet.

And still, for all the sunlit air,
And birds that caroled long and loud,
Donald was conscious everywhere
Of one prevailing cloud.

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And May had put her books aside,
  The words before her seemed to swim;
She felt so lost she could have cried—
  The day was changed and dim—

When, coming suddenly behind,
  The boy's warm lips were at her ear,
And softly whispered, "Never mind!
  I did not mean it, dear."

And Donald smiled to see her start,
  And smiling, too, was happy May;
For, in the sunshine of her heart,
  The cloud had passed away!

J. R. EASTWOOD.

THE MAGPIE'S LESSON.

In early times, the story says,
  When birds could talk and lecture,
A Magpie called her feathered friends
  To teach them architecture:

"To build a nest, my courteous friends,"—
  They all began to chatter:
"No need to teach us that, good 'Mag,'
  'Tis such an easy matter!"

"To build a nest,"—Professor "Mag"
  Resumed her speech demurely,—
"First choose a well-forked bough, wherein
  The nest may sit securely."

"Of course," said Jenny Wren. "Now cross
  Two sticks for the foundation."

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"Oh, all know that," quoth Mr. "Rook,"
"Without this long oration."

"Now bend some slender twigs to form
The round sides of the dwelling."
"A fool knows that," exclaimed the thrush,
"Without a magpie's telling."

"Next take some wool and line the nest,
And bind it well together."
"Why, that's as clear," exclaimed the owl,
"As stars in frosty weather!"

While thus they talked, Professor "Mag"
Her nest had half completed!
And, growing quite indignant now,
To see how she was treated,

"Ladies and gentlemen," she said,
"I see you're all so clever,
My lessons are superfluous,—
I leave you then forever."

Away she flew, and left the birds
Their folly to discover,
Who now can build but half a nest,
And cannot roof it over.

The magpie sits beneath her roof,
No rain nor hail can pelt her;
The others, brooding o'er their young,
Themselves enjoy no shelter.

No better fate do men deserve,
When self-conceit can lead them
Friendly instructions to despise,
And think they do not need them.

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TIRED MOTHERS.

A little elbow leans upon your knee,
  Your tired knee that has so much to bear;
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
  From underneath a thatch of tangled hair,

Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
  Of warm, moist fingers, folding yours so tight;
You do not prize this blessing over-much,—
  You almost are too tired to pray to-night.

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But it is blessedness! A year ago
  I did not see it as I do to-day—
We are so dull and thankless; and too slow
  To catch the sunshine till it slips away.
And now it seems surpassing strange to me,
  That, while I wore the badge of motherhood,
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly
  The little child that brought me only good.

And if some night when you sit down to rest,
  You miss this elbow from your tired knee,—
This restless curling head from off your breast,—
  This lisping tongue that chatters constantly;
If from your own the dimpled hands have slipped,
  And ne'er will nestle to your palm again;
If the white feet into their grave have tripped,
  I cannot blame you for your heart-ache then.

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
  At little children clinging to their gown;
Or that the footprints, when the days are wet,
  Are ever black enough to make them frown.
If I could find a little muddy boot,
  Or cap, or jacket, on my chamber floor,—
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
  And hear it patter in my house once more,—

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
  To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky,
There is no woman in God's world could say
  She was more blissfully content than I.
But ah! the dainty pillow next my own
  Is never rumpled by a shining head,
My singing birdling from its nest has flown,
  The little girl I used to kiss is dead.

MAY RILEY SMITH.

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"DISCRETION IS THE BETTER PART OF VALOR."

Nell sat on a lounge one summer day,
  So busy with a book,
And very clever and very wise
  She archly tried to look,
As she said, "Shall I read you a story
  Of a sparrow and a rook?

"It chanced that once upon a time,
  All on a glad spring day,
A pert young sparrow and a rook
  Together chanced to stray;
And the smaller bird began to talk
  In quite a lordly way.

"'You're bigger far than I, Sir Rook,
  But yet I think I'm right
In saying you're not half so brave
  When men come into sight;
But with a caw of dire alarm
  You swiftly take your flight.

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"'Just watch those bread crumbs scattered there,
A group of boys close by;
Fearless I'll flit down for a crumb,'
And off with it I'll fly;
While you, I'm sure, would never dare
A thing like this to try.'

"No sooner said than done; the bird
Flew down as quick as thought.
Alas for him! he found too late
Far more than he had sought:
A cruel net had covered him,
And he was safely caught.

"And then, as Mr. Rook flew off,
Back to his lofty nest,
He said, 'I see, pure recklessness
Of courage is no test.
Of all the parts which valor make,
Discretion is the best!'"

G. WEATHERLY.

THE ELEPHANT AND THE CHILD.

The arching trees above a path
Had formed a pleasant shade,
And here to screen him while he slept,
An infant boy was laid.

His mother near him gathered fruit,
But soon with fear she cried,
For, slowly moving down the path,
An elephant she spied.

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The sticks he crushed beneath his feet
  Had waked the sleeping child,
Who pushed aside the waving curls,
  And looked at him and smiled.

The mother could not reach the spot—
  With fear she held her breath—
And there in agony she stood
  To see him crushed to death.

His heavy foot the monster held
  Awhile above the boy,
Who laughed to see it moving there,
  And clapped his hands with joy.

The mother saw it reach the ground,
  Beyond her infant son,
And watched till every foot was safe
  Across the little one.

She caught her infant from the ground,
  For there, unharmed, he lay,
And could have thanked the noble beast,
  Who slowly stalked away.

NEARER TO THEE.

"Nearer my God, to Thee," rose on the air,
Each note an ecstasy, joyous and rare,
Tones that were triumph peals shrined in a song,
Breathing of victory gained over wrong;
Out on the listening air, mocking at fear,
Ringing its clarion cry, fearless and clear,
Up from a soul redeemed, noble and free,
"Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee."

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"Nearer, my God, to Thee," thrilled on the air,
Each note an agony, linked with a prayer,
Out on a sinking ship, land out of sight,
Borne by the wailing winds into the night;
White-maned and angry waves howling in scorn,
Wild shrieks of helpless hearts over them borne;
Still rang one trusting voice high o'er the sea,
"Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee."

"Nearer, my God, to Thee," thrilled on the breeze,
Far in a heathen land, 'neath the palm trees,
Rising in soulful notes, earnest and calm,
Trust and tranquility winging the psalm;
Fierce faces round about, fever and death
Mixed with the tropic flowers' balm-laden breath;
One lonely child of God bending the knee,
Saying with uplifted face, "Nearer to Thee."

"Nearer, my God, to Thee," echoed a street
Worn by the night tread of murderers' feet,
Up from a cellar, dark, noisome with slime,
Out o'er a motley crowd hideous with crime;
Curses and oaths obscene fouling the ear,
Still rose the trusting notes, trembling but clear;
Poverty, suffering, singing their plea,
"Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee."

"Nearer, my God, to Thee," rose from a room
Where a man, old and blind, sat in the gloom,
While his poor hands caressed, there on the bed,
One who was once his bride, silent and dead.
Worn were the wrinkled hands folded in sleep;
Closed were the patient eyes, slumbering deep.
"Called to her home," he said, "waiting for me;
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee."

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"Nearer, my God, to Thee," triumph or prayer,
Winging its way every hour on the air,
O'er the whole world from a numberless throng,
Blending their smiles and their sighs in its song;
Priceless the memories, sweet and profound,
Linked like a chaplet of pearls by its sound.
Grant its petition till all the world be
"Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee."

LITTLE JO.

I wonder if old Santa Claus will come to-night!
He couldn't find the way last year;
I wish he had, for little Jo was here—
Dear little Jo! we're better off a sight,
Than what we were last year
When he was here.

We hadn't fire to keep us warm last Christmas day;
And not enough, not near enough to eat,—
Just bread and tea; but not a bit of meat
On Christmas day! I didn't care to play,
The snow kept falling fast,
And sleighs went past.

Once when I brought my blocks and things to Jo
He moaned as if it hurt him just to look,
Then partly cried, and pushed the picture book;
His sorry eyes looked straight at mother, so,
And she said, "Hush, and go away,
Jo doesn't want to play."

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And not a soul came in the whole day through,
  And we were there alone all day, you see,—
  Mother and I, and little Jo—we three;
And then toward night the wind arose and blew,
    And I remember now so plain,
    How all the snow turned into rain.

That made it lonesomer, you know,
  And little Jo grew worse toward night,
  And moaned so pitiful, his face was white,
Why, just as white and cold, almost, as snow.
    You see we hadn't fire to keep him warm
    Through such a storm.

That's why I had to go to bed so early;
  Mother said first I might kiss little Jo,—
  I didn't do it every night, you know,
But this was Christmas night,—his hair was curly,
    And scattered on the pillow, soft and bright;
    I noticed then how solemn and how white

And lonesome mother looked, she didn't talk,
  Except to bid me say my prayers, and say 'em low,
  So's not to waken Jo;
And then to see how careful I could walk.
    She didn't say another single word;
    But kissed Jo as he stirred.

Once in the night I woke—the rain still poured
  Against the window; mother sat beside
  Jo's bed, and when he tossed about and cried
She soothed him with a hymn about the Lord,—
    The dear Christ-child who on one Christmas day,
    Long years ago, within a manger lay.

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There was such comfort in that pretty hymn,—
Or else in mother's voice,—I nestled deep
Within the coverlid and went to sleep,
Still hearing in my dreams—though faint and dim—
The sound of rain, and mother singing low,
Singing to little Jo.

Next morning I woke suddenly, and sat
Up in the bed; the dreadful storm had past.
Mother was up and sewing just as fast!
It made me very glad to notice that;
She hadn't sewed since Jo was took that way,
That's why we were so hungry Christmas day.

I dressed me quick, and went to Joey's bed;
He hadn't wakened yet, and lay so still;
His little hands were crossed; I never will
Forget how smooth the curls were on his head.
"Mother," I cried, "has Jo got well again?"
"Yes, dear," she whispered, "well, and out of pain."

And then I went and stood by mother's chair,
She looked as different, most, as little Jo;
Too pale and sick, it seemed to me, to sew.
And there was such a sadness in the air!
But mother stitched away with all her might,
A little narrow gown made all of white.

Jo has a pretty grave; it stands alone,
Near other poor folks' graves close by the wall.
The most of them are large, a few are small.
Jo's hasn't yet, of course, got any stone;
But summer grasses grow there just as sweet,
And winter snows,—they drape it like a sheet.

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I often wondered how it came that we
  Should have the right to lay our dear boy there,
  In that sweet spot, with none to blame or care;
I didn't understand how it could be,
    For not a blade of grass grows near our door;
    We haven't any yard, we are so poor.

So I asked mother when we stood beside
  His grave one day. "The dear Lord, long ago,
  Gave graves like this," she said, "to such as Jo,"
And then she turned her face away and cried.
    I wonder why? It is a pretty grave, I'm sure,
    And little Jo—he sleeps there all secure.

MARY MCGUIRE.

BIRTHDAY GIFTS.

Papa, don't you know it is my birthday?
Don't you know I am five years old to-day?
My poor wooden horse has lost his head,
My dear little kitten is all gone dead;
My marbles are lost, and my top won't hum;
And, darling papa, please give me a drum!
The soldier boys want me to come out and play;
And I want a drum, for I'm five to-day.

Papa, do you know it is my birthday?
Do you know I am ten years old to-day?
And I've got my Latin, and done my sums;
And I'm tired of marbles and tops and drums.
And at school I never got in a row,
And grandma declares I make a nice bow:
And so, altogether, to go with my mates,
I should like, dear papa, a nice pair of skates,

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Come father, do not forget, I pray,
I'm just fifteen this blessed day;
I'm a pretty tall fellow for that you see,
And in less than a year in college I'll be,—
Unless all my digging should drive me to bed,—
For I'm studying the eyes almost out of my head,
When I'd rather be popping away at a duck,
With very great skill and very poor luck!
So I'll come to the point, for under the sun
There's nothing I want like a handsome new gun.

Twenty years old, and a fine moustache,
A part at commencement,—a glorious dash!
And father, you heard what a clapping I got;
I knew where you sat, and I looked at that spot,
And thanked you, my father, for loving me so,
With your eyes full of tears, and cheeks in a glow.
The gift for my birthday? If truth must be told,
My watch is of silver, and might be of gold.

My father, to-day I am just twenty-five,
Ready and glad to struggle and strive;
But the world, my father, to me looks bright,
For the gentle promise I won last night;
And the birthday gift that would gladden me
Is your tender blessing on Clara and me.

Thirty years old this blessed day!
The clouds may come, but they never stay;
For sunshine chases the clouds in turn:
That from my smiling babe I learn,
From the cradle where once we leaned and wept,
While with waxen cheek our first-born slept.
But now in my wife's fair hand, I see
The robe so stealthily wrought for me.

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Am I thirty-five? Is it even so?
Does my saucy wife pretend to know?
But the brief ten years of my wedded joy
Shine out in the eyes of my laughing boy.
And Minnie's small fingers have hemmed for me
The kerchiefs my birthday gift to be.

Forty years old; and my father lies
Where o'er his grave the fir tree sighs!
His smile and his blessing dwelt with me,
The blessing I feel, the smile I see,
As when in my motherless boyhood days
He warmed my heart with his meeds of praise.
Now my holy gift from my sister Ann
Is the pictured face of the dear old man.

Forty-five! and with blushing face
My Minnie looks down with a modest grace
While her lover pleads; and I think of the day
So well I remember! I cannot say nay:
She looks like her mother, the pretty young thing;
I see it must end in a wedding ring,
And my birthday gift this year must be
A son that shall steal my daughter from me.

I am fifty, dear! 'tis the prime of life!
No wrinkles, as yet, you can count, my wife!
For the busy world is so full of joy
That I sometimes think I am still a boy.
Ah! here is my gift which I just have found,—
From my children,—a volume superbly bound;
You villains! How shall I stifle my rage!
An elegant classical treatise on age.

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Sixty years old! and thy silver hair,
My Clara, to me looks wondrous fair;
But hark! what a trampling of feet below:
My clerks—a smiling and goodly row—
A cane with a head of gold they bear;
They speak of my kind and watchful care,
They call me father! words are so weak,
Do you wonder, my wife, that I could not speak?

Threescore and ten sounds rather old;
Withered but fair is the hand I hold.
Clara, my loving, long-tried wife,
Lo! in thine eyes I read my life—
Peaceful, whate'er the world might bring,
Ready the father's praise to sing.
See! the grandchildren's thoughtful care;
I sit in my stately birthday chair.

Eighty! the world is changed below:
Progress it is, I think I know!
They are building a home for aged men;
I must send a check—just hand me my pen—
It shakes—no matter—a few days more;
The pleasant journey is almost o'er,
Give me your grandmother's silver curl,
My birthday gift, the last, dear girl.
My blessing—good-night! the old man's home!
Yes, it is time, I am glad to come.

THE SUCCESSFUL MAN.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox says that if she were asked to define the meaning of a successful man, she would say: "A man who has made a happy home for his wife and children. No matter what he has not

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done in the way of achieving wealth and honor, if he has done that, he is a grand success. If he has not done that, and it is his own fault, though he be the highest in the land, he is a most pitiable failure. I wonder how many men in the mad pursuit of gold, which characterizes the age, realize that there is no fortune which can be left to their families as great as the memory of a happy home."

Thou must be true thyself,
  If thou the truth would teach;
Thy soul must overflow, if thou
  Another soul would reach.
It needs the overflow of heart
  To give the lips full speech.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

PARTING.

If thou dost bid thy friend farewell,
But for one night though that farewell may be,
Press thou his hand in thine.
How canst thou tell how far from thee
Fate or caprice may lead his steps ere that to-morrow comes?
Men have been known lightly to turn the corner of a street
And days have grown to months,
And months to lagging years, ere they
Have looked in loving eyes again.

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Parting at best is underlaid
With tears and pain;
Therefore, lest sudden death should come between,
Or time, or distance, clasp with pressure firm the hand
Of him who goeth forth;
Unseen, Fate goeth too.
Yea, find thou always time to say some earnest word
Between the idle talk, lest with thee henceforth,
Night and day, regret should walk.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

RESOLVES.

We'll read that book, we'll sing that song,
But when? Oh, when the days are long;
When thoughts are free, and voices clear;
Some happy time within the year:
The days troop by with noiseless tread,
The song unsung, the book unread.
We'll see that friend, and make him feel
The weight of friendship, true as steel;
Some flowers of sympathy bestow:
But time sweeps on with steady flow,
Until with quick, reproachful tear,
We lay our flowers upon his bier.
And still we walk the desert sands,
And still with trifles fill our hands,
While ever, just beyond our reach,
A fairer purpose shows to each.
The deeds we have not done, but willed,
Remain to haunt us—unfulfilled.

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THE HOUSEHOLD ANGEL.

"A little child shall lead them."

A petty cloud between the two had fallen,—
  She leaned back, proudly silent, in her chair;
He, at the window, stared out at the darkness,
  And dark his own brows were;

When suddenly a baby's shrill cry sounded
  'Mid the lace draperies of its dainty bed,
And swift as with one thought they turned together,
  Though not one word was said.

But in their haste, drawing aside the cover
  About the crib, it chanced that their hands met;
One swift, shy glance she gave him, he to her,
  And lo! her eyes were wet.

She raised the child with tender mother care
  To soothe its piteous cry of vague alarms,
And found them both, herself and babe, together,
  Clasped close in his strong arms.

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING.

THINGS NEVER DONE.

Greater deeds than have ever been seen,
  Brighter songs than the poet has sung,
Are the things that are dreamed and tried, I ween,
  But which have never been done.

The fairest picture the artist can paint
  Is hung on the wall of his brain:
On his canvas rests but the shadow faint
  Of what he wished to attain.

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Above success hovers ever the thought,
  Marring sadly its bliss;
Better than this was the thing I sought—
  Better, far better than this!

For strive, as we may, we cannot grasp
  The visions that lure us on—
They are ever held in our mental clasp,
  And our best is never done.

But this fancy does oft my senses woo;
  That perhaps in the world to come
We shall find the things we have tried to do,
  But which have never been done.

THE RAINY DAY.

The day is cold, and dark and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the moldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
  And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the moldering Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
  And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
  Some days must be dark and dreary.

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POEM FOR RECITATION.

EASTER.

(Sent us by MRS. G. W. COOPER, of Junction City, Kan.)

My sweet little neighbor Bessie
  I thought was busy with play,
When she turned, and brightly questioned,
  "Say, what is the Easter day?"

"Has nobody told you, darling—
  Do they 'Feed His Lambs' like this?"
I gathered her to my bosom,
  And gave her a tender kiss.

Away went the cloak for dolly,
  And away went dolly too,
As again she eagerly questioned,
  With eyes so earnest and blue;

"Is it like birthdays or Christmas—
  Or like Thanksgiving Day;
Do we just be good like Sunday,
  Or run and frolic and play?

"I know there's flowers to it,
  And that is most all I know;
I've got a lovely rosebush,
  And a bud begins to grow."

Then in words most few and simple
  I told the gentle child
The story whose end is Easter—
  The life of the Undefiled.

Told of the manger of Bethlehem,
  And about the glittering star,
That guided the feet of the shepherds
  Watching their flocks from afar.

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Told of the lovely Mother,
  And the Baby who was born
To live on the earth among us
  Bearing its sorrows and scorn.

And then I told of the life He lived
  Those wonderful thirty years,
Sad, weary, troubled, forsaken,
  In this world of sin and tears,

Until I came to the shameful death
  That the Lord of Glory died,
Then the tender little maiden
  Uplifted her voice and cried.

I came at length to the garden
  Where they laid His form away,
And then in the course of telling
  I came to the Easter Day.

The day when sorrowing women
  Came there to the grave to moan,
And the lovely shining angels
  Had rolled away the stone.

I think I made her understand
  As well as childhood can,
About the glorified risen life
  Of Him who was God and Man.

This year the fair Easter lilies
  Will gleam through a mist of tears,
For I shall not see sweet Bessie
  In all of the coming years.

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When the snow lay white and thickest
  She quietly went away
To learn from the lips of angels
  The meaning of Easter Day.

We put on the little body
  The garments worn in life,
And laid her deep in the frozen earth
  Away from all noise and strife.

We took all the dainty playthings,
  And the dollies new and old,
And placed them in a sacred spot
  With a tress of shining gold.

Were it not for the star of Bethlehem,
  And the dawn of Easter Day,
It would be to us most bitter
  To put our darling away.

But we know that as the hard brown earth
  Holds lilies regal and white,
So the lifeless, empty, useless clay
  Held once an angel of light.

And I hope on the Easter morning
  To look from the grave away,
Thinking not of the child that was,
  But the child that is to-day.

EMILY BAKER SMALLE.

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"GOD HATH HIS PLAN FOR EVERY MAN."

Take this maxim home to your heart,
  If groping in earth's shadows;
And the blossoms of faith and hope will start,
  And brighten life's dreary meadows,
And the clouds give place to sunlight's gold,
  And the rocks grow green 'neath the mosses;
    "God hath His plan
    For every man,"
  Though mingled with flowers and crosses.

Though weary and long the time may seem,
  Ere the veil of the future be lifted,
And many a radiant hope and dream
  Have into oblivion drifted;
Yet after a while the light will come,
  And after a while the glory;
    "God hath His plan
    For every man,"
  And the angels whisper the story.

Then why should ye murmur, and sigh, and fret,
  And follow each bent and calling?
The violet patiently waits to be wet
  With the dews at the night-time falling;
And the robin knows that the spring will come
  Though the winds are round her wailing;
    "God hath His plan
    For every man,"
  And His ways are never failing.

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Then gird ye on the armor of faith,
And onward your way keep pressing:
It may be through valleys of carnage and death,
Or up on the Mount of Blessing;
And, if by His counsel guided, at last
He'll lead you up to your glory;
"God hath His plan
For every man,"
And the angels whisper the story.

THE TWO MYSTERIES.

We know not what it is, dear, this sleep so deep and still;
The folded hands, the awful calm, the cheek so pale and chill,
The lids that will not lift again, though we may call and call,
The strange white solitude of peace that settles over all.

We know not what it means, dear, this desolate heart pain,
The dread to take our daily way, and walk in it again.
We know not to what sphere the loved who leave us go,
Nor why we're left to wander still, nor why we do not know.

But this we know · Our loved and lost, if they should come this day—
Should come and ask us, What is life? not one of us could say.
Life is a mystery as deep as death can ever be;
Yet, O how sweet it is to us, this life we live and see!

Then might they say, those vanished ones, and blessed is the thought,
So death is sweet to us, beloved, though we may tell you naught.
We may not tell it to the quick, this mystery of death;
Ye may not tell it if ye would, the mystery of breath.

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The child that enters life comes not with knowledge or intent ;
So those who enter death must go as little children sent.
Nothing is known, but I believe that God is overhead ;
And as life is to the living, so death is to the dead.

MARY MAPES DODGE IN BOSTON TRANSCRIPT.

SPEAK TENDERLY.

When the circle's all complete,
  When the home is bright with cheer,
When we mourn no vacant seat,
  When we miss no dear face there,
Then how tender should the tone
Be to those we call our own!

Soon, ah, soon the circle breaks,
  Soon the darksome shadows come;
Death, the mighty, often makes
  Light give place to grief and gloom.
O, let then our actions show
All the tenderness we know!

Soon, ah, soon will memory bring
  Every harsh and hasty tone
To the heart with bitter sting,
  That will bid us weep and moan.
Ere you're sunder'd far apart,
Clasp the dear ones to your heart.

Now, let these our very own,
  Know, indeed, how much we love,
Let us e'er, by act and tone,
  All our warm affection prove.
O, let us be true to-day,
Ere we weep o'er lifeless clay!

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THE LOVED AND LOST.

"The loved and lost!" why do we call them lost,
  Because we miss them from our onward road?
God's unseen angel o'er our pathway crost,
Looked on us all, and loving them the most,
  Straightway relieved them of life's weary load.

They are not lost; they are within the door
  That shuts out loss, and every hurtful thing,
With angels bright, and loved ones gone before,
In their Redeemer's presence evermore,
  And God Himself their Lord, and Judge, and King.

And this we call a loss; O selfish sorrow
  Of selfish hearts! O we of little faith!
Let us look round, some argument to borrow
Why we in patience should await the morrow
  That surely must succeed this night of death!

Aye, look upon this dreary desert path,
  The thorns and thistles whereso'er we turn;
What trials and what tears, what wrongs and wrath,
What struggles and what strife the journey hath!
  They have escaped from these; and lo! we mourn.

Ask the poor sailor, when the wreck is done,
  Who with his treasure strove the shore to reach,
While with the raging waves he battled on—
Was it not joy, where every joy seemed gone,
  To see his loved ones landed on the beach?

A poor wayfarer, leading by the hand
  A little child, had halted by the well
To wash from off her feet the clinging sand,
And tell the tired boy of that bright land
  Where, this long journey past, they longed to dwell.

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When lo! the Lord, who many mansions had,
  Drew near, and looked upon the suffering twain,
Then pitying spake, "Give me the little lad:
In strength renewed, and glorious beauty clad,
  I'll bring him with me when I come again."

Did she make answer selfishly and wrong—
  "Nay, but the woes I feel, he too must share!"
Or rather, bursting into grateful song,
She went her way rejoicing, and made strong
  To struggle on, since he was freed from care.

We will do likewise; death hath made no breach
  In love and sympathy, in hope and trust;
No outward sign or sound our ears can reach;
But there's an inward, spiritual speech
  That greets us still, though mortal tongues be dust.

It bids us do the work that they laid down—
  Take up the song where they broke off the strain;
So journeying till we reach the heavenly town,
Where are laid up our treasures and our crown,
  And our lost loved ones will be found again.

"COMFORTING WORDS."

"Search the Scriptures: for in them ye think ye have eternal life: and they are they which testify of Me."—John v: 39.

Art thou worn and heavy-laden,
  By earth's trials sore opprest?
Hearken to the Saviour's promise,
  "Come, and I will give thee rest;"
Lighter far would seem thy sorrows
  Did ye heed His blessed Word,
And, not faithless, but believing,
  "Cast thy burden on the Lord."

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Though the way seem long and weary,
  Earthly aid removed from thee,
Christ has promised—"As thy day is,
  Even so thy strength shall be."
Over paths most rough and stony,
  He will hold thy footsteps up,
And in sore and grievous trouble,
  Help thee drink the bitter cup.

Is a loved one taken from thee,
  Murmur not beneath the rod,
Know'st thou not that those most chastened
  Are the best beloved of God?
Though thy heart be sore and bleeding,
  From thy treasure called to part,
Comes there not to thee this message—
  "I am nigh thee broken heart?"

"Where thy treasure, there thy heart is,"
  And whene'er disposed to roam,
'Tis the love you bore that dear one,
  Draws thy wandering footsteps home.
This the thought that cheers thy sorrow
  When thine eyes with tears are dim,
Though "To me he shall return not,
  I may some time go to him."

Through still deeper waves of trouble
  God may call thee yet to go,
'Tis to draw thee closer to Him,
  Wean thy thoughts from things below.
Harden not thy heart against Him,
  Never doubt his care for thee,
"Greater love than this hath no man,
  That He gave His life for thee."

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Though thy griefs should nigh o'erwhelm thee,
  Each one seem more bitter still,
Strive for grace to say most humbly,
  "Lo! I come to do Thy will."
God shall be forever with thee,
  Help thee tread the narrow way,
And through deepest, blackest darkness,
  Guide thee to His perfect day.

Then, thy journey safely ended,
  From all fears thy soul set free,
Thou shalt, in thy Father's mansion
  Find a place prepared for thee—
No more death, nor pain, nor sorrow,
  Never more from home to stray,
God shall dry thy tears, and tell thee
  Former things are passed away.

There with angels and archangels
  Will ye laud his glorious name,
Saying, Holy, Holy, Holy,
  Ever through all time the same.
Would ye mourn o'er earthly trials,
  Be by troubles so oppressed,
Were ye looking ever upward,
  Toward that Home of Perfect Rest?

THE LOST KISS.

I put by the half-written poem,
  While the pen idly trailed in my hand,
Writes on, "Had I words to complete it,
  Who'd read it, or who'd understand?"

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But the little bare feet on the stairway,
  And the faint, smothered laugh in the hall,
And the eerie-low lisp on the silence,
  Cry up to me over it all.

So I gather it up—where was broken
  The tear-faded thread of my theme,
Telling how, as one night I sat writing,
  A fairy broke in on my dream,
A little inquisitive fairy—
  My own little girl, with the gold
Of the sun in her hair, and the dewy
  Blue eyes of the fairies of old.

'Twas the dear little girl that I scolded—
  "For was it a moment like this,"
I said, "when she knew I was busy,
  To come romping in for a kiss?
Come rowdying up from her mother,
  And clamoring there at my knee
For 'One 'ittle kiss for my dolly,
  And one 'ittle uzzer for me?'"

God pity the heart that repelled her
  And the cold hands that turned her away!
And take from the lips that denied her
  This answerless prayer of to-day!
Take, Lord, from my mem'ry forever
  That pitiful sob of despair,
And the patter and trip of the little bare feet,
  And the one piercing cry on the stair!

I put by the half-written poem,
  While the pen, idly trailed in my hand,
Writes on, "Had I words to complete it,
  Who'd read it, or who'd understand?"

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But the little bare feet on the stairway,
  And the faint, smothered laugh in the hall,
And the eerie-low lisp on the silence,
  Cry up to me over it all.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

DIMES AND DOLLARS.

"Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!"
Thus an old miser rang the chimes,
As he sat by the side of an open box,
With iron angles and massive locks;
And he heaped the glittering coin on high,
And cried in delirious ecstasy—
"Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!"

A sound on the gong, and the miser rose,
And his laden coffer did quickly close
And lock secure. "These are the times
For a man to look after his dollars and dimes.
A letter! Ha! from my prodigal son.
The old tale—poverty. Pshaw, begone!
Why did he marry when I forbade?

"As he has sown, so he must reap;
But I my dollars secure will keep.
A sickly wife and starving times?
He should have wed with dollars and dimes."
Thickly the hour of midnight fell;
Doors and windows were bolted well.
"Ha!" cried the miser, "not so bad;—
A thousand dollars to-day I've made.

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Money makes money; these are the times
To double and treble the dollars and dimes.
Now to sleep, and to-morrow to plan;—
Rest is sweet to a wearied man."
And he fell asleep with the midnight chimes—
Dreaming of glittering dollars and dimes.

The sun rose high, and its beaming ray
Into the miser's room found its way,
It moved from the foot till it lit the head
Of the miser's low uncurtained bed;
And it seemed to say to him, "Sluggard, awake;
Thou hast a thousand dollars to make.

"Up, man, up!" How still was the place,
As the bright ray fell on the miser's face!
Ha! the old miser at last is dead,
Dreaming of gold, his spirit fled,
And he left behind but an earthly clod
Akin to the dross that he made his god.

What now avail the chinking chimes
Of dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!
Men of the times! men of the times!
Content may not rest with dollars and dimes.
Use them well, and their use sublimes
The mineral dross of the dollars and dimes.
Use them ill, and a thousand crimes
Spring from a coffer of dollars and dimes.
Men of the times! men of the times!
Let Charity double with your dollars and dimes.

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A HAPPY PAIR.

The yellow sand, the bright blue sky,
  The broad expanse of sea,
The ships in sunshine passing by,
  Bring back young days to me.

We picked up pebbles, years ago,
  And pink shells on the shore,
When sister Kate—your aunt, you know
  Was six, and I was four.

We built big castles on the sand,
  With tunnels through for trains,
Which at the last, though wisely planned,
  Fell in for all our pains!

Thus disappointment dashed our joy,
  And troubles, not a few—
When father was a little boy,
  And aunt was young like you.

I think of all her love for me!
  How fondly round my waist,
Seated together by the sea,
  Her gentle arm she placed!

The castles, children, that we build
  May fall for all our pains,
But still with joy our lives are filled
  If only love remains!

J. R. EASTWOOD.

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A RIDE ON SANDS.

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SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

The woman was old and ragged and gray,
And bent with the chill of the winter's day;
The street was wet with a recent snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.

She stood at the crossing and waited long,
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng
Of human beings who passed her by,
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of "school let out"
Came the boys like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep.

Past the woman so old and gray
Hastened the children on their way,
Nor offered a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir
Lest the carriage wheels or horses' feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.

At last came one of the merry troop—
The gayest laddie of all the group;
He paused beside her, and whispered low,
"I'll help you across, if you wish to go."

Her aged hand on his strong young arm
She placed, and so, without hurt or harm
He guided the trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong.

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Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.
"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's aged and poor and slow;

"And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother, you understand;
If ever she's poor and old and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away."

And "somebody's mother" bowed low her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she said
Was, "God be kind to the noble boy,
Who is somebody's son and pride and joy."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

GRANNY'S GRACE.

Do I say my grace? Why, of course I do.
At dinner? Yes, and at breakfast too;
But I never said it for tea, you know,
'Till I stayed with granny a while ago.

I'd come in warm from a game of play,
And rushed to my tea in a heedless way;
For, somehow, it never occurred to me
To say my grace for "a cup of tea."

But granny waited, and bent her head
A moment over the homely spread,
And her gentle hand on mine was pressed,
While thanks were given, and the food was blessed.

I feel it still, though I'm far away,
That touch, which so plainly seemed to say—
"No gift from heaven can be slight or small.
And a grateful heart gives thanks for all!"

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Dear granny! when all her work is done,
And red in the sky grows the setting sun;
When nothing is heard but the sheep-bell's chime,
And lowing of cows at milking time;

When fresh as the rose comes the evening air,
And granny rests in the old arm-chair—
Of all her comforts, it seems to me,
She thanks God most for her cup of tea!

ELLIS WALTON.

GOLDEN HAIR.

Golden Hair climbed upon Grandpapa's knee,
Dear little Golden Hair! tired was she,
All the day busy as busy could be.

Up in the morning as soon as 'twas light,
Out with the birds and the butterflies bright,
Skipping about till the coming of night.

Grandpapa toyed with the curls on her head:
"What has my baby been doing," he said,
"Since she arose, with the sun, from her bed?"

"Pitty much," answered the sweet little one;
"I cannot tell so much things I have done—
Played with my dolly, and feeded my Bunn.

"And then I have jumped with my little jump-rope,
And then I made, out of some water and soap,
Bootiful worlds, mamma's castles of hope.

"I afterward readed in my picture-book,
And Bella and I, we went down to look
For smooth little stones by the side of the brook.

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